WEEK ENDING FEB. 18, 1928

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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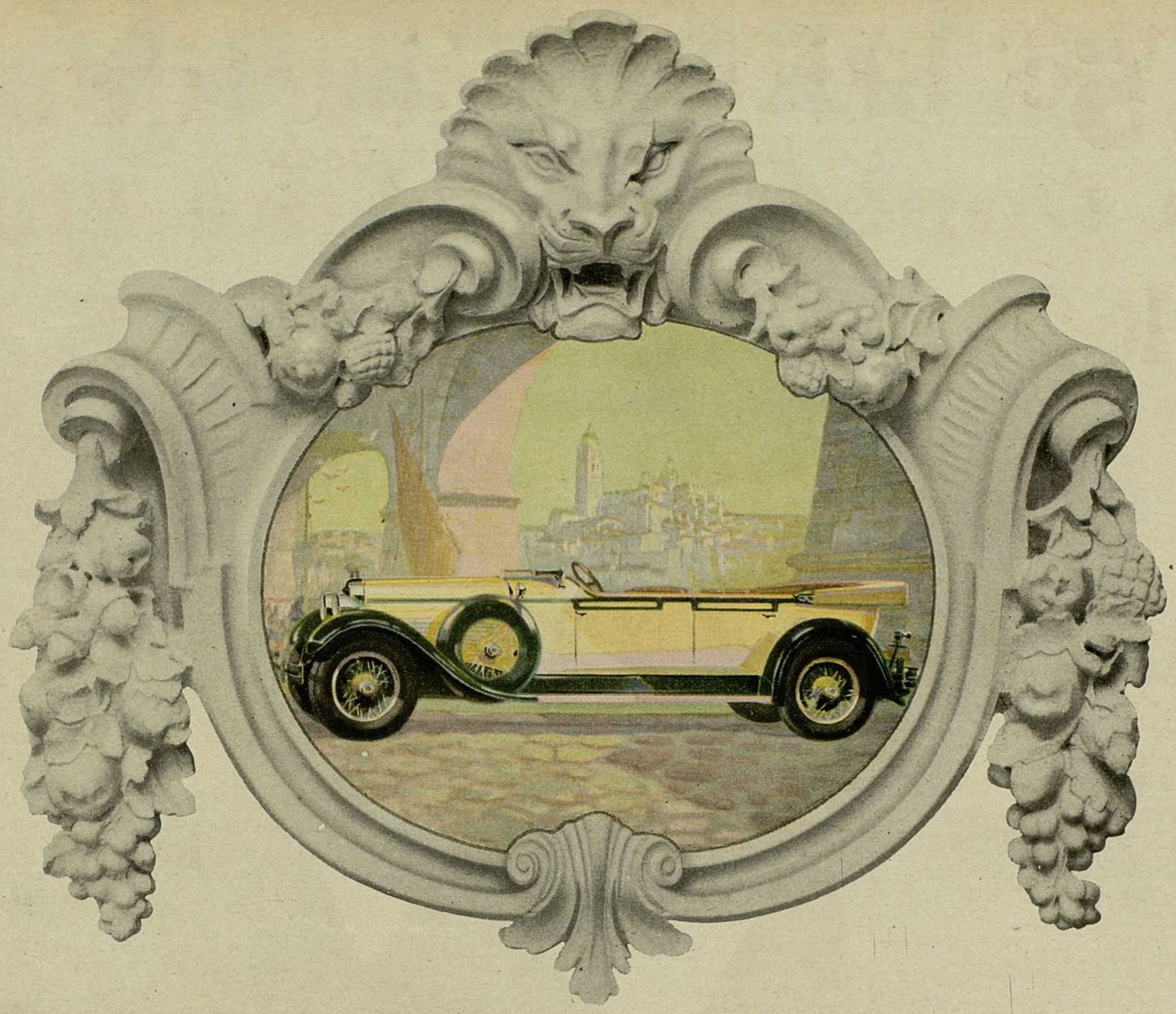
In this Issue **A DROP IN TRAFFIC** *by* **RUDYARD KIPLING**

also **JUDGE LINDSEY AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE** *by* **LEOLA ALLARD**



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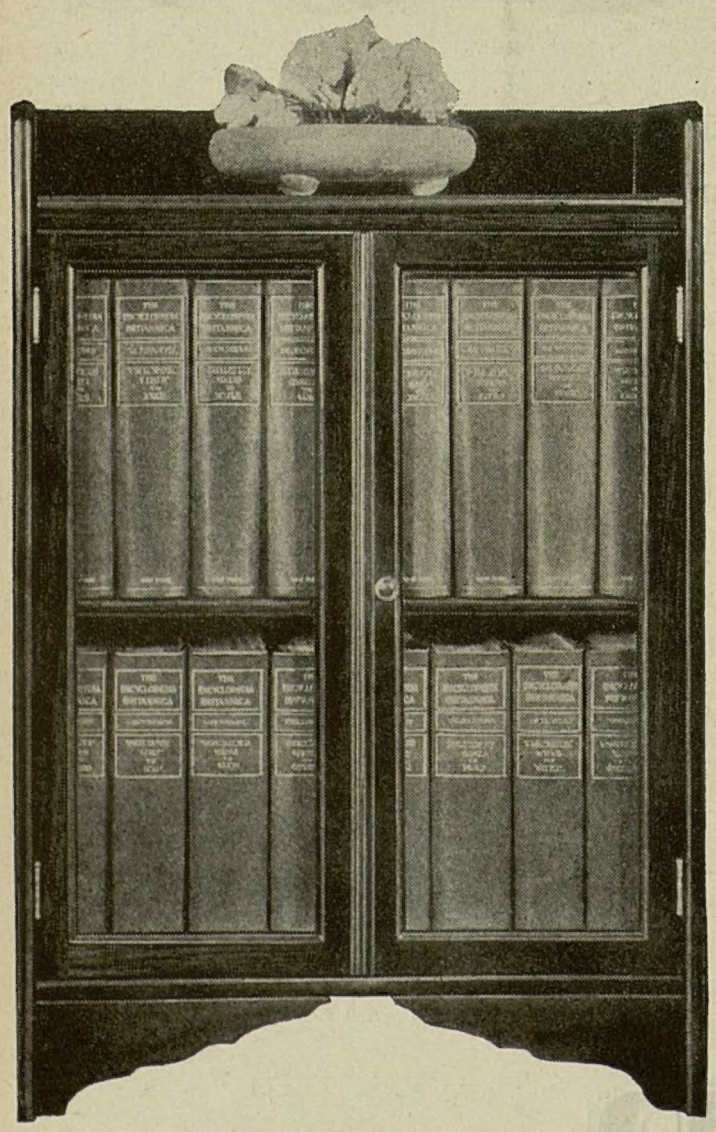
—*Andrew W. Mellon*

The Encyclopaedia Britannica is by common consent the first work of its kind in the world. It has contributed in manifold and permanent ways to the culture of all English-speaking nations, as well as to other civilized lands. —*S. Parkes Cadman*



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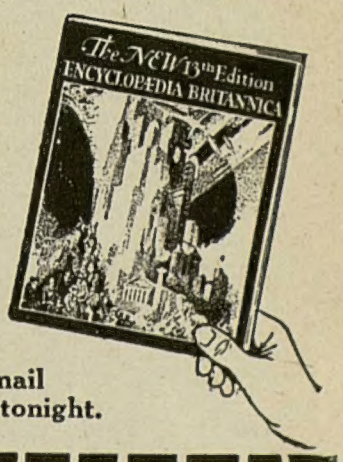

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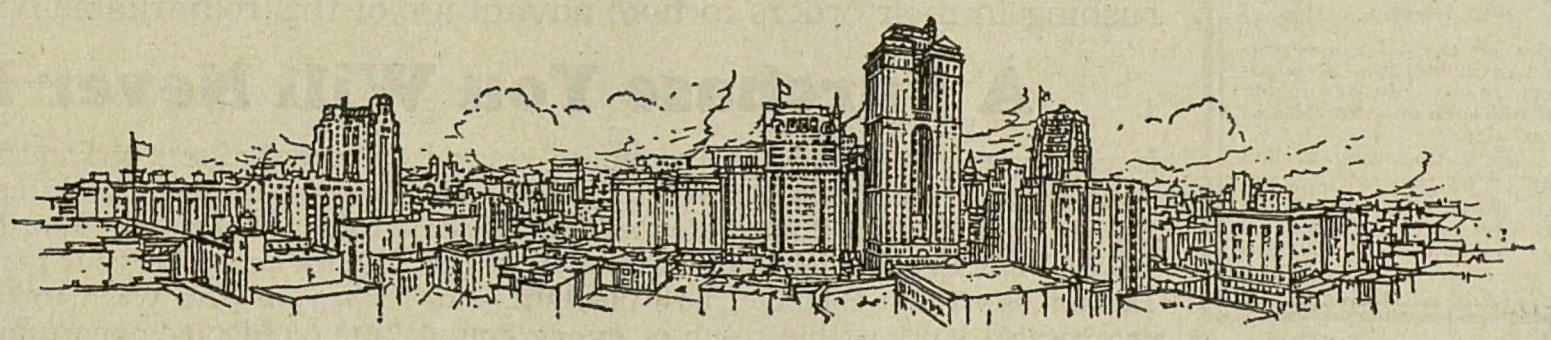

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 7

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

"BECAUSE HE KISSED HIS BABY"

Each year Lincoln's Birthday finds us with something new to add to the growing tradition of the Great Emancipator.

One of the stories now is that, in Lincoln's early days, a young man named George Pickett told him that he (Pickett) wanted to be a soldier. The result was Pickett's appointment as a cadet at West Point.

Years passed (so the story goes) and the fortunes of war brought Lincoln, the President, to the capital of the defeated Confederacy. Down a quiet Richmond street he went to a house where a woman waited with her baby. After a few friendly words Lincoln kissed the child and went on.

The home in Richmond was that of the rebel general, George Pickett.

From these episodes the chronicler, who got the tale from Mrs. Pickett, reaches the conclusion that "Lincoln was big enough and broad enough, even after Pickett had turned against the very government and man who had given him his military education, to forgive him—because he had kissed his baby."

There is a growing propaganda to exalt Lincoln for qualities not at all those which made him great.

He is, we are told, the saint of the common people. He was raised in a log cabin. He was illiterate, uncouth, queer.

When he was in the White House and the country was at war, the tradition keeps growing that he spent most of his time pardoning soldiers who ran away, writing regretful letters, and making things hard for his military leaders.

Now we are informed that he loved and forgave a Confederate general because he kissed his baby.

Well, God forbid. We are in danger of losing the true Lincoln in a haze of sentimentality.

More than anyone, he got us into the Civil War.

He was inexperienced, but he kept fighting.

He got men for the army first by the fervor of his appeals. When this did not bring in enough recruits, he drafted them.

He supported Grant and Sherman in their bloodiest campaigns to down the Confederacy. One of these, Sherman's march through Georgia, ranks among the most relentless maneuvers in military history.

The terms of Lee's surrender at Appomattox were grim and uncompromising.

All of which was perfectly right. There was no other way. Lincoln knew this, and steeled himself. He flinched from no important decision. He never hesitated in a crisis.

These are the qualities which made him great. If we are to keep any true picture of him, they are the qualities by which he must be remembered.

Now sanctification is making him sweet. There is a curious emphasis on one side of his character—a curious overemphasis, we think.

It is not well, we venture to believe, to make Lincoln too much of a saint. Anyway, it is not accurate.

The real Lincoln was a pretty shrewd politician and lawyer. It is a good thing for this country that he was.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher.

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IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in WHEN THE WORLD SCREAMED, a two-part story beginning next week, has contributed probably the most amazing tale ever printed in LIBERTY. We believe that you will be held breathless with astonishment at this daring touch of imaginative speculation.

BEATING THE FASHION CLOCK, an article by CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH, tips off the fashion secrets of the movies and tells how the studios anticipate the mode. And—believe it or not—how Paris camps on the trail of the movie queens.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, of War Birds fame, tells the rollicking story of an uncertain husband and a wife who knew just exactly what she wanted in THE LOST CHORD, another of his humorous masterpieces.

And again we have another of those stories lifted from the panorama of real life by VIÑA DELMAR. In THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES she recounts the story of a girl who evened an old score with a man in the last way you ever would imagine. It's a real surprise package.

If you are a radio fan, you doubtless are aware of the countless varieties of "English" hurled through the ether. Now, in RADIO SPEECH, QUIN A. RYAN, WGN announcer, tells of the efforts being made to standardize the language of the air.

Also, in PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES—SMITH, JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, the veteran political observer, gives a searching analysis of the New York Governor who now looms as the greatest Democratic hope.

February 18, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 7
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The Manassa MAULER— Daddy of 'Em All

Beginning the Amazing Story that Jack Dempsey Wrote with His Fists

By

CHARLES J. McGUIRK

Pictures by WILL PERRIN

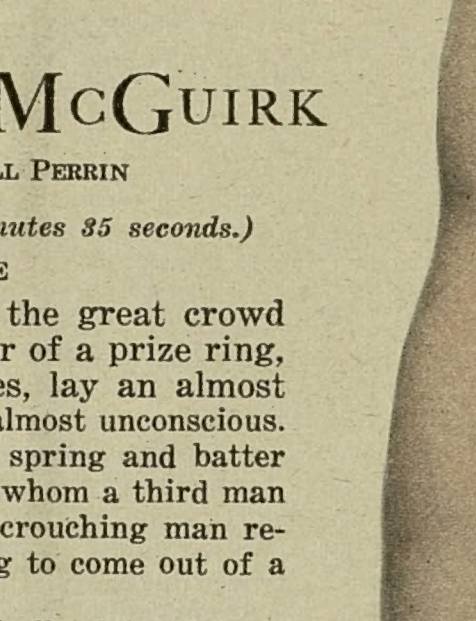
(Reading time: 20 minutes 35 seconds.)

PART ONE

OUT of the darkness the great crowd roared. On the floor of a prize ring, the focus of its eyes, lay an almost naked athlete, eyes glazed, almost unconscious. And over him, crouched to spring and batter him helpless, stood another whom a third man waved angrily away. The crouching man refused to go. Then, seeming to come out of a berserk rage, he obeyed.

That tableau lasted nine "official" and fourteen actual seconds. It was staged in Soldiers' Field, Chicago, on the night of September 22, 1927. The man on the floor was Gene Tunney, Champion of the World.

The crouching savage who stood above him was Jack Dempsey, once champion, but that night contender, and, in those few seconds, the Man Who Came Back. And it was the most dramatic and probably the most tragic moment of a life that reads like a tale by Victor Hugo or Jack London.



Jack the Barroom Bouncer.

Jack Dempsey, hobo, drifter, fruit picker, barroom bouncer, creature of circumstance and plenty of luck, both good and bad—Jack Dempsey who, with his two fists, crashed up from hobodom and the "jungles" of the breed to a world he did not know existed when he first "hit the road." And Jack Dempsey, movie actor, millionaire, and husband of a beautiful woman. As the gamblers say: "There's the lay. Put your coin on the line and beat it if you can."

The story of Jack Dempsey opens on the climax of the hectic moment when Gene Tunney, the man who had taken from him the fight championship, lay on the floor before him, the victim of his mighty fists.

For Tunney was "out." He may have been that way for only five seconds, as the referee, judges, and many of the experts say; or he may have been that way for fourteen seconds, as rabid admirers of Dempsey claim. But he was out, and while he was in that condition Dempsey had regained his championship, a thing never achieved before in pugilistic history.

"They never come back," runs an old and cynical saying, mostly true. But Dempsey came back; and yet he didn't. He achieved the impossible, yet failed as thousands of others have done before him. He won by a knockout and lost by a just decision.

The crowd which sat in on the Battle of Soldiers' Field was as much a part of the drama as either of the principals. There were about 150,000 persons, and they saw a sight which is unlikely to happen again for a long time. They made up the largest attendance of a sporting event in the history of the world. And 30,000,000 more "saw" the fight over the radio.

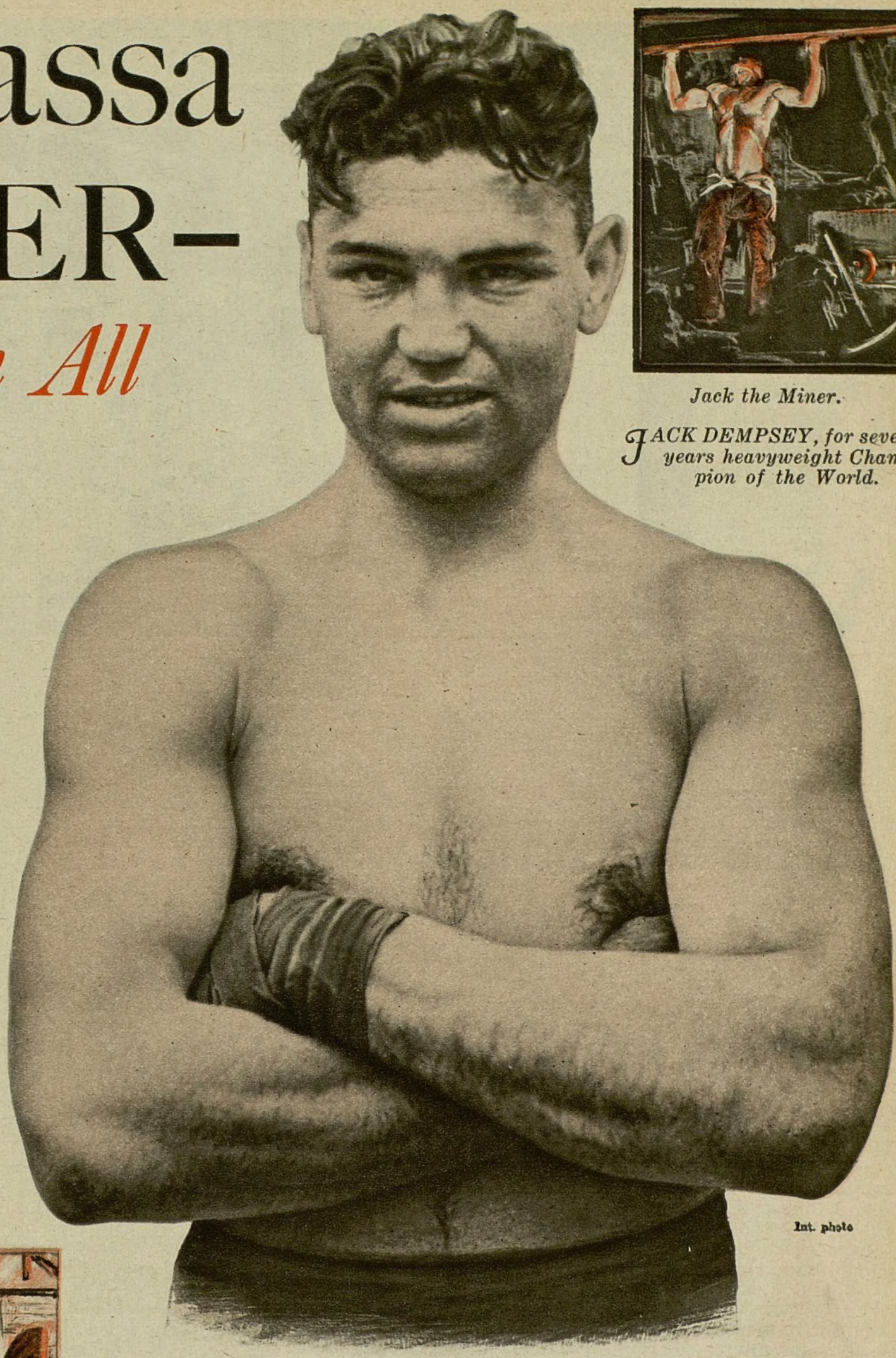
IT was the same old fight that has been going on for 50,000 years or more—the leader against his rival, the champion against the contender. But the sheer drama of Dempsey himself was the main factor in bringing that crowd into Soldiers' Field that September night. He had been whipped, thoroughly and efficiently, by Tunney, master boxer, in Philadelphia in a downpour only one night less than a year before.

He had been battered and jabbed and cut up so badly he kept to his room for days afterward. But the man in the Philadelphia ring was a shambling, staggering wreck of the stripling

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Jack the Miner.

JACK DEMPSEY, *for seven years heavyweight Champion of the World.*



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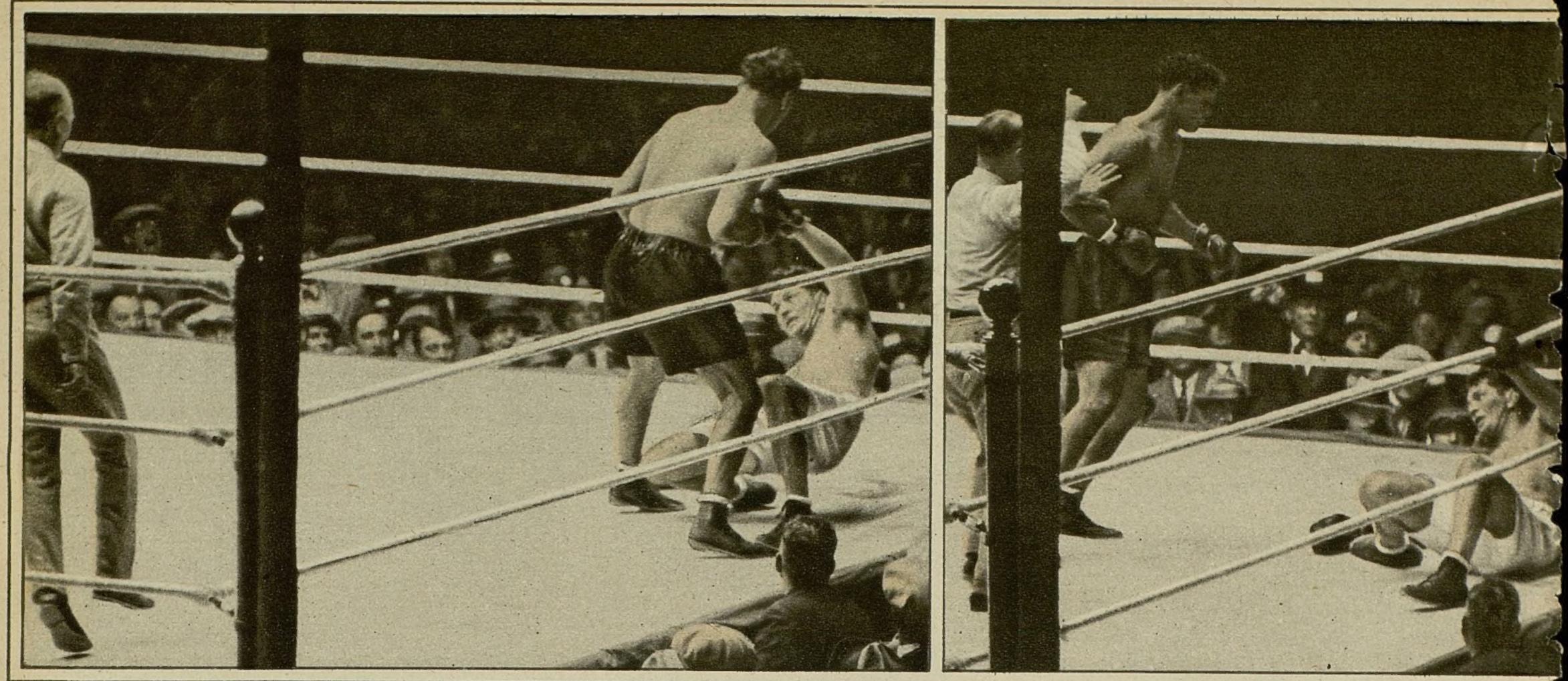

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A pictorial record of one of the most disputed points in boxing history: (Above) Dempsey flooring Tunney in the seventh round of their Chicago battle. Referee Barry is at the left.

Tunney looked in a bad way. But he gained five precio Barry was forcing Dempsey back into a neutral corn count could begin.

[THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL Continued from Page Seven]

who in Toledo seven years before had hammered the giant Willard to the floor seven times in a round and hurt him so badly he could not come out for the fourth round.

His showing in Philadelphia had been incredible. It was so bad that a persistent rumor declared he had been poisoned by agents of gamblers. There arose a clamor that he should be given another chance at his title.

Tunney, real champion, had no objections. He was ready to defend his title against any man in the world and said so. But Tex Rickard, boxing *maestro*, had other ideas. He instituted a heavyweight tournament, the survivor of which was to fight the new champion.

DEMPSEY went to Hollywood and into the pictures. People forgot him. "They never come back," says the rule.

The elimination tournament went forward, much to the delight of thousands and the profit of Mr. Rickard and his associates. From it emerged Jack Sharkey, a fighting Lithuanian from Boston. And then Rickard went after Dempsey.

Jack wasn't interested. He was making pictures and money and having the time of his life. But a champion who has lost his crown always wants to regain it. Witness Jeffries, Corbett, Fitzsimmons.

He went into the mountains of California, into the woods, where he hauled lumber, chopped trees, built roads as a common laborer; went back to the primitive life that had made him the Killer of Toledo. He went in there soft, but in six months he came out the old bronzed savage who had won the championship.

Jack the Lumberjack.

It was a marvel of will power which filled the American people with admiration. But they were skeptical. Could he come back? It was doubtful. Soft years take their toll.

But Dempsey came back. In a fight in the Yankee Stadium, which for sheer savagery reminded the spectators of the occupants of the cradle of the world, the ex-champion hammered his younger opponent to the canvas in seven rounds.

Add that tint to the rest of his color. For if there is anything the world loves it is the idea that a man who has passed along down the hill from success to oblivion can come back to his former height.

Dempsey could no more have avoided meeting Tunney after his defeat of Sharkey than water can keep from running downhill. The match was arranged. The fight at Soldiers' Field was the result. And this is what happened at Soldiers' Field:

The great bowl, which is 1,000 feet long and 400 wide, ran slantingly 100 feet upward toward a background of cumulus and scudding clouds in the night sky. It was golden in the light of a million lamps and black with 150,000 people.

At 10 o'clock there arose the cry, "Here he comes!" and a man in a white bathrobe climbed through the ropes. The figure under that bathrobe, expert spectators knew, was a wonderful specimen of human body. But the face was that of a fighting savage, a cave man. It was bronzed. It was covered with a two-day growth of beard. And though he waved and smiled at different friends, the battle snarl was already showing. Dempsey.

He started dancing up and down, jerking at the ropes, but keeping his eyes away from the northeast corner of the ring. That corner was the champion's, and Dempsey never looks at an opponent until he is called into the center of the ring for instructions.

But a strange thing happened which might have been an omen. As he climbed through the ropes, a cold wind drove in from Lake Michigan, surging restlessly to the east of the field. And the wind had to pass the champion's corner to reach Dempsey.

He felt it immediately, being used to the warm climate of California, drew his bathrobe closer about him, and danced more briskly. And he danced there for five minutes while Tunney exerted his prerogative of keeping a contender waiting.

Nobody knew what that wait did to or for Dempsey. It may have whetted his rage and it may have sapped the energy he had so carefully built up by weeks of hard training.

The crowd showed its regard for him. During all that time, until the champion, clad in a bathrobe given him by the marines with whom he served in the World War, stalked in, it roared and cheered. When the great bowl went dark, and the crowd faded into invisibility and only the ring shone like a warm jewel under the powerful arc, the two men faced each other, naked save for their fighting trunks.

AS they shaped up, the differences between them were instantly apparent. There were differences of build, of mentality, of ideals, of temperament, but especially of environmental influences. You could almost see the circumstances that had shaped each.

Dempsey and Tunney are as different as night is from day. Dempsey's shapings, his mental characteristics, and his way of looking at life have been largely influenced by things that happen in the night; and Tunney's by the things men strive for in the day.

Tunney's body is tapering: wide shoulders, slim waist, with legs that appear, but are not, too slender. His arm, shoulder, and back muscles are rippling rather than bulky. He looks the "made" fighter he is; the student of style. He spars straight up, as did "old masters." A fencer, he fights "back of his hands," shooting a punch with lightning speed when an opening occurs.

Tunney has been accused of being a purely defensive boxer, but that is no more true of him than it was of Corbett. A master at defense, he can see no percentage in "taking it" or exchanging punches on the chance of outpunching the other fighter. He waits for the other man to come to him and then outboxes him. The champion fights with his head. While he was training for Dempsey, he built up his defense in every way, figuring on keeping as far as possible from those mauling punches. He knew if he was knocked down he would be protected by the special rule of the Illinois Boxing Commission regarding a floored fighter. And that special rule did benefit him.

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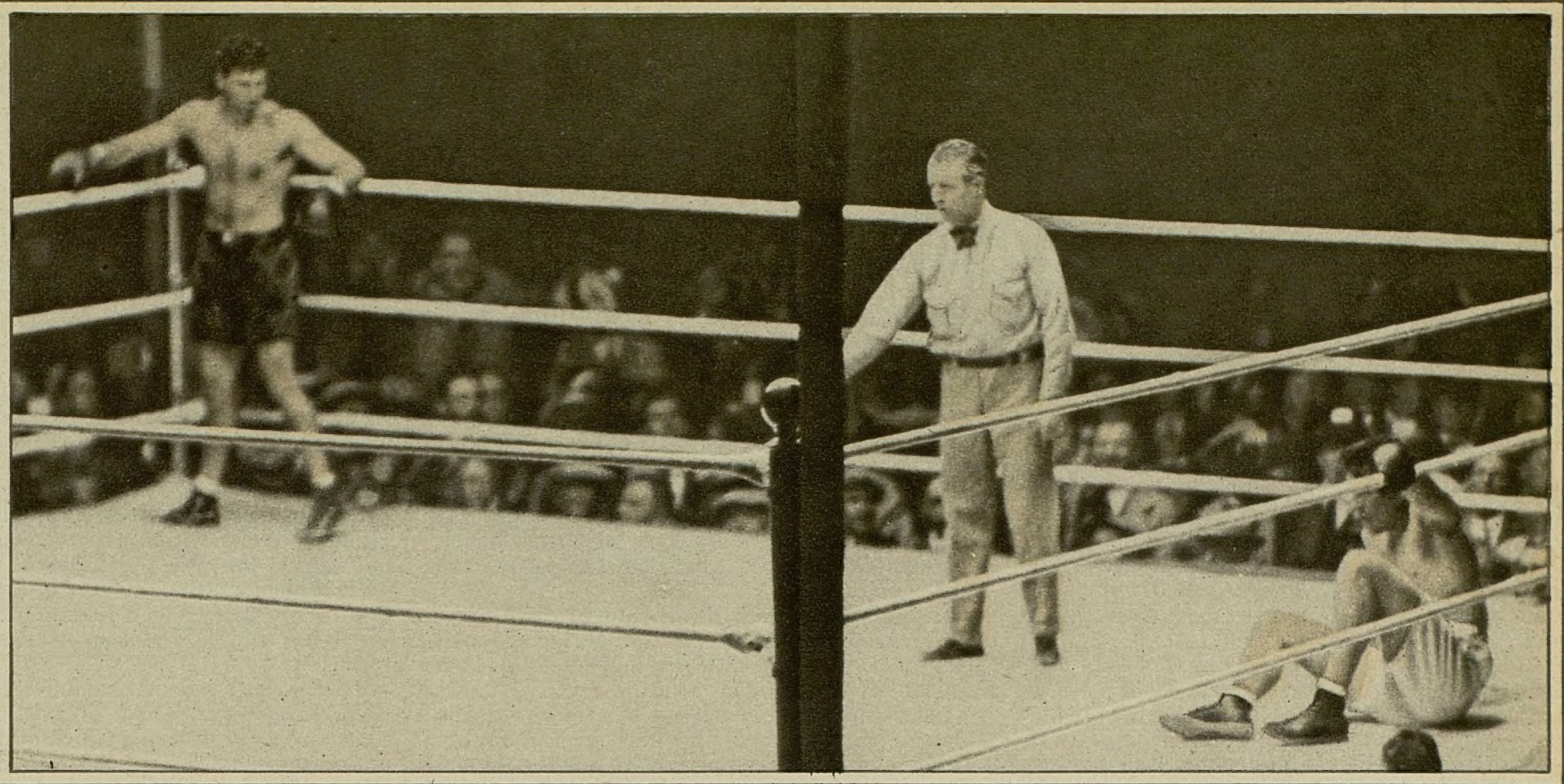

Wide World photo

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Once Dempsey gained a neutral corner, the referee began to count. He counted off nine seconds before Tunney got to his feet. This gave Tunney fourteen seconds in which to recover, a fact which brought his subsequent victory into hot dispute.

This is the text of it:

> When a knockdown occurs, the timekeeper shall immediately arise and announce the seconds audibly as they elapse. *The referee shall first see that the opponent retires to the farthest corner and then, turning to the timekeeper, shall pick up the count in unison with the timekeeper, announcing the seconds to the boxer on the floor. Should the boxer on his feet fail to stay in the corner, the referee and timekeeper shall cease counting until he has so retired.*

DEMPSEY is everything that Tunney is not. He is a product of the hard open road, the mines, the lumber camps, and the dance halls of the wide-open Western towns. He carries himself swingingly, moving smoothly as a panther gliding through a thicket. He fights after the manner of the bucko. No finesse there.

When he was training for Tunney, he made no plans. Jack Kearns, his former manager, says he never fought any other way in his life.

His ring philosophy was developed in the rough-and-tumble school of fighting where a man beats another insensible because he can take—and give—more punishment. It's something like that of Stanley Ketchel, that great fighter whose life so resembled his own. And Ketchel was a big Terry McGovern. McGovern put it briefly, " Take five to get in one, but make that one a knockout."

Dempsey himself once phrased it, " I hit him in the belly and then I hit him on the chin."

He is all aggressiveness. He never backs up. He comes weaving in and he keeps on coming, though punch after punch will find its mark all over his face and body. In the ring he looks as though he had just emerged from the jungle. His face is heavily bearded and a strange metamorphosis seems to come over him.

Out of the ring, Jack Dempsey is one of the most affable of men. He is a courteous host, a good companion. His own boast is that he is a " mamma's boy," and an unexpectedly high voice seems to help prove the theory that his mother's influence over his childhood has projected itself into his manhood.

But in the ring Dempsey is a killer. He loves to fight for the sake of fighting itself. " Get us a fight," he would plead with Jack Kearns before he was even near the championship. " I don't care for the dough. Just get us a fight."

Damon Runyon, noted sports writer, once pronounced him the greatest natural fighter the ring has produced in years.

The whistle blew and the seconds swung down from the ring. Both men in their respective corners were pulling at the ropes to flex their muscles, and rubbing their feet in the resin. Their backs were to each other. The Pack, sitting there in the impenetrable darkness, wet its lips and tensed forward.

The bell clanged. The fighters whirled and came toward the center of the ring.

Tunney waited for his foe to come to him. And he had to wait only as long as it could take Jack to do it. He came weaving, slithering in, both hands cocked, his left foot—the one which had been frozen " riding the rods " into Denver years ago—turning in a little. He swung and he missed. Tunney caught him on the jaw and then pulled him into a clinch.

The old Manassa Mauler was missing, but Tunney wasn't. In that round he drove Dempsey to the ropes and showered him with blows to the head. But Dempsey kept coming, fighting for the body. Take five to get in one. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin.

An analysis of that last fight of Jack Dempsey's reveals it as the epitome of his whole ring career and philosophy of life: Take five to get in one, and make that one a knockout. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin.

Fight experts almost universally conceded him but two rounds—the sixth and the eventful seventh. The rest were the champion's. Dempsey's record reveals that, when he hasn't knocked out an opponent, the opponent will have at least split the rounds nearly fifty-fifty.

In the fourth round Tunney banged him with the one-two punch, left to the head and right to the jaw. Dempsey put three rights to the body and Tunney danced away. And then Tunney pummeled him unmercifully, driving him to the ropes, smearing him with his own blood until the crowd groaned in sympathy.

Jack the Vineyard Laborer.

But Dempsey was fighting as he had fought all his life in lumber camps, in mining towns, in hobo jungles where everything goes. And he was fighting just that way: everything goes. The deadly rabbit punch, which, delivered from a clinch to the base of the skull, tends to slow down a man if it doesn't knock him cold, was Dempsey's favorite in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and eighth rounds.

He used it whenever he was in trouble. And he was in trouble most of the time. Referee Dave Barry, whose interpretation of that special rule of the Illinois Boxing Commission possibly deprived him of a regained title already in his hands, also warned him repeatedly for low blows.

It is doubtful if Dempsey even knew he was in the ring. The tang of his own blood was in his mouth. He might have been on the floor of a tough dance hall in a wide-open mining town, " bouncing " a tough miner. All he knew was that he was fighting. He was a primitive man, a natural fighter, joying in it.

Tunney was a slashing ghost, stepping in, punishing, flitting away again. Blows rained on Dempsey's head and body. The classic Greek nose built up by plastic surgeons for moving-picture purposes was slammed again and again.

THE eyes of the contender who had once been champion were partly closed by stinging blows. About the midriff a dull red deepened the bronze that made him look like an Indian. Slam, away, and slam again. Dempsey couldn't find the champion.

The Pack in the darkness sat back apathetically. They were seeing a man being punished, but they were unlikely to see him knocked down or out. Those blows delivered on the move might sting, but nothing more.

Dempsey doggedly kept coming in, seeking, seeking. Tunney was somewhere in the ring.

He'd find him. Take five to get in one. Keep fighting. He can't win all the time. Keep

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE MANASSA MAULER—DADDY OF 'EM ALL
Continued from Page Nine]

shooting the punches. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin. Dempsey was fighting through the red mists of his own blood.

But in the sixth he found the champion. He found him with a left to the jaw. Through the rain of blows, he found him again and again and again. He missed him. He took a sock. He walked into a clinch and, with the feel of the champion's body, he got his distance.

He slammed him on the jaw. In the belly with the right. He had him running. Take five to get in one. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin. Get him in a corner. They were clinched again. Barry broke them. The bell rang.

THEY worked hard over Dempsey in his corner: Leo Flynn, the Silver Fox; Gus Wilson, his trainer; and faithful little Jerry the Greek, who always calls him "Chomp." They wiped the blood off his face. They treated that cut on his right eye. They sloshed him with water. They worked fast. There was only a minute.

"Keep after him, Jack," Flynn was whispering in his ear. An unnecessary piece of advice. Dempsey knew only one style of fighting: Take five to give one and make that one the knockout. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin. There goes the bell.

The seventh round. Tunney dancing in and out, stabbing, stepping away, stabbing, dancing around him. And Dempsey moving in. He was a man in a stinging, bloody rain without an umbrella.

But Tunney was in that ring somewhere. He'd find him. Keep fighting. Take five to get in one. Hit him in the belly and then hit him on the chin. Keep coming. He saw him through the red mist, a dancing shadow. He was following him doggedly, a bear lumbering after a lynx. Find him and sock him. They moved around the ring. And Dempsey found him again. And he found him right.

He had him against the ropes. Take five to get in one. Dempsey started to cash in. "Huh! Huh!" His big left paw crashed twice against the champion's head. "Huh!" A vicious right cross. And Tunney was down. Take five to get in one. That one was the knockout!

Tunney lay on his back, one hand on the ropes. His eyes were glazed. He was out. Dempsey stood over him. He might get up. On the north side of the ring, Official Timekeeper Beeler was counting.

The Pack was on its feet.

"*Ha-a-a-ah!*" it roared. "*Wa-a-a-ah! Attaboy, Jack!*"

"One," droned Beeler. "Two—"

"Back to the corner!" motioned Referee Barry.

The glowering, bleeding savage stood waiting for his victim to rise.

"Back!"

The word came through the mist and Dempsey walked away uncertainly, walked in circles.

"Five!" Beeler droned.

And then Barry started the count. "One"—and Beeler started all over again.

The champion's head was clearing. The numbers began to pierce into his brain. His hand convulsed on the ropes. He waited, watching Barry's hand moving up and down. At the count of "nine" he was on his feet, back-pedaling, as they say in the fight racket.

The Pack in the darkness had stopped roaring and now it began to scream for the kill. Men tore at each other's topcoats, watching the melodrama before them, and did not know they did it.

A man had come back. They do come back!

In the ring Dempsey tore after his foe. But the champion was moving too fast for him. Around the ring he went backward, Dempsey so far behind him he couldn't set himself to hit. The old legs were not so good. He called upon them and they responded slowly. Red rage shook him.

"Why the hell don't you come on and fight?" he snarled.

But Tunney would have been a fool to accept that invitation. He was doing what any hurt boxer would do, and in that seemingly shameful gesture of running away he showed himself the real fast-thinking champion he is. The bell saved him. And, though no one knew it then, Jack Dempsey's chance had passed.

"They never come back," decreed Fate, proving the assertions of all fight experts. "They never come back because I won't have it so."

In the eighth the champion floored Dempsey. In the ninth and tenth he beat him at will. But Dempsey, ex-champion of the fighting heart, was still on his feet when the bell closed the final round.

As long as men talk of fighting, the argument of who won the Battle of Soldiers' Field will rival the question, Did Dempsey foul Jack Sharkey at the Yankee Stadium?

Argument and discussion swarm about the name of this ex-hobo like flies around highly spiced meat. His ring personality is the logical outcome of his life, variegated, colorful, a thing that sets men talking.

A strange and colorful man, this Dempsey. A lion and a lamb all mixed up in one individual. A killer and a mamma's boy. An honest fighter with one black mark on his record. A man who came out of the jungles and won a place among America's wealthier people.

The lives of your Rockefellers, your Edisons, your Schwabs, or your Dr. Lorenzes are wonderful, but logical. The career of Jack Dempsey is as crazy and colorful as a patchwork quilt.

There is no sense in it. His character didn't make him, as it has made the others, if you except the dogged fighting heart and the ability to "take it." He seems to have been just lucky, until you look into his life and find that most of the luck broke against him. His personality didn't make him. Dempsey is a mixer, but he is by no means commanding.

Jack the Rambler.

An undeviating aim at a certain goal didn't make him, because just before he met Jack Kearns he was so discouraged he quit the fight game. Honesty didn't make him, because the thing that made him want to quit was the universal knowledge among followers of fighters that he had faked a fight with Jim Flynn, the fireman, just outside of Salt Lake City.

No copy-book maxim fits him. His own knowledge of copy books has ever been but vague. Logic doesn't explain him, because he has "crossed" logic just as he has crossed the "dope" on him time after time.

His career is as illogical as life itself. Yet, he is the epitome of all fighters. Understanding Dempsey you understand all fighters and the heart of all fighters, whether they be sluggers like himself and Stanley Ketchel or "students" like Tunney or James J. Corbett.

JACK DEMPSEY got off to as poor a start in life as ever did a champion in any line of endeavor.

Looking at the husky newborn boy baby with the mop of jet-black hair who lay so quiet on his weary little mother's arm on the bright morning of June 24, 1895, no one but an ancient prophet would have given a dollar for his future.

He was the seventh child of a family of ten, and he came, as the babies of the very poor have a habit of doing, at a most inauspicious time. A year before his arrival his mother and father and their six children had come to a little farm in the beautiful San Luis Valley, between the towns of Antonito and Manassa, Colorado, "to see if things wouldn't get a little better."

The entire married life of the elder Dempseys was a perpetual quest for "better times" which drove them from Logan County, West Virginia, west to Colorado and back again.

The new baby had inherited from his father, Hiram Dempsey, the restlessness which later was to send him rambling up and down the country. Hiram had been born about fifty years too late. He should have been grown when the pioneers were sweeping westward. The spirit of the pioneer possesses him. He will ever be curious as to what is on the other side of the hill.

All Hiram's ancestors came originally from Kildare, Ireland, and Hiram was born in the mountains of West Virginia. He married Celia Smoot of the Logan County Smoot clan. She followed the blood lines of the Scotch and the Irish and her mother was half Cherokee Indian.

So the baby had a strong fighting strain: Irish for fire and love of battle; Scotch for courage and stubborn grit; Indian for stoicism under punishment. The curiosity as to the other side of the hill set the Dempseys to moving early in their married life, and as the children kept coming, the family kept always on the move. They were born all the way from Logan County to Manassa.

As the baby toddled, then walked, then ran, and then worked on whatever farm they happened to be possessing, they went from Manassa to Montrose, then to Provo, Utah, then back to Logan County and the mountains of West Virginia. They finally settled in Salt Lake City, where they came to a fairly permanent resting place until their seventh baby became Champion of the World.

THEY christened the baby William Harrison Dempsey after President Harrison, for whom Hiram had a great and long-distance regard.

William Harrison early began helping his brothers and his father. The Dempsey family seemed pursued by a demon of bad luck. Any money which came in went out again immediately to pay for food and infrequent new clothes. Dempsey got his strength and the power of his deadly punch from the soil, working either on its surface or under it in the mines.

He went to work in the mines when the family moved back to Logan County, West Virginia. He was then seventeen years old. From then on until about a year and a half before he won the championship, he worked intermittently as a mine mucker, a heartbreaking stint up to which he had been built by the daily increasing rigor of his tasks about the farms.

Mine mucking, digging in construction camps, swinging a sledge and an ax in lumber camps, and "bouncing" in tough saloons and dance halls of Salt Lake City, Goldfield, and Tonopah built up the tremendous muscles of his arms, back, and chest which enabled him to ruin more promising pugilistic careers than any other fighter.

Nearly every man Dempsey met in the ring, whether a palooka or a championship contender, was so softened up that he was never of much use afterward. It is universally conceded that he softened up Joe Bonds, Gunboat Smith, Terry Keller, Carl Morris, Johnny Sudenberg, Jess Willard, Bill Brennan, Billy Miske, Georges Carpentier, Luis Firpo, Tommy Gibbons, and—perhaps—Jack Sharkey.

Some of these he fought once, like Willard, Carpentier, Firpo, and Gibbons; others he fought two and three times. But the results were the same in both classes. Those who met him were easily beaten by their next opponent.

Wild young days on the road and in the hobo jungles are described in next week's installment of Dempsey's life story.

A Drop in Traffic

A Trip Down from the Clouds on a Marvelous Iron Horse

By

RUDYARD KIPLING

Brazilian Sketches

A bird's-eye view of Santos, looking toward the harbor.

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The Plaza in Santos, port of San Paulo.

(Reading time: 12 minutes 30 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the fourth of a series of Brazilian Sketches in which Rudyard Kipling shows us the wonders of South America's largest nation.]

IT has been related how we were hauled up the face of a two thousand foot difference in level which occurs rather abruptly on the road between Santos and San Paulo; and how we had been promised that we should be brought down respectably by rail.

That was made the excuse for a *paseo*—what the Australian aborigine calls a "walk-about." The railway that connected the two places said: "Certainly! Let there be an Inspection Car, with men to explain. *We*'ll show you a Line."

It was a foreign-owned and largely foreign-managed company which, by the terms of its Charter, is forbidden to pay more than a certain dividend. The rest has to be turned back into the business. Hence the tale that, when everything else has been painted three coats, its telegraph-poles will be carved, and gilt, and its ballast white-washed.

Except that it was more luxurious, the car might have been Indian, South African, or Canadian. It did not, by any means, go direct to the sea, but took the field at large, in order that one might look at things out of the observation-end, where the easy chairs are.

Next to travelling through a summer port in an English Admiral's own barge and watching the abject Navy boats scuttling out of your light, there is nothing to equal Inspection Cars. You can do everything except run backwards for a second look, and everything you want to know is answered at once by the man who knows or made it. Not to mention that every new railway-run has its special flavours.

Pulling out of San Paulo through the suburbs, the massy-built, spacious, clean stations, with their smells of varnished rolling-stock under hot sun, mixed freight, concrete, dust, blossoms, brick and tile works, and an underlying note of spicy sawn woods, went to the head at once. So did the talk of the men in the car who took, according to their offices, the courteous salutes of station-masters, road-gangs, and signallers, and, like all railwaymen, carried on with their job meanwhile. For the line is always being straightened and improved and pampered at curves and junctions; and they talk it over like a mothers' meeting.

"Hello! There's old Pereira. What's *he* doing here?" "Straightening [number quoted] curve, and they're damning *your* eyes down at [local Saint's name] for those sidings we promised 'em."

"I know it. But we haven't the room. If *only* we had bought land properly in the beginning!"

It was the old wail of all present railways from Waterloo to Salt River—the inevitable result of cold feet among distant boards of directors, who thirty years ago turned down the pleadings of the men on the spot.

About that same epoch a Traffic Superintendent, called Van Horne, explained to a passenger off an ocean liner which had just tied up to a pine-stump, how a wooden-trestled, raw-banked track, that sometimes reached Montreal in a week, would soon be an immensely important railway. And when his prophecy came true, he built a trifle of four hundred miles of track across Cuba to keep his hand in. His great ghost would have rejoiced in the talk and the chaff in the chairs by the observation-door.

Railwaymen never know how to take holiday. They identify passing trains by their private numbers and official timings; and lengths of pet road-bed or experimental rails by the feel of them beneath the bogeys. In the intervals, they gibe at the colours of the passenger coaches of other lines; or explain how superior are their new pressed-steel freight cars—built, by the way, on East Indian models.

WE ran over several systems in our tour, electrified or steam, and on one branch, which had not yet made up its mind which to become, met a sway-backed, wood-burning, "smoke-stacked," little loco, ringing its bell. But it hauled a full load of mixed freight and passengers out of the hinterlands it served, and went off through the heat-haze, coughing, sparking, and tolling as though it were back among the cornfields of ancient Vermont.

It turned the talk to railway development, and how, in this land, you borrow some money and start a line from a terminus full of advertisements and daily papers, and go on and on with it till it runs up a tree. There you post a young man with orders to roost till the tide of produce and passengers rises and pushes the whole thing a few miles further into the unknown.

"'Room for railways in this country?"

"A quarter of a million—half a million—miles of 'em wouldn't be too much to begin with."

"And is that how *you* do?" I asked. "Which tree do *you* run up?" "We?" they replied all together, with no uncertain voice. "*WE* move the Coffee. We move so many thousand [or million] bags of it per diem [or minute]. *We* get the Coffee to Santos."

They do, indeed, but there came up in my head the memory of another line—in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Such as in Ships and brittle Barks
Into the Seas descend
Shall learn how wholly on those Arks
Our Victuals do depend.
For, when a Man would bite or sup,
Or buy him Goods or Gear,
He needs must call an Ocean up,
And move an Hemisphere.

Consider, now, that Indian Weed
Which groweth o'er the Main,
With Teas and Cotton for our Need,
And Sugar of the Cane—
Their Comings We no more regard
Than daily Corn or Oil:
Yet, when Men waft Them hitherward,
How infinite the Toil!

Nation and People harvesteth
The tropique Lands among,
And Engines of tumultuous Breath
Do draw the Yield along—
Yea, even as by Hecatombs
Which, presently struck down
Into our Navies' labouring Wombs
Make Pennyworths in Town.

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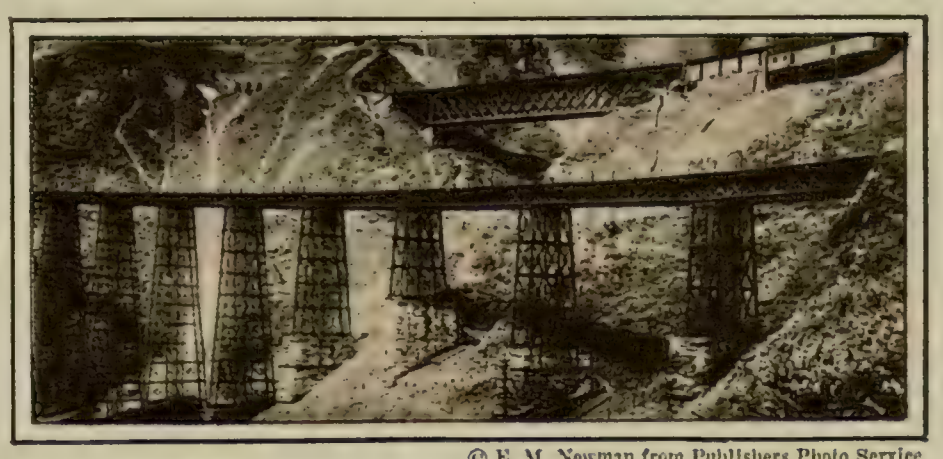

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Part of the cable railway that links Santos to San Paulo.

[A DROP IN TRAFFIC
Continued from Page Eleven]

the milk trade—several miles long, laid out just below winter flood-mark of an English valley. At intervals, therefore, it is immobilised. On one such occasion I met a director, who said that six passengers and *the* milk-van were sitting, afar off, in cold water. "And what are you going to do?" said I. "Oh, the passengers can walk. (Do 'em good.) But I've *got* to get the milk through. Do you know where one can borrow a pair of horses?"

I did not contribute this tale. I listened to the men talking among themselves of construction, survey and improvement; to the names of engineers, forgotten by all but their likes, who gave their iron selves to one job, in the face of multiplied discouragement, won through on the position they had dug in on from the first, and went growling, but satisfied, to their graves. Such and such a bit of work, for instance, they owed to old So and So. Obstinate as any three mules, a terror in the office, but—damn it!—the end proved him right to the last cubic yard of dirt. Dead? Oh, long ago. Up the line somewhere in camp, or—was it down at Santos?

They dwelt on the patience of other men in the beginnings to whom loss of time meant their very reputations, but who still kept their hard-held tempers, as well as their integrity, in the face of bribes and pressure. They spoke, too, of improvements and inventions which other men had hatched out after long trial and experiment, and had then handed over to the Line as a matter of course. But one lighter tale (I pray I may have got it correctly) sticks out from the rest.

IN the days before men had discovered how to deal with the nuisance, there was a stretch of construction which had to be abandoned to the mosquitoes. (The brutes were as large as stallions and neighed at their work.) News of the retreat went into England, where there was a man in authority who did not understand. Mosquitoes were "little foreign insects that flew about." Men did not go out of their way for them. He said it was "absurd." He was invited to "come and see." So, in a tour that embraced greater interests, he took ship and visited that section of earthwork, and they gave him the very best breeding-ground on it for his camp and his bed, and everything else that was his. And, in the morning, when the young men came to bear away the spotted corpse, they were met by a passionless, unmarred person, who said: "Mosquitoes! What mosquitoes? *I* didn't notice any mosquitoes. I *knew* it was absurd."

The Devil had arranged that this English-bred son of a roller-topped-desk should be immune! There the tale stuck. Drawn corkscrews could get it no further.

Then someone who knew about surveys pointed out that the landscape did not exactly favour the engineer. It was a huddle of aggravating, cramped hills; or downs with water-courses that demanded extravagant culverts; or soft-sided cuttings; or embankments alongside live slopes where, if the flaying rain once gets under the skin of them, the gangs clap down tarpaulins and hang on for dry weather. "Oh, not with *us*, of course. We've finished that sort of thing long ago. I mean the other Lines."

"Then, why do you all use such heavy rolling-stock?" I demanded.

"Because everyone insists on luxury in travel."

When you think of it nothing is so merciless as a Democracy. A car-load of millionaires can be left out all night and they will only laugh; but reduced-rate excursionists must be treated with distinction. If they are not—human nature being what it is and this particular line foreign-owned and managed—public criticism is immediate, drastic, and eloquent.

The big City itself is always wanting something; so are the manufacturing suburbs, which love to accumulate freight cars and load them at leisure; so are the small staple-producing centres all round. Transportation, which is life, touches them at every point. Their various demands have to be sorted out in the wash, and care taken that everybody is equally offended, which is the sole secret of all administration. But every pound they import or export by sea has to come and go between Santos and San Paulo through a chute which drops two thousand feet in eleven kilometres from the table-land to the coast.

We approached this escalator over the Line's very best road-bed and fattest rails, which returned a clean, joyful note beneath the wheels. As we reached the region of mist that caps the range, and fills the dams of the electric works, the culverts and gutters grew larger and wider.

We slid past a very great black north-country shunting yard, laid out over-hanging naked space. Its edge cut the horizon half-way up to the zenith; as though one stood on the crest of a gigantic dam that delivered into air. But the train we had belonged to was already broken up into blocks of three coaches which seemed minded to go on. Other blocks of three pushed up from below this inexplicable finish-of-things, and began to form themselves into trains, like rod-animalculæ under the microscope.

The railway that carried the author from San Paulo (Brazil) to Santos.

"Now," said the men, "we'll let *her* go on down, and lay our car up out of the way on this spur." We creaked round a ledge and halted broadside on to blue-black abysses, flanked by forested mountains. Somewhere at the bottom was a glare of sun through mist, and a prospect of illimitable ravines.

A heap of rubbish lay near our foot-board. A man who knew about hard woods identified the different sorts, and touched a root with his foot. It went down and down as a suicide rolls over a cliff. There was a note in the air of some immense stringed instrument, under-run by a touch of crying metal. It came from the yard, and when we loafed over there, we saw that it was sung by wire cables running over sheaves in the centre of tracks that pitched off the end of the yard, just as water pitches out of a spillway, and vanished round a corner. The sheaves were set at various angles to humour the ringing, humming cables. Layers of oily air wandered up from Santos till one almost smelt the steamers down there.

SUDDENLY the cables stopped for a few minutes; a special type of loco with an exaggerated belly took charge of its appointed block of coaches and drew them neatly above the stilled rope. A bell tinkled; there was a jar from the loco gripping the rope; it moved on once more, and the procession went over the spillway.

They told me that all trains are broken up into these threes, and worked down the drop,

Picture by J. E. Allen

up-coaches balancing the down—worked on the cable through five separate hauling-stations, by locomotives who are mostly grips and brakes. The grips lay hold of the wire of each stretch, till near the end of it; then they release and pick up the next stretch and so on down to the bottom. If the cable snaps and the wire jumps the sheaves and wraps round wheels and things, the loco-brakes, *plus* those of the three coaches, ought to bring everything up at once. Nothing, it was demonstrated, could be simpler, and to prove it, traffic kept pouring in behind us, broke up into threes and pitched over, while the disintegrated up-traffic coalesced into complete trains and pounded on for San Paulo, with the passengers all reading their papers inside.

"And what works the cable?"

"A Corliss! Come and look at him."

There are many beautiful man-made things in God's world, but among the most perfect for Strength, Beauty and Silence is a thousand-horse Corliss engine at its duty. This one lives by himself. In front of him were the huge grooved drums on which his section of cable ran, evenly, slowly to all appearance, and noiselessly. High up on his back was the bridge of an ocean-liner—dials, levers and electric bells complete, and one lone man at his trick. He was linked with the next station down the chute, and stood untouchable as a priest, while the cables coming up tautened themselves, took the rim of the drum, and went out into the open, stiff as the shafts of sunrise, and the clock pointers told out the minutes and seconds of ascent and descent. An almost inaudible click of levers settled these matters.

"Does it ever stop?" I whispered.

"For a few hours between midnight and morning. That's when we change and repair. Sundays? Oh *no!* Sunday means excursion-traffic from both ends. I wonder how the old Brighton and South Coast would like having to drop their Pullmans down ten Devils Dykes into Hove. And, if there's three minutes delay up here, San Paulo wants to know whether we're asleep.

"We handle our freight at night mostly. In any weather? What do *you* think? Naturally, you can't see your hand before your face in real rain. And we live in a shower-bath at times, here."

He told a tale of a big engine-fitting that had to be shifted and replaced in the scanty four-hour lull of traffic. All the actors rehearsed the drill till they were timed perfect, and knew to the split second when to lay hands on their properties. At the instant traffic laid off, they leapt on to a stage, lighted as no theatre dares to be; unbolted, jacked up, and slung clear what they had to; and sweated the new part into place, effective for its duty, on the very tick when the two towns woke up and wanted to go trading and travelling, and wooing and bathing, same as yesterday. It was an epic.

I had the honour of being introduced to Ulysses, who had laid it all out in advance; to Chiron, who had had to rein in his steam-horses and swore a lot; and to Achilles, who said it could never be done to time, but took off most of his apparel to make sure that it should be. Translated out of the Greek, they were untemperamental Yorkshiremen and Scots; for the reason that all vital bearings in human machinery must run on the hardest jewels in the market.

"And now, *if* you please, we'll go down." On which our car joined two friends and ducked over the spillway into tropical heat and scenery, to the music of the skirling sheaves.

THERE must be worse railway country in the world; but I had not seen any. Every yard of those fallacious mountain-sides conspired against man, from the almost vertical slopes out of sight above, to the quite vertical ravines below. One could not help admiring the fiend's own skill with which water always attacks the weakest points of trestle-abutments, tunnel-mouths, and curves. All pitches and banks were flashed, stoned, concreted, and, where possible, diverted; the guttering was ample as town-cisterns and the culverts corresponded. All ground that offered room for anything, except a snow-shed, had been brought into the fighting-line. Nothing in Nature was trusted to stay put or to be left unwatched. And there were steel trestles that launched out across gulfs where you could drop a hundred feet into fifty-foot forest before your rolling-stock really began to roll. The whole section was a work that, properly, one ought to have studied on foot, with guides and alpenstocks, instead of from an easy chair.

I think the men liked showing off their bad child. One of them observed to an equal: "Now in the Argentine, nothing much matters. It's all flat, and you can see your train coming over the curve of the world."

"Yes, but how about the Cordilleras, old man?"

"Ah, *that's* different, but anyhow, they've got rock there. You can blast all day if you like."

"I didn't like. I don't like earthquake-country."

At this point a man swung off at a hauling-station that clung to the side of the track by pure suction. *I* know that he went to make sure that the throb of its winding-gear had not unsealed the vacuum, but he told me he was "looking at a bit of track for himself," and I saw the staff on that eagle's nest of a platform stiffen in the sun.

We had risen seven or eight degrees of heat in a quarter of an hour's drop. When we reached the flat ground near Santos and the respectable loco who took us there, the shut mountains behind us showed no sign by, or through, what miracles we had descended.

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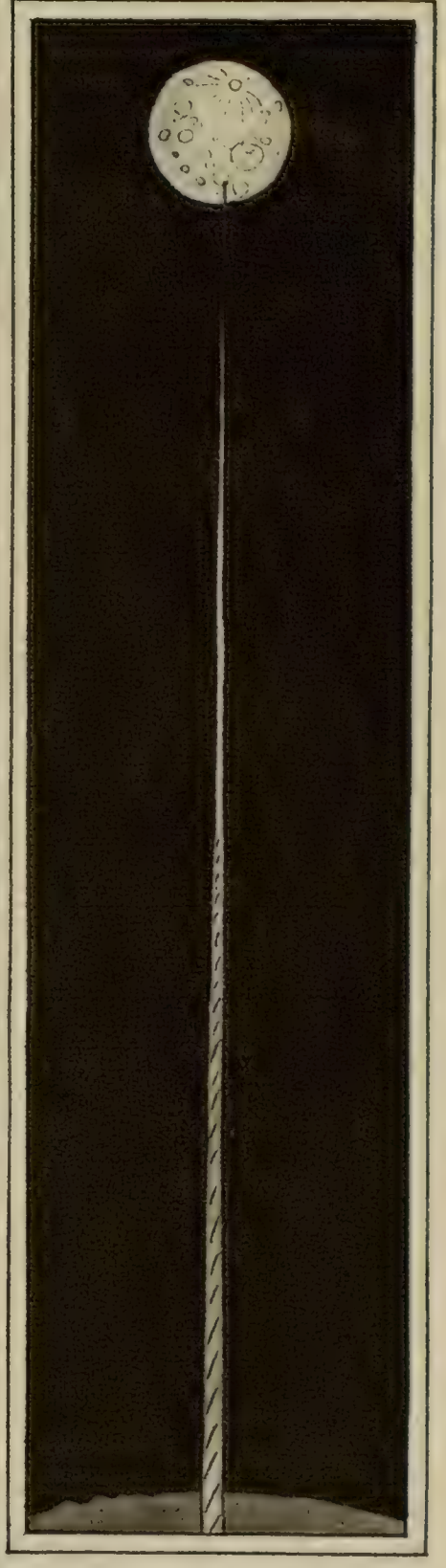
One of the strangest "farms" in the world, where death-dealing reptiles are kept, so that serums may be made from their venom, is described in Rudyard Kipling's next article. Watch for Poison of Asps, in an early issue.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

NOTED ANTHROPOLOGIST DECLARES that there has been no noticeable change in man for 17,000 years. Presidential candidates, on the other hand, change completely every four years. Left to right, in our diagram, the Presidential candidate type of 1924—the Business Man; the type of 1928—the Farmers' Friend; possible type for 1932—the Lover and Patron of the Arts.



MALE VANITY ITEM: Side locks of hair, trained long to cover bald spots, in New York State alone, if braided in four-inch cable, would reach from here to moon.

THE LAST SURVIVOR: Man caught in Blue Ridge Mountains and held for investigation stoutly protests that he does not think bobbed hair becoming to women and that there ought to be a law against it.

NAVY DEPARTMENT DOES ITS BIT IN OPENING FORBIDDEN CITY TO COMMERCE: Enlistment posters made specially for circulation in Brooklyn in humanitarian endeavor to awaken that city to the wonders and advantages of the Great Outside World.

Nourishing!

Beef Soup

If you want to realize how completely a plate of soup can satisfy your hunger, eat Campbell's Beef Soup. You'll know you've had *food!*

If you like hearty pieces of tender and nourishing meat in your soup, eat Campbell's Beef Soup. They're in every spoonful!

If you relish the varied and blended flavors that only the finest of fresh vegetables and savory herbs can give, eat Campbell's Beef Soup. It's the choicest meat, made more tempting and inviting still by delicious vegetables.

So substantial—and so convenient! All you have to do is to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for a few minutes!

Ask me why I am so bright
That my work is surely right,
And the reason I will state
Is the Campbell's Soup I ate!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

SOAP FROM TREES

Nature's Gift to Beauty

THE art of being beautiful today is simply the secret of keeping *natural* beauty . . . the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement. Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the *important* part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

WASH your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin seems at all inclined to be dry, apply just a touch of good cold cream —that is all. Do this regularly each day, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above.

Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

THE only oils in Palmolive soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its *exclusive* blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

Palmolive Radio Hour—

Broadcast every Friday night from 10 to 11 p. m., eastern time; 9 to 10 p. m., central time, over station WEAF and 28 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

Retail Price 10c

The Talking DOG

A Tale of a Lover's Lie and a Girl's Inspiration

By COSMO HAMILTON

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

"IF you don't kiss your Momma every night, the privilege of doing so will be completely and permanently withdrawn." At least, that was the gist of a lyric which was being sung to the accompaniment of an ukulele in the room adjoining Roderick Bingley's.

In his present frame of mind Roderick disliked that song. It was very much too prophetic. He heaved a sigh, clawed his hair, and surveyed the campus gloomily from his window. A pale moon shed its soft light over the college buildings and trees, but Roderick didn't care a whoop whether it did or not.

In happier moments he was one who could appreciate the poetic and petting virtues of soft moonlight. Under the present distressing circumstances it was a mockery and a taunt.

And the reason for this was that Roderick was suffering under stern financial stress. He was up against what seemed to be the unsolvable problem of raising sufficient capital to provide fitting entertainment on the following Saturday night for a dear thing whom he described, with whole-heartedness but unoriginality, as the sweetest girl on earth.

To those who deal in millions here was a predicament that did not warrant a lack of enthusiasm for music and moonlight. But it must be borne in mind that Roderick had already borrowed to the uttermost limit from every possible source; that he had hocked his every hockable possession; that he had twice recently been refused checks, in excess of his small allowance, by the uncle who was bringing him up; and, finally, that the sum total of his liquid assets amounted precisely to a nasty vacuum.

"If you don't kiss your Momma every night,
You can't . . ."

Again that line, sung carelessly in the next room, came to Roderick's ear. He winced.

For, while he felt absolutely certain that he was loved madly and devotedly at the moment by the sweetest girl on earth, he was sufficiently well acquainted with the foibles of her sex to realize that even the most faithful is liable to suffer a rapid change of heart on discovering that her man is without ample funds. The love of a strong man without cash is simply a drug on the market.

What the song told Roderick was that if he failed to take his momma out to dine and dance on the forthcoming Saturday, and frequently thereafter, it would be a crushing admission of his poverty. Somebody else—probably some ham—would take her out instead, the almost inevitable result of which would be the loss of her patronage.

The mere thought of such a tragedy gave Roderick a pain in the stomach. He was dippy about the girl.

He fell into an easy-chair and slowly filled a pipe. Lost to the cheerful rhythm of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Be quiet, darling," she answered, putting an arm round him. "I want to think."

[THE TALKING DOG
Continued from Page Seventeen]

campus, deeply depressed, he sat with the corners of his mouth turned down for half an hour. He had never before been known to remain static for so long a time. Then, like breeze upon a fog, the sudden incubation of an idea in his mind cleared away despair. He sprang to his feet and barged along to the room of a classmate, Billy Ashford.

"Hullo, Rod!" said Billy. "Come in."

"'Lo, Billy!"

The visitor regarded Ashford with that mixture of jocularity and sadness which had so often aided him in beguiling currency from the unwary.

"What's on your mind?" asked Billy, knowing perfectly well.

Roderick reduced the ratio of jocularity to sadness in his expression. The delicate art of making a touch was known to him from Alpha to Zebra, so to speak.

"Look here, Billy, old man," he said, "I owe you thirty dollars."

"Don't bother about paying it now, Rod. Any old time'll do."

Roderick blinked. This was a swift countermove that left him somewhat stumped.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I wasn't thinking exactly of paying it right now. I was going to suggest that you let me have another twenty and that would make me owing you a round fifty, see? You know what I mean, old man. Sort of round figures."

Billy shook his head with a disquieting finality.

"All right, then," said Roderick impulsively, using a tone in which generosity and practicality were noticeably present. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll take ten and get along somehow on that. But I do think it's a little hard—"

Ashford lay back in his armchair and emitted a worldly laugh.

Defeated, Roderick returned to his room and again applied his ingenious mind to the problem of raising funds. As in his previous though rare periods of youthful concentration, his mind very quickly became the happy hunting ground of quite irrelevant things. Bits of recent conversation butted in. Declarations at bridge, scraps of choruses, sweeps of radio melody, and advertising slogans chased themselves through his brain.

And these were followed by a statement, made that day by one of the professors, to the effect that conversation between human and beast was not beyond the bounds of possibility in the approaching future.

He waved his arms aloft and let out a resounding yell. In this vague scientific prognostication there were the grounds, by gosh, of a scheme! It was daring and not very likely to meet with success, but it was worth while having a try. Necessity forced him to clutch at whatever resembled a straw. He made a dash for the table, seized a pen, and wrote:

DEAR UNCLE:

I know you will be glad to hear that I am making splendid progress with my studies. I am working very hard. I miss you all very much and believe I should die of loneliness if you hadn't allowed me to bring Rags up here. Even if he is only a mutt he is a mighty intelligent dog. And, by the way, one of the profs here has discovered the way to teach dogs how to talk. His fees for a full three months' course are only $100.

Don't you think it would be great if we could have Rags taught to talk? Think how you could crow over the Neilsons with their prize dog! You know how they have always looked down on Rags. Well, just the other day one of the prof's pupils—I believe his father was an Airedale and his mother a dachshund—told me that his social standing is unquestioned now that he can converse with human beings. Dogs that used to cut him, he said, are now eager to exchange sniffs.

If you approve of having Rags educated—and I know you will—will you please send me a check for $100 right away so that I can have him enrolled in the talking class before the vacancies are all snapped up—there are only a few left. Think what splendid company he will be, uncle, when he can chew the fat with me at nights! Do send the check for his fees at once, uncle. Hope you are all well at home.

Yours affectionately,
ROD.

P. S. The prof's discovery of how to teach dogs to talk is being kept very secret. That is why it hasn't been in all the papers. He wants to get some of the dogs talking real fluently before springing the news and astounding the world.

"Old Rags sat there, puffing at his pipe."

Roderick read and reread this letter, decided to tear it up — hesitated — then rushed off and posted it before he should weaken again.

Chas. P. Bingley received the interesting epistle at his office. He gave it a great deal of careful consideration during the day, and toward evening replied to it as follows:

MY DEAR RODERICK:

Your letter reached me this morning, and, as always, I was glad to hear from you. Frankly, I confess to having been, at first, more than a little skeptical of the professor's ability to teach dogs to talk, but as you say you have actually conversed with one of his pupils, I must believe you—there is no alternative. And moreover, in these days of airplanes, the radio, and other wonders, almost anything is possible. I am therefore sending you a check for $100 to pay for Rags' tuition. I sincerely hope he will prove an apt scholar and justify this expenditure. Let me know from time to time how he progresses.

Your affectionate
UNCLE.

ALTHOUGH it may seem that Chas. P. Bingley was the world's open champion sucker for disgorging a hundred simoleons on so thin a story as this, the old boy was extremely pleased with himself and considered that he had made a very brainy move.

In the first place, he had on two quite recent occasions denied his nephew's applications for checks. These were acts of discipline which, with characteristic good nature, he had afterward regretted. But he prided himself on being a strong, old-fashioned man who said a thing and stuck to it—it is unimportant that this attitude afforded excruciating though secret amusement to his wife and family—and he felt it would not be dignified to display any sign of weakness by sending the boy money after putting down his foot.

He did not, as a matter of fact, believe a single word of that preposterous letter. He had but seized his opportunity to slip a check to Roderick without jeopardizing his standing as "a man of iron."

And, furthermore, Chas. P. Bingley had decided that the time had come when it was necessary for him to teach the lad to whom he was in the position of father a sharp and unforgettable lesson.

He intended to let him get out on the end of a limb, as it were, afterward to fall with an unholy crash when, unable to speak a solitary word, the dog was brought home for the vac. In no better way could he be shown how foolish it was to deviate from the path of rectitude.

When, on the following day, Roderick found a letter addressed in his uncle's handwriting, he flinched from opening it. The bold calligraphy stared at him accusingly and with menace. How, he asked himself, could he have been such a prize fool as to imagine that he could spoof his hard-headed uncle with that fantastic yarn?

He turned the envelope over several times, lit a cigarette, gathered courage, opened it—and the first thing that caught his eye was a metal paper clip. His blood began to leap.

He almost destroyed the missive in his excitement to get it smoothed out. And there, smiling at him like early spring sunshine, was the check for $100.

For a moment he was stunned. Then, realizing that his troubles were over, he imitated a gleeful Mohican and emitted glad war whoops.

Having read the letter he came to the conclusion that his uncle was a good egg, but easy—oh, boy!—how easy.

IN a state of comparative affluence, Roderick proceeded to stage frequent convivial parties with the sweetest girl on earth. It caused him no concern when his supply of cash ran out, because in the archives of his brain he had another plan for replenishing the exchequer. It was this:

DEAR UNCLE:

I know you will be glad to hear that I am making splendid progress with my studies. I am working very hard. Rags is also working hard. For some reason, though, he is not doing so well as some of the other dogs, so today I arranged with the prof for private coaching at nights. This will cost us a further $100, but I am sure you will not mind that. Will you please send me the check for the extra fees at once as I am very anxious to have Rags talking fluently by the vac. Hope you are all well at home.

Yours affectionately,
ROD.

What Chas. P. Bingley said on reading this insult to his intelligence cannot be told here.

However, he put the letter aside—he never acted with haste—and later in the day the humor of it struck him with full force. Why not let the boy get in good and deep? It would strengthen his own hand when the time came for delivering the salutary lecture that he had in mind. Great idea! And it happened also that he had just made a tidy clean-up in bearing Consolidated Nutmeg. He mailed the check that day.

Roderick accepted this second $100 without so much as a bat of an eyelid.

It must be said that there were times when he winced a trifle at the thought of the deception he had practiced on his uncle, but, apart from that, I am doing no more than stating plain truth when I say that he didn't care a tinker's dam.

Conscience may sting the man whose girl is keeping him at arm's length, but when it tries to make itself unpleasant to one whose playmate has confessed that she is positively dithery, woozy, and cuckoo about him, it is simply wasting its time.

At the end of a cheerful month Roderick once more found himself grappling with the problem of financing the immediate future. The talking-dog idea, he felt, had been squeezed of its last drop of juice. What was he to do? he asked himself, as his eyes wandered from one to another of the fifteen photographs of the sweetest girl on earth that cluttered up his room.

After many hours of deep thought, inspiration, like a harvest moon emerging from behind black clouds, came to him. He hurriedly refilled and lit his pipe, and, puffing triumphant clouds of smoke, wrote his uncle once again:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

To My Valentine

The wrapper is pink,
The label is blue,
Oh Henry is sweet
And so are you!

Two minds with but a single thought—Oh Henry! Two appetites—and so they bought Oh Henry! For candy made the home-made way appeals to home folks every day. They flock into the store and say Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

Our HOME-MADE way
(reading time 32 seconds)

FUDGE CENTER: *1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.*

CARAMEL LAYER: *4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.*

PEANUT LAYER: *3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed].*

CHOCOLATE COATING: *Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.*

P.A. is so downright dependable

THAT'S one of the things that holds me to this faithful old brand. You can pack it for a trip to the wilds or a cruise around the Horn, without once wishing that you had brought some other brand along. Wherever you may be, P.A. is always the same—*and always good!*

As you open the tidy red tin, inhale that fine, fresh, stimulating aroma. Notice that P.A. is equally friendly as you smoke it . . . fragrant and cool and mellow and mild . . . just about everything a fellow could ask in a smoke. You never tire of tobacco like Prince Albert.

Is it any wonder that P.A. is known as the National Joy Smoke from coast to coast? Is it any wonder that pipe-smokers buy more P.A. than any other brand? If you can't answer "No" right off the bat, try a load of long-burning P.A. in your pipe. Then you'll know for yourself why P.A. is so downright dependable, so thoroughly enjoyable.

Better quality and larger quantity—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

DEAR UNCLE:

I know you will be glad to hear that I am making splendid progress with my studies. I am working very hard. Rags is also working hard. He has made fine headway. Uncle, as you are taking me to Paris next winter—and I know you will want Rags to go with us—I have arranged with the prof to teach him a few useful French phrases. Think how snappy it will be for him to be able to do a little shopping for himself! How it will astonish the clerk in the French meat market when Rags trots in and says, "*Voulez-vous bien me donner pour deux francs d'os, s'il vous plaït, monsieur,*" and so forth!

The prof is to charge us another $100 for this special tuition, but I am sure you will agree that it is well worth it. Will you please send me the check for these fees right away as I want to get Rags started at once on his new studies.

With love to all at home,

Yours affectionately,

ROD.

"SEEING, sir, that he was likely to become a menace to your domestic happiness, I got my revolver and shot him."

This letter greeted Chas. P. Bingley on the morning following his attendance at the annual dinner of the Corkscrew Club. Chas. P.'s head felt as if a couple of particularly irritable wildcats with red-hot claws were rampaging around inside it, and Roderick's letter seemed to accelerate their activities.

He thumped his desk, and his rugged observations on his nephew brought a hush over the office.

Lunch restored Mr. Bingley to health. He reread Roderick's letter, and while the boy's unspeakable audacity again caused lines of annoyance to appear on his forehead, Chas. P. completely forgot his first intention of having him arrested for using the mails to defraud.

After revolving the situation, he told himself that he had set out to teach Roderick a lesson in his own artistic way, and he would see it through. He was in the ring for $200, and, after all, what did another $100 matter? And, what was more, Roderick would be coming home in a week and this probably would be the last of his outrageous requests.

Mr. Bingley rubbed his hands together in pleasurable anticipation of getting his money's worth out of his nephew's discomfiture in a few days, and then wrote:

MY DEAR RODERICK:

I was glad to get your letter this morning. It is indeed extremely gratifying to know that Rags has made such satisfactory headway. That he talks seems almost beyond belief. However, your letter distinctly implies that he does and that is good enough for me.

I inclose herewith a check for $100 to pay for his French lessons. I do hope the professor will be able to teach him to speak the language with the correct accent.

When you arrive for vacation, come right up to my office with Rags before you go home. Don't write anything to the family about Rags—we'll keep the news dark and give them the surprise of their lives. I am looking forward eagerly to seeing you and our clever dog next week.

Your affectionate

UNCLE.

IT had, on various occasions, occurred to Roderick that he would one day be obliged to face his uncle and put up some story to account for Rags' being unable to carry on a bright conversation, but he had not hitherto given the matter any serious consideration. "Never put off till tomorrow what you can put off till some later date," more or less sums up Roderick's attitude toward anything that called for mental effort.

The arrival of the third check, while bringing gladness to his heart, reminded him that the day of reckoning was uncomfortably close.

But youth is resilient, and thoughts of seeing Janet Fiske—"the sweetest girl on earth"—that evening so took possession of Roderick's mind that he became his sunny self again.

As the days passed, however, he gave increased thought to the dilemma on the horns of which he found himself. Ponder as he would, he could think of no way of explaining or excusing his conduct to his uncle. He became morose and preoccupied. Every reader of this story who has obtained $300 from his uncle on the pretext of using it for the purpose of having a dog taught to talk will appreciate the delicacy of Roderick's position.

He tried to think of some way of borrowing $300 to return to his uncle. That idea was speedily counted out. Suicide was a way out, but that had its drawbacks. Eventually he came to realize that he was fairly in the gumbo. Wallowing up to his neck in it! Stymied! Licked!

The eve of his departure for home arrived. In the roadster he had borrowed from Billy Ashford he drove off to visit Janet.

Janet looked adorable and greeted him affectionately. Her charms revived his spirits

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE TALKING DOG Continued from Page Twenty-one]

temporarily, but thoughts of the trouble he would have to face in his uncle's office next day soon cast him back into the slough of despond.

"Roddy," said Janet, after one of his lengthy silences, "there's something wrong. What is it?"

"Nothing, sweetheart, nothing. I'm just a little tired, that's all."

"Tired of me?"

"Of course not, darling. I meant tired of working so hard."

"But there's something else."

"There is, honey. I'm fed up because you have to go to New York tomorrow in the car with your aunt instead of by train with me. I'll be so terribly lonely without you."

Janet supposed that a speech of this kind would be followed by the hug that naturally went with it. She put herself into position A for hugging—body relaxed, eyes half closed, and moistened lips slightly parted—but nothing happened. Roderick failed to do his part. Wherefore she knew that he was lying. He was holding something back, and this something she decided to wheedle out of him.

"Roddy," she said coaxingly, pulling his face over to hers and encircling his neck with cool, soft arms, "tell me the truth, dear. You must never keep anything from your Momma."

"Really, Janet, there isn't—"

Janet cut off his speech with a lingering, movie-picturelike kiss. This, combined with the effects of her faintly perfumed hair, quickly reduced Roderick's powers of resistance to mush. On coming up for air he swallowed gulpingly several times, and then, in a hollow voice, told her everything.

Having listened to the confession without comment, Janet puckered her little brow and stared thoughtfully into space.

RODERICK feared the worst. He forgot, for the time being, that a woman regards the snootering of the man she loves as her private and special prerogative. And while she will treat him like a dog and pick on him for nothing at all when things are well with him, she can be counted on to rise to stupendous heights of loyalty should he be threatened by attack from outside.

After a lengthy pause, he said dolefully, "I suppose you'll be through with me now, Janet."

"Be quiet, darling," she answered, again putting an arm round him. "I want to think."

Minutes passed, and then Janet straightened.

"I've got it," she said.

"Got what?"

"A plan for getting you out of the mess."

"You have? What is it? Quick!"

Janet explained.

Roderick looked a little dubious at first, but it was not long before the girl convinced him that her scheme was a fruity one provided he had an ounce or so of pluck.

"Janet," he said, laughing, "you're a genius and an angel and a—" Or, to put the thing in a nutshell, Roderick gave her to understand that he considered her a pretty decent egg.

On the following morning Roderick bounded out of bed lightheartedly and ate breakfast with zest. Shortly afterward Janet's chauffeur called for Rags, in accordance with the arrangement she and Roderick had made the previous night.

Roderick fed the dog a banquet of country sausage and a large bowl of cream, and then lifted him into the car.

"So long, Rags," he said. "See you this afternoon."

Rags hiccuped and eyed his master wistfully as the car rolled smoothly away.

Roderick went to his room and packed his belongings—including the fifteen photographs of Janet—and taxied to the station.

On the train he daydreamed pleasantly. He saw himself during vac rising at the gentlemanly hour of eleven, lazing on the sun-warmed sand, and meeting Janet at least five evenings a week. His reverie was eventually broken into by someone tripping over his foot. Roderick looked up blinkingly. His fellow passengers were gathering up bags and staggering to the ends of the car.

SOME fifteen minutes later found Roderick in his uncle's main office.

"Mr. Bingley will see you at once," the information clerk told him, between manipulating plugs. "Please go right in."

Roderick picked up his collection of kit and walked toward his uncle's room. As he neared the door Janet's plan for ironing out the difficulty about Rags somehow didn't seem so good as it had when he had been further removed from his uncle's presence. He hesitated for a second, and then, metaphorically girding his loins, went in.

"Delighted to see you, Rod," said Chas. P., getting up and shaking his hand warmly. "Gosh! You've grown into a regular husky."

Roderick made an appropriate reply, after which Mr. Bingley stepped back and looked from his nephew to the heap of belongings the boy had strewn about. He observed two grips, a tennis racket, a paper parcel, a saxophone case, a coonskin coat, a bag of golf clubs, and a derby hat. Chas. P. compressed his lips and returned his look to Roderick.

Roderick smiled.

"Where—is—Rags?" Mr. Bingley demanded.

"I didn't bring him along, sir, because—"

"You didn't *what?*"

"It's like this, uncle. There's something I want to explain—"

"Sit down here," Mr. Bingley cut in, indicating a small chair beside his desk. "I want to have a serious talk with you, my lad."

Chas. P. dropped into his own big chair, flung one meaty leg across the other, and hunched his shoulders. This was the moment for which he had waited—a $300 moment, as it were. He leaned forward and wagged a huge finger close to his victim's face.

"Roderick," he said, after an impressive pause, "I am not a hard man, but I am going to teach you a sharp lesson—a lesson that will be invaluable to you in after years."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you imagine that you could fool me—make a monkey of me?" proceeded Mr. Bingley.

"No, sir."

"Then why were you such a damned idiot as to get yourself into a jam over this Rags business? A downright fraud! Of course, I always knew there never could be any such thing as a talking dog. I merely let you have some rope to see if you would be asinine enough to hang yourself with it.

"And now, I take it, you have some idea that you might bamboozle me further by hiding the animal. What are you going to do if I have you sent to jail for obtaining money under false pretenses? Answer me that." Mr. Bingley clicked his tongue and waited for a reply.

"You've got it all wrong, sir. Rags did talk."

"*Did* talk! *Did* talk!" Mr. Bingley gasped. "And I suppose you're going to tell me now that he suddenly went dumb or forgot how to do it, and you didn't like to bring him home and disappoint me. Bless my soul! This is rich!" He leaned back in his chair and laughed loudly and ironically.

"No, that isn't it, sir. You see—"

CHAS. P. checked his laughter abruptly and shot his chin forward.

"Have you got the colossal hide and nerve," he asked, "to come to me with a yarn that you think I'll believe? Do you take me for an imbecile?"

"But, sir, if you'll listen for a minute I can explain everything satisfactorily."

"Explain! Satisfactorily!" Mr. Bingley looked as if he were about to go off into an apoplectic fit.

"Yes, sir."

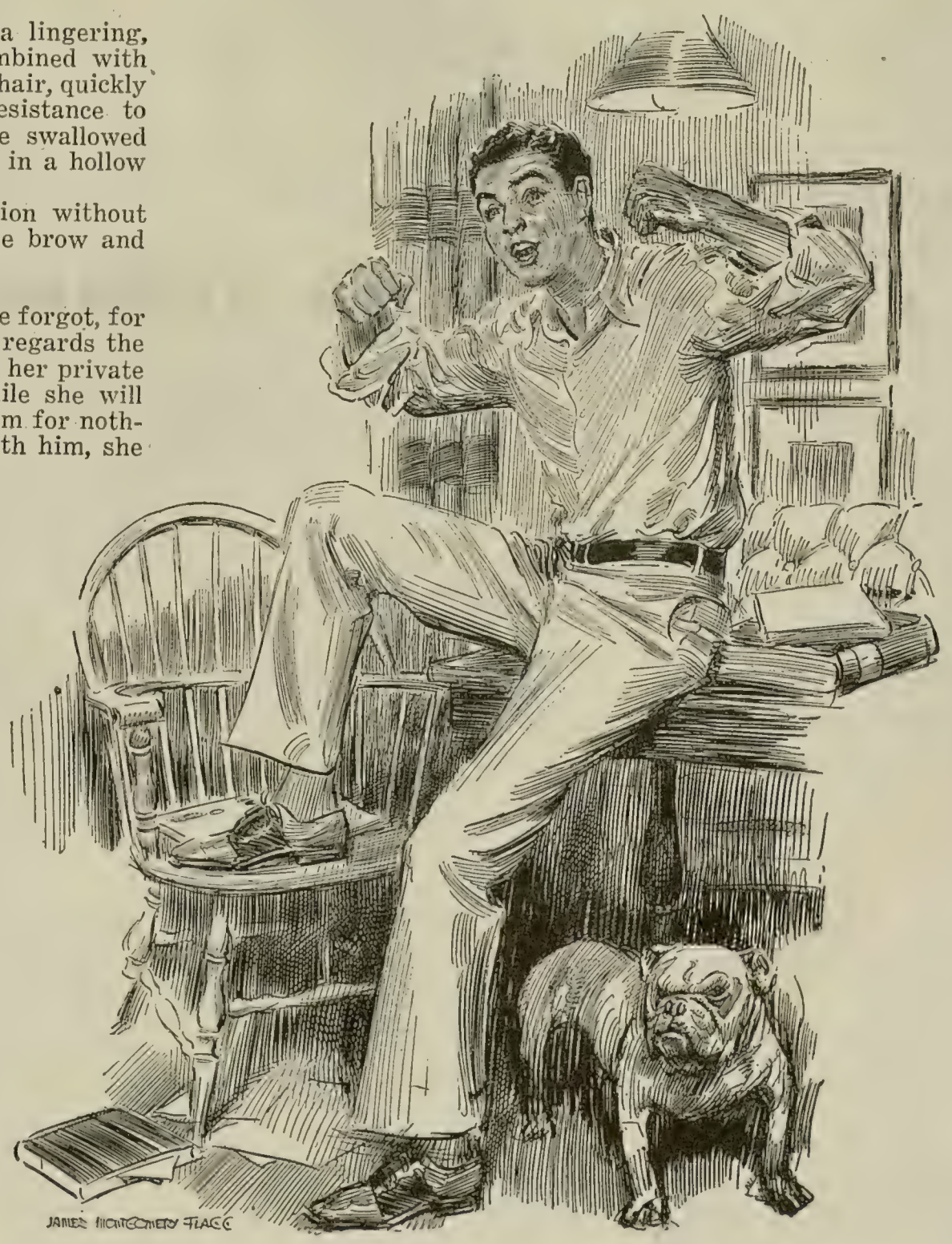
"Then for heaven's sake do so," said Mr. Bingley, breaking into forced laughter. "Oh, Lord! This is good! I never thought I'd live to see the day when I'd be taken for— But never mind. Go on. Let's hear this beautiful bedtime story."

Roderick took a deep breath and commenced: "You see, uncle, it was like this. We had Rags talking quite well, and I was looking forward to bringing him home."

Mr. Bingley put his head in his hands.

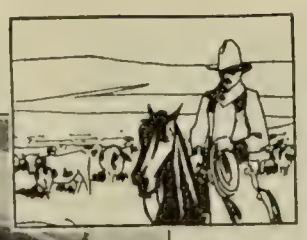
"Is anything wrong, sir?" Roderick

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



Roderick waved his arms and let out a yell. In this vague scientific prognostication there were the grounds, by gosh, of a scheme!

Former Cow-Puncher



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Former Dairyman

300% Increase

"My salary since I enrolled with the N.S.T.A. has increased over 300% and I do not intend to stop at that. I was formerly employed in a Creamery, doing poorly paid unhealthy work. Now I have charge of 14 men, covering 4 states. Anyone wanting to become a leader should take the N.S.T.A. course." A. F. THOMPSON, Sioux City, Ia.

Former Factory Man

Over $10,000 a Year

"Your splendid course is worth thousands of dollars to any man. When I started the N.S.T.A. course, I was a foreman in a rubber curing room at $160 a month. I started selling after nine weeks and today my salary runs into 5 figures. I shall always have a warm place in my heart for N.S.T.A." R. B. HANSEN, Akron, Ohio.

Former Stenographer

600% Increase

"Six years ago I was a stenographer. Now I am in the advertising business for myself, and my earnings have increased 600%. The sales training and cooperation I received from the N.S.T.A. developed the self-confidence and ability that I needed to make good." L. H. LUNDSTEDT, Chicago, Ill.

Last Year's Pay Looks Like Small Change To These Men Today!

$700 a Month

"I was dragging along as a farmer—barely existing. I decided to train with N.S.T.A. After finishing, I received a list of firms wanting salesmen from you. I applied to three firms and took the best one. Led my sales force and earned close to $700 last month."

L. O. HALLOMAN, Slaton, Tex.

$1000 a Week

"Before taking the N.S.T.A. course I was making $200 a month, but could see no future. Since taking your course I have advanced steadily and am now District Manager for a big concern. Last week my earnings amounted to over $1,000. Any N.S.T.A. graduates in Arkansas, Missouri, Louisiana, Texas or Oklahoma wanting work, write me. I want N.S.T.A. salesmen, for I know they bring home the bacon."

O. D. OLIVER, Norman, Okla.

$4800 Increase

"It is a privilege to tell of the many good things I have received from studying the N.S.T.A. course. After graduation your employment department offered me choice of representing 48 firms. Some service! I mention this to show the great advantage of being connected with N.S.T.A.

"Last year I made over $100 a week, and expect to earn $7,000 this year. Some increase since my enrollment!"

F. B. ENGLEHARDT, Chattanooga, Tenn.

$2500 Increase

"To any man who wishes to benefit himself, I would say—'Take a course with the N.S.T.A.' My work as a pattern-maker gave me only a stipulated wage—while now my earnings amount to almost three times as much—or about $4,000 a year!"

KINGSLEY ROWLAND, Audubon, N.J.

$6286 Increase

"I was clearing around $1,000 a year when I enrolled with N.S.T.A. I have increased my income to $7,286. I now own my home, drive a nice car, and have a summer camp. My grateful thanks go out to N.S.T.A."

FRANK WALSH, Springfield, Mass.

Here Are Four Men Who Were Formerly Caught in the Hopeless Treadmill of Low Pay Jobs! Today Every One of Them Reports Earnings From $5,000 Up to $10,000 a Year. Right Now—The Same Opportunity That Changed Their Lives So Completely Is Open to YOU! Don't Fail to Read Every Word of This Vital Message!

Raised Their Pay 500% When They Discovered Salesmanship

THINK what a 500% increase in salary actually amounts to—in terms of dollars and cents. Take your own salary for example. Multiply it by 5. Figure every hundred dollars you make as if it were five hundred dollars! Think what you could do with it—and you'll realize how amazingly these four men have prospered in so short a time.

Every one of them pictured here has known the seamy side of life. They were not always "on top"—and have not always made $5,000—$7,500—and $10,000 salaries. Nor have they always enjoyed the freedom and independence they possess today. One was a cow-puncher; another a dairy employee; another a factory worker; the fourth a stenographer—and $40 a week was the biggest salary of the lot! They were simply ordinary fellows—with ambition and very little more. But that was yesterday!

Easy as A-B-C

The experience of Mr. Hansen who rose from $160 a month as a factory man to over $1,000 a month after N.S.T.A. training—and the experience of the other men shown on this page are typical. Together with hundreds like them, they prove that any man of average intelligence can quickly become a Master Salesman and enjoy the big earnings and advantages that go with it.

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet. And through the National Demonstration Method, an exclusive feature of the N.S.T.A. system of SALESMANSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST Exclusive SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. B-230 N.S.T.A. Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Remarkable Book FREE

Right now—we are offering to send you a copy of a remarkable man-building volume called "Modern Salesmanship"—absolutely FREE! It contains hundreds of little-known and surprising facts about salesmanship; blasts dozens of old theories; and outlines a simple plan that will enable most any man to realize his ambition to earn bigger pay—whatever his present job may be. Clip the coupon now. No obligation. Mail it today!

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. B-230, (Attention Mr. Greenslade, Pres.)
N.S.T.A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship"—and particulars of your Free Employment Service for members.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

Bringing up the rear

handicapped by cachexia
(run-down condition)

Is your child underweight, understrength, behind his classmates, finicky at table, listless and pasty skinned? These are the signs of vitamin starvation—give him yeast and watch him respond to its upbuilding effects.

But be sure it's pure whole yeast—Yeast Foam Tablets. The only yeast that is palatable. Chew the little pellets like candy. Everyone likes their taste. Non-fermenting. No drugs or other ingredients—just pure wholesome yeast. 5c for handy packet or 50c for the 10-day bottle.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

At drug stores everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

[THE TALKING DOG
Continued from Page Twenty-two]

asked. "Don't you feel well?"

"Don't worry about me, my son. I'm fine. Just holding on to myself so I won't fall off the earth. Go right on with your tale. I won't interrupt."

"Well, sir, as I was saying. Rags was talking a streak. Then, just a few days ago, I told him we were going home for the summer, and he kicked.

"He said, 'Roddy, old boy, do you mean to say that you expect me to spend the vac at that beastly Newhampton? It's a poisonous hole. I detest the place. You know yourself, Rod, that all the precious dogs that go there have been so pampered they haven't got enough strength and pep to come out and play round with a fellow. Spend all their time sleeping on silk cushions. I'd have no fun at all there.'

"Of course, sir, I remonstrated with him and pointed out that it was the right and proper place for us to be—with our uncle. But all the persuading I could do had no effect on him. Old Rags just sat there, puffing away at his pipe and repeating that he wouldn't put in another summer at that rotten dive of a Newhampton, as he called it, for all the bones in Chicago."

MR. BINGLEY'S eyes were protruding like boiled onions, and from time to time queer birdlike noises escaped him, but otherwise he made no attempt to interfere with the raconteur.

"Eventually, sir, I told him straight that nothing could alter my decision to spend the vac with you, and that he was coming with me so you could see that the money you had laid out on his education had not been wasted.

"Then he turned nasty, sir. He flung down the copy of a novel that he'd been reading and started to chuckle sarcastically. 'Is zat so?' he said. 'Is zat precisely so? Well, lookit here, bimbo,' he burst out, 'if you take me to Newhampton I'll make myself infernally unpleasant. I was in the car with your uncle twice last year when he sneaked off to Montauk Point with the dizzy blonde widow who lives next door to us. And if you force me to go to that bum joint I'll spill the whole story to Mrs. Bingley. How about it now?' he asked me."

Roderick stopped for breath and studied Chas. P.'s expression. He glanced quickly at the door and regretted that it was closed. His misgivings were interrupted by Chas. P.'s rasping voice:

"Well—get on with it. Finish the story, young man."

"Yes, uncle. Of course it made me awful mad to have Rags threaten you like that, so I asked him if he really would do what he said he would if I took him to Newhampton. And his reply was, 'You can bet the United States of America to an air-pocket seed I will.'

"So seeing, sir, that he was getting dangerously out of hand and likely to become a menace to your domestic happiness, I got my revolver out of the drawer and shot him. Killed him on the spot, sir, so that he could never tell on you."

Roderick wiped his forehead with a handkerchief and watched his uncle's face. The older man remained immobile and returned Roderick's look without speaking. For almost a minute they sat like that. Then Mr. Bingley spoke.

"Roderick," he said quietly, "you're a damned scoundrel, and it would be no more than you deserve if I threw you out of that window and let you somersault the twelve stories down into the street. But for your sheer audacity and ingenuity I am going to let you off with a warning. But don't try to pull any of that monkeyshine with me again. Do you get that? Don't do it again!"

Roderick nodded, a feeling of relief surging over him.

"And, Roderick," continued Mr. Bingley in kindlier tones, "you're a man now, if ever you're going to be one, and I feel that I can talk to you more freely than I used. With regard to those two drives to Montauk Point with a certain lady which you mentioned just now—er—I want to tell you that those were made at times when I had had perhaps one more cocktail than was good for my judgment.

"This wretched bootleg liquor which we are obliged to drink nowadays—as you know, my system occasionally requires a slight stimulant—is liable to lead to occurrences which—er—some narrow-minded people might regard in the light of indiscretions. It is as well, therefore, that the matter should never be mentioned again. You understand."

"Oh, quite, sir, quite."

"Very good, my boy. Now run along. I'm busy. I'll see you at dinner."

"All right, uncle. I'll be off."

IN the middle of gathering his chattels together, Roderick looked up and smiled at Chas. P.

"Well, what is it now?" Mr. Bingley asked.

"Uncle, I suppose—I mean—I wonder—that is, do you think you could spare me a bit of cash? I'm broke. Absolutely flat."

Mr. Bingley scratched his nose with the back of his thumb and considered. Then from his notecase he withdrew a five-dollar bill and held it toward Roderick.

"That will be sufficient, I presume?" he said.

"To be quite honest, sir," Roderick answered, "I want to buy some clothes, a new collar for Rags, and take an awfully cute little blonde to a show and on to dance tonight. Could you make it a hundred, sir?"

Mr. Bingley started like a frightened colt. He muttered something unintelligible, but Roderick distinctly caught the word "blackmail," preceded by a potent adjective.

"A hundred, eh? Another hundred! Seems to be my unlucky number," said Mr. Bingley, as though addressing himself.

He returned the five-dollar bill to stock and slowly produced a new crackling note for $100. He regarded his nephew steadily.

"Roderick," he said, "I am purchasing from you all the knowledge you have of my drives to Montauk Point last summer, and this is the final payment. Is it agreed?"

"Absolutely, sir," Roderick answered, pocketing the bill with a grin and making a hurried exit.

THE END

Next Week—

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

ONE of the most extraordinary stories that has ever come into the office of LIBERTY—

When *the* World Screamed

a new adventure of Professor Challenger, the man who discovered The Lost World.

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Watch for it!—It will appear in two parts, beginning in the coming issue of LIBERTY

Reforming CHICAGO

De Mille Sweetens Maurine Watkins' Satire of Gold Diggers and Gats

A Film Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 35 seconds.)

CECIL DE MILLE, who recently announced that sex will disappear from the motion-picture screen in the next few years, has unveiled his version of Maurine Watkins' play of last year, Chicago.

Chicago was a fresh and amusing satire, with ruthless ironic thrusts at our gala judicial methods and our merry modern journalism. Miss Watkins' heroine was one *Roxie Hart*, a wide-eyed gold digger of the Chicago Loop.

Roxie was married to a harmless little cigar-store clerk. She shot an erstwhile admirer who attempted to walk out on her, and, naturally enough, was arrested for murder. Overnight *Roxie* became the "beautiful jazz slayer."

With the help of an unscrupulous lawyer, the ornate gun girl was triumphantly acquitted. Even as the shouts of the courtroom died, a revolver shot rang out. The reporters and the cameramen dashed away in quest of a new sensation, leaving *Roxie* behind. The jazz slayer had become yesterday's news.

De Mille has been a little afraid of Miss Watkins' irony. He has substituted considerable sentiment for satire. Thus the husband —the bewildered and witless little worm of the play —becomes an upstanding and suffering young man who keeps silent until *Roxie* is freed. Then he tosses the puzzled murderess out into the night.

True, there is, in the background, a pretty little rooming-house slavey who cares for the distraught husband. So everything isn't lost for the cigar-store salesman.

De Mille's film is exceedingly well directed. Frank Urson gets the screen credit as director, but Hollywood whispers that De Mille felt that he might hurt the reception of his The King of Kings by admitting a personal hand in the production of Chicago.

Quite naturally the chief interest will be the *Roxie Hart* of Phyllis Haver, the ex-Sennett bathing girl who has been described as a cutie who looks like the answer to a sugar daddy's prayer. Frequently Miss Haver's work seems calculated, but she gives an unusual performance. Praise be, Miss Haver made no attempt to sugar the rôle. *Roxie* remains a heartless, tawdry little Jezebel.

THE courtroom scene in the film version of Chicago, showing Phyllis Haver, the defendant; Victor Varconi, her husband (left), and Robert Edeson, her attorney.

Another view of Miss Haver as Roxie Hart, *the beautiful Chicago jazz slayer.*

Robert Edeson's attorney for the defense is a neat characterization.

I should never have selected the Hungarian, Victor Varconi, to play the part of the husband. Still, Varconi does remarkably well with the part. Too bad, however, that *Amos Hart* did not remain the stupid little rabbit of the spoken play.

This Hungarian actor, by the way, seems to be attracting real attention from film fans. Remember his brilliant *Pontius Pilate* in The King of Kings?

Varconi, whose complete cognomen is Michael Victor Varconi, was born in 1896 at Kisvarda, Hungary. His father, Heinrich Varconi, was a farmer. Victor went to grammar school in Budapest and then attended a business institution, emerging as an insurance solicitor.

Then the employees of the company gave a play. Varconi scored a hit, gave up his job, and went off to dramatic school. Papa Heinrich cast him off.

Varconi worked his way up to a post of histrionic importance with the National Theater in Budapest. He tried the films with Phœnix, Sasha, Union, UFA, and other concerns. He played the lead in Sodom and Gomorrah, a pioneer Continental cinema orgy. He appeared opposite Pola Negri in The Red Peacock, before the Polish actress made her Hollywood invasion.

Then, in 1924, Varconi heard the call of California. He was signed by De Mille. The rôle of *Prince Dimitri* in The Volga Boatman, opposite William Boyd's blond peasant, was his first important rôle.

However, De Mille tells me that it was Varconi's neat performance of a bit as the bookkeeper of souls at the portals of the hereafter in Feet of Clay that suggested the Hungarian for the rôle of *Pilate* in The King of Kings.

Varconi appears to have arrived. He is happily married to Nusy Aranosy, who was a prominent prima donna in Viennese operettas.

Do you know that—

Monte Blue is to play the lead in the film Robert Flaherty is making in the South Seas? . . . Flaherty is the man who made Nanook of the North and Moana? . . . Corinne Griffith is likely to return to First National to play *Lady Hamilton* in The Divine Woman? . . . Reginald Denny and Universal Pictures are reported to be quarreling over the sort of stories Reggy has been getting?

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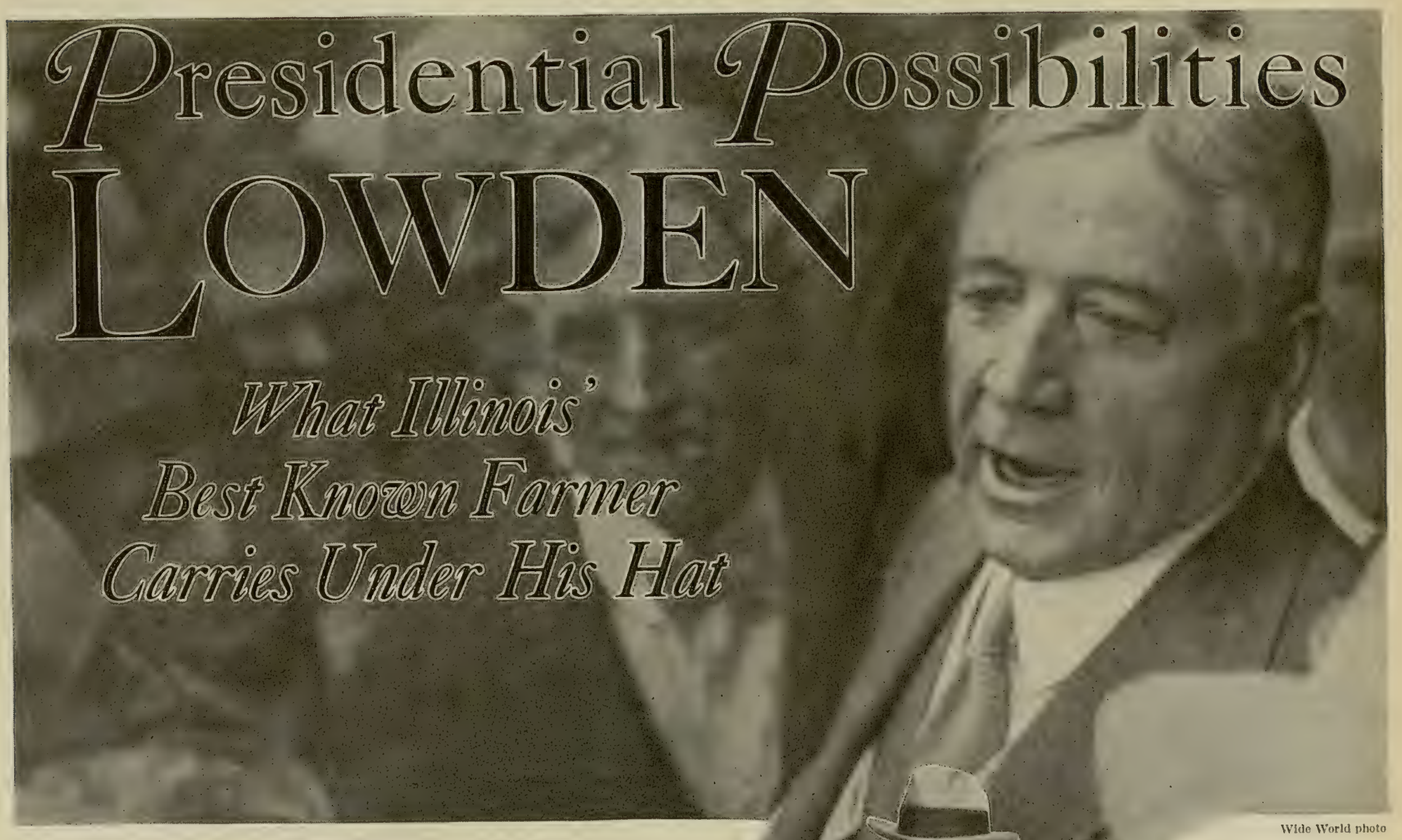
Presidential Possibilities

LOWDEN

What Illinois' Best Known Farmer Carries Under His Hat



Wide World photo

A CLOSE-UP of Frank O. Lowden making a speech; (below) the ex-Governor of Illinois, at sixty-seven, insists on walking four miles daily.

Int. photo

An Interview by

JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT

(Reading time: 22 minutes 55 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third article by Mr. Bennett on possible Presidential nominees. Next week he will discuss Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York.]

FRANK O. LOWDEN of Sinnissippi Farm is a rich farmer—was the richest Governor Illinois ever had, and the best—but he is sincerely solicitous about the poor farmers.

Whether they share his solicitude or not, those who have known Frank Lowden long—and I am one of them—would be the last to doubt the sincerity of his solicitude. They know that it is no means to an end. They know it is no pose. They know Frank is genuine.

For, if Frank Lowden is naught else, he is *Frank Lowden*—and not ashamed of it.

This fanfare about the sincerity of his position on farm problems and the farmers' rigors is important, because if Frank Lowden becomes the thirty-first President of the United States, it will be the farmers, who believe Lowden is sincere, who will make him President.

In the course of the recent day I spent with him at his farm, he said:

"I got interested in this problem because I was—and am—living right next door to the problem. These statements that I took it up as a political issue are damned rot.

"I ought to be interested! Why shouldn't I be interested? I grew up with farm people. I am a farmer. I *know*. And if ever I go back to practicing law, it will be because I can't make a living farming.

"Sometimes I wonder whether I exaggerate.

"I go over to Chicago for a couple of weeks, and I see the silk stockings and the rich furs and the gleaming autos. I see the incredible urban prosperity on every hand. I see happiness all around. And, seeing those things, I can understand the town folks' supercilious point of view about the farmer.

"But when I get back to the farm regions — and I farm North and South — I know I haven't half told the truth about the farm problem.

"Sensationalism is foreign to me. You know that. I'm very fond of Dawes, but his way of driving a point in on the public mind is not my way—and never has been. But, I tell you, the farm facts are sensational.

"I picked up our local paper and there was a dispatch from Washington saying, 'Farm conditions improving.' And in the same paper were six lines telling how neighbor So-and-So had committed suicide because he couldn't get prices for his produce that would make both ends meet!

"The agrarian tragedies that have been going on, North and South, have been unutterably depressing. Men who felt as independent as Rockefeller, losing their farms in middle life; the killing anxieties; the farmer's bitter consciousness of an unjustified system of marketing—that he is not nearly so likely to suffer by a short crop as by a bumper crop—and the ominous fact that in 1925 our farm population was reduced by almost half a million!

"BUT I would rather point the way than rehearse agonies. That's why I didn't want to be Vice President. The Vice Presidency was not my field of usefulness. I couldn't say anything or do anything there that would help the cause that I believe is the most important cause in this country today.

"Besides"—and here he twinkled—"besides, did you ever hear the story of the Methodist bishop who was o'erfond

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

MORE Than Cheese

NOT another kind of cheese—but *more* than cheese.

Pabst-ett contains valuable elements of milk that are lost in cheese making — milk proteins, milk sugar, body-building milk minerals, vitamins and valuable calcium.

It has a flavor that is daintier and a texture that is smoother than you have ever known before — a distinctive freshness all its own.

Use Pabst-ett in any way you have used cheese—for sandwiches, salads, macaroni, rarebit. It spreads like butter. In salads, it blends perfectly with vegetables and fruits. Flavors every morsel in cooked dishes — and does not become lumpy or stringy when heated.

Not Successfully Imitated—ask for PABST-ETT by name at your grocer's. It is the only dairy product of its kind.

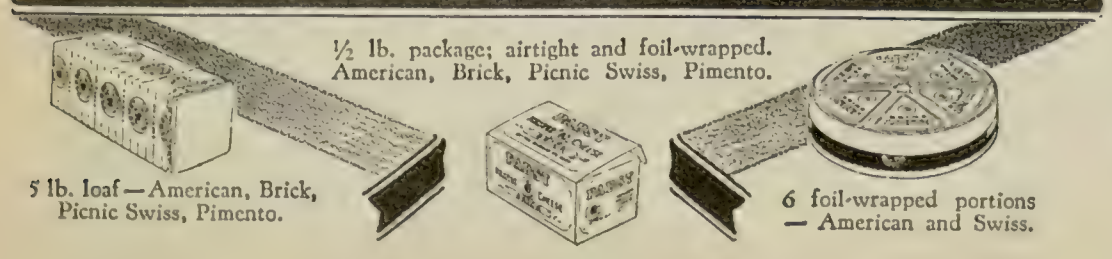
PABST CORPORATION (*Cheese Division*)
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Pabst-ett
REG U.S. PAT OFF
More than Cheese

For the children's after-school lunch, use Pabst-ett on bread or crackers. Pabst-ett is as digestible as milk, and more nourishing—the food that may safely be taken before the strenuous play time.

Keep a package of Pabst-ett, more than cheese, in your home and you are always prepared to serve unexpected guests with dainty, delightful sandwiches or tasty salads. Package of 6 foil-wrapped portions is ideal for serving guests.

PABST WONDER CHEESE - BETTER BECAUSE ITS AGED



½ lb. package; airtight and foil-wrapped. American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

5 lb. loaf—American, Brick, Picnic Swiss, Pimento.

6 foil-wrapped portions — American and Swiss.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES LOWDEN
Continued from Page Twenty-seven]

of the pleasures of the table? He was a great and good man, but very stout, and he took no pains to correct his peril.

"One day when he was riding circuit he was bounteously entertained by the local pastor. In the night he was terribly ill and he took on something awful.

"'Bishop,' said the brethren at the bedside, 'are you afraid to die?'

"'No,' said the good man, 'I'm not afraid to die—but I am ashamed to die this way.'

"If I'd been elected Vice President, I'm afraid I'd have eaten myself to death or been talked to death. And I don't want to die that way.

"When Roosevelt talked Vice Presidency to me at the time he was laying his plans in 1918 to enter the 1920 Republican Convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, I told him I would rather be road commissioner of Nashua Township, Ogle County, Illinois, than Vice President of the United States. He understood. In saying that, I wasn't undervaluing either the Vice Presidency or the highway commissionership of Nashua Township."

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

He has turned down many high political honors.

Frank Lowden's refusals of high offices have brought him more happiness than the winning of high office brings most men. His refusal of the ambassadorship at the Court of St. James's brought him one of the happiest moments of his life.

It was thus:

FRANK STEARNS, king's messenger to Coolidge, came on to Sinnissippi Farm, seated himself in front of the fireplace of the long library, and imparted the President's offer of the most distinguished post in American diplomacy.

After the proper preliminaries of appreciation, Frank Lowden said:

"The finest sight, Mr. Stearns, that I ever saw on my European trips was the lighthouse at Sandy Hook on the return voyage. And, deeply appreciative as I am of the President's offer, I feel that I couldn't think of living four years abroad."

SAID Frank Lowden to me later: "And that, thought I, ended that. Suddenly it came to me that for twenty years my family had been doing what I wanted; and that here was a time when I ought to ask them what they wanted to do. So I asked Mr. Stearns to excuse me.

"I sought them out. There they were — my wife and the girls—and I told them what had happened and asked them whether they would like to go to the Court of St. James's.

"'No, father,' said they; 'we would rather live at Sinnissippi Farm.'

"They didn't take ten seconds to make up their minds. I never was so proud of my family in my life!"

Wide World photo

Farmer Lowden of Illinois.

So this time "that" did end "that," and father went back to Frank Stearns, sitting alone in front of the big fireplace above which is inset a glorious painting of one of the lovely reaches of Sinnissippi Farm where it overlooks Rock River, beloved of Chief Black Hawk.

Lowden's declination of the Secretaryship of the Navy had its Pinafore aspects, with Lowden in the rôle of a man not wishful to play *Sir Joseph Porter* to the

Harding administration. Harding asked Lowden to come to Marion, where he offered him the Navy portfolio.

"But I don't know anything about the Navy," said Lowden.

"The Navy's big business," Harding replied; "that's why I want you. By the way, how much is a knot?"

sense of the responsibilities of the office. I never forgot what Grover Cleveland said to a delegation that waited on him with a request that he run for President again. 'You gentlemen,' said he, 'don't appreciate the fact that it's a very solemn thing to be President of the United States.'"

In 1920 Lowden probably came

U. & U. photos

Sinnissippi Farm, the Lowden home, and (at left) its owner ready for a canter over his large estate.

as near the Presidency—for Wilson's pertinacity had made the Republican nomination equivalent to election—as ever came any man who did not reach it. Certain fool friends of his, prime specimens of the egregious, overweening, overreaching, canting type of go-getters, cost him the Presidency by tainting his money with the scandal of the purchased Missouri delegates. He knows that, and now he is watching his fool friends sharply.

But they still are pestilential. They open premature and meaningless "headquarters" for him—"And," said he, "they say to me, 'You've got to get publicity!' I think that's offensive. This passion for manufactured publicity is cheapening American public men. I'm trying to impart an idea. I don't seek personal publicity: I seek listeners for the idea."

"I don't know, but I guess it's about"—and Lowden made a guess.

"I," said the President-elect, "didn't know either until I looked it up just now."

"Well, a President," said Lowden, "doesn't need to know anything—but his Cabinet ought to."

And "that" ended "that."

In short, Lowden has never been office-crazy. He is against an immediate successive term for any holder of any elective office. He applied that rule to himself when he was Governor of Illinois, and it was one of his rules that made him a good Governor. If he becomes President, he will be a single-term President.

He emphatically is not office-crazy.

"I'll not deny," he said, reverting to what must be as heavy a disappointment as can come to an American—"I'll not deny that, when for two or three days of the 1920 convention it looked as if I'd be nominated, I felt a sense of elation. But that soon passed and what filled my mind was a deep

IF Frank Lowden wins the Presidency this time, he will be proud and happy; if he does not, he will not be heartbroken. But he is not going to tolerate or finance a tawdry go-getters' campaign for the nomination.

"You know," said he, "what I said more than once when they asked me whether I wanted to be President of the United States: I said I knew of no man in our history who had run away from the Presidency. I'll supplement that answer right here and now with the statement that I also know of no man who is fit for the Presidency who would run *after* it."

If Frank Lowden wins the nomination he will be a good campaigner. He always has been.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A wonderful two years' trip at full pay—

but only men with imagination can take it

ABOUT one man in ten will be appealed to by this page. The other nine will be hard workers, earnest, ambitious in their way, but to them a coupon is a coupon; a book is a book; a Course is a Course. The one man in ten has imagination.

And imagination rules the world.

Let us put it this way. An automobile is at your door; you are invited to pack your bag and step in. You will travel by limited train to New York. You will go directly to the office of the president of one of the biggest banks. You will spend hours with him, and with other bank presidents.

Each one will take you personally thru his institution. He will explain clearly the operations of his bank; he will answer any question that comes to your mind. In intimate personal conversation he will tell you what he has learned from his own experience. He will give you at first hand the things you need to know about the financial side of business.

When you have finished with them the car will be waiting. It will take you to the offices of men who direct great selling organizations. They will be waiting for you; their time will be at your disposal—all the time you want until you know all you can learn about marketing, selling, and advertising.

Again you will travel. You will visit the principal industries of the country. The men who have devoted their lives to production will be your guides thru these plants in Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and in every great industrial center.

Thru other days the heads of accounting departments will guide you. On others, men who have made their mark in office management; on others, traffic experts, and authorities in commercial law and credits. Great economists and business leaders will be your companions.

The whole journey will occupy two years. It will cost you nothing in income, for your salary will go right along. Every single day you will be in contact with men whose authority is proved by incomes of $50,000, $100,000, or even more.

Is it worth a few pennies a day to have such an experience? Do you wonder that the men who have had it—who have made this two years' journey—are holding positions of executive responsibility in business everywhere?

This wonderful two years' trip is what the Alexander Hamilton Institute offers you. Not merely a set of books (tho you *do* receive a business library which will be a source of guidance and inspiration thruout your business life). Not merely a set of lectures (tho the lectures parallel what is offered in the leading university schools of business). Not merely business problems which you solve, and from which you gain definite practical experience and self-confidence.

All these—books, lectures, problems, reports, bulletins—come to you, but they are not the real Course. The real Course is the experience of the most successful business men in the country. For two years you live with them. In two years you gain what they have had to work out for themselves thru a lifetime of practical effort.

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

If you are the one man in ten to whom this page is directed, there is a book which you will be glad to own. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business." It costs you nothing, yet it is permanently valuable.

If you have read this far, and if you are at least 21 years of age, you are one of the men who ought to clip the coupon and receive it with our compliments.

The car is waiting; step in

Alexander Hamilton Institute

Executive Training for Business Men

In Canada, *Address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto*

In England, *67 Great Russell St., London*
In Australia, *11c Castlereagh St., Sydney*

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
New York City
483 Astor Place
Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Name.....
Please write plainly
Business Address.....
Business Position.....

Writing for publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, travels, sports, recipes, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in spare time.

If you would learn to write *Start Writing*

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in journalism has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your present ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th Street, New York
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.

Send me your free Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit, as promised in Liberty, Feb. 18th.

Mr. }
Mrs. }.....
Miss }

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 8B268.

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES LOWDEN Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

I followed him in his Presidential primaries campaign of the spring of 1920. He spoke like a vehement business man talking business to business men; but he can release the purple streamers. Like Reed of Missouri, he used to be a boy orator in Iowa — Reed's early stamping ground—but, like Reed, who may be his opponent in the election, he has lived it down.

Once he was telling business men that, no matter how important or how vast their private interests were, they had no business a hundredth part as important as that of their country.

"Learn the lesson the past teaches," he shouted. "We know that the years which lie behind us are strewn with the wrecks of governments once promising, of peoples that thought they would endure forever. We talk of permanency—we who know that since the day our fathers met in Independence Hall to sign the Constitution the map of the world has been twice rewritten!"

THEN came the purple streamers and the picture of a distracted and rebellious land on one side of the Rio Grande, and the land of fat and plenty on the other.

"The sun shines," he said; "the rains fall. The seasons come and go, and Nature has wrought her wondrous wizardry upon the one side as upon the other. The only difference is that on this side the sky is filled" — here he caught a fold of the American flag hanging above the dais — "with the glory of this flag, the Stars and Stripes.

"That is what government means, friends; that is what this flag means; that is what our duty means: the duty to make our government our first concern—the most sacred of our worldly duties."

When he had finished, the assemblage filed slowly past him, each man extending the stock formalities of congratulation. But no man received the stock formalities in return.

Each man the Governor almost hauled across the table toward him. Each man of the hundreds he knew or, if he did not know at the second, he remembered in three seconds he had known him.

"Hello, William," he shouted to Judge Gemmill. "Why didn't you get up here and make that speech you made the other night?"

The Judge passed on, pleased as Punch.

"Hello, Brother Kelly! I didn't know you were here. I'm glad to see you!"

Brother Kelly passed on, glad now that he had made the effort to come.

It was wonderful how, without being oppressive, which was Roosevelt's failing, he would grip a man's right hand in his and pat the hand or slap it resoundingly with his left, meanwhile letting a look of glad recognition and a shout envelop the man.

An elderly gentleman approached and murmured something.

"Yes, that's right," Lowden jubilated, fencing a little for time.

Then it came to him, and he cried:

"Why, it's Mr. Abbott, isn't it? By George, that's right! I haven't seen you for twenty years!"

Mr. Abbott will remember that for twenty years to come.

It was hard, hot work. The sweat wet his cheeks and jowls. Such bound and rebound of spirits, such hale-fellowness that still does not lapse into clownishness — all this takes it out of a man.

So I asked him how he did it.

"Exercise! Exercise, my boy!" he roared, and then took a long, satisfied inhalation of the fat cigarette he expeditiously lit when the line of felicitators had released him.

"Exercise!—walking four miles a day. Three or four days without it and I'm done. The only thing I insist upon when I'm campaigning is that they plan so I can get in the four miles a day."

But these men in public life pay the price for their skill in swaying the multitude. For just then the crowd moved away a bit and he turned his stocky figure toward a high, central window. He relaxed a little, and the kindly, cheery eyes seemed suddenly to grow weary.

"I get awful tired," he said.

IN Illinois alone there are 240,000 farms of five acres and more. Thus the potentialities of Frank Lowden's following in the Middle West and the West may be estimated.

As a Presidential contender he will be rock-bottomed on this apothegm of Napoleon:

"Finances founded on good agriculture will never be ruined."

And on this warning by Necker:

"What," the court ladies, seeking from Necker pensions for their favorites, would say—"what is three thousand livres to the King?"

"Three thousand livres, mesdames," the anxious finance minister of Louis XVI would reply, "are the taxation of a village."

For Lowden declares that a prolific cause of the mounting cost of government is the number of public agencies which have authority to levy taxes independently of one another.

"We pay taxes," he said, "to the Federal government, to the

The Convictions of FRANK LOWDEN

IF you are going to "play politics" in office, you'll play nothing else.

* * *

Any form of government is but a means to an end, and that end is the happiness of the individual.

* * *

Lincoln was democracy's finest product. In life he was its noblest champion. In death he became its saint. His tomb is now its shrine.

* * *

History's lesson is that no individual, as a king in a kingdom, no selected group, as in an aristocracy, and no majority, as in a democracy, can be trusted with supreme power.

* * *

Not he who tells the people that they can do no wrong is the real friend of popular government, but he who warns them against dangers of their own creation.

* * *

When we learn that the making of one rule for the moral conduct of an individual and another for the conduct of nations is wrong, we shall find peace.

* * *

We of America have enough to do if we take care of our own.

* * *

Illinois is the keystone of the new United States, just as Pennsylvania was of the old.

* * *

Do not underestimate the power of organized crime. Remember that one-half of 1 per cent of the population of Russia has succeeded in overturning the institutions of the other 99½ per cent.

* * *

The final test of civilization is the lot of the average man.

* * *

The law exacts from our citizens allegiance to America and not to the world.

* * *

In the life of every nation there comes a time when agriculture becomes a problem demanding solution, or the nation goes down. We are at that stage today.

* * *

My profound conviction is that agriculture never will regain its proper place, its proper relation to industry, until it too is organized.

* * *

Today, with a commercialized agriculture, we must adopt a commercialized method of merchandising, if the individual farmer is to survive.

* * *

The ballot box is the ark of our covenant.

* * *

Taxation is increasing much more rapidly than wealth itself.

* * *

So far as I am concerned, upon any question of policy, I only want to know whether that policy is better for the average man.

* * *

Where farmers are best organized, there they have suffered least.

State government, to the local municipal government, and, in some States to the school board. And when the limit of their bonding power has been reached the tendency is to create some other body with authority to levy taxes."

Then he echoed Necker's warning, saying:

"The taxes levied by any one body may seem insignificant. But when all the taxes are totaled, they already dangerously approach confiscation in many cases. No more expensive phrases have been invented in recent years than 'State aid' and 'Federal aid.'"

Picture by John T. McCutcheon

WHEN Lowden advises agriculturists, he does so as a farmer.

LOWDEN'S measures for farm relief are organization by and cooperation among the farmers themselves.

"Laws," he said, "will help, but they will not bring prosperity to the American farmer. It is clear that the great agricultural plant of our country has been running down at a dangerous pace. The farm population was reduced by almost half a million in 1925. This involves the very life of the nation. There is too great a discrepancy between the prices the American farmer receives and the prices he has to pay for what he buys.

"The Danish farmer has found a remedy. He has learned how to avoid exploitation by the middleman and the urban population, and he has done it by co-operation and education.

"The Danes have come nearer to solving the agrarian problem than any other people in history. My trip through Denmark in 1926 was the most instructive I ever made anywhere. Danish farmers have put their farming on a business basis and can make business-like decisions.

"What the American farmer asks is the same right which other American industries now enjoy, through their superior organization, to name a price in the first instance, and to acquire an organization which will secure to him the same power to maintain that price."

Lowden believes the vetoed McNary-Haugen bill contained many good points, adding:

"My own suggestion is the creation of a Federal farm board which would authorize farm cooperatives to form a corporation for taking care of a surplus—the expenses or losses to be borne proportionately by all the producers of that particular commodity.

"The world has long been used to the advantages of mass production; it now appears that mass selling is to be given a trial."

When Frank Lowden offers remedies, he does not do so as a theorist. As war Governor of Illinois he established the budget system. He consolidated 125 bureaus, boards, and commissions into nine major departments, each with a responsible director.

He launched a good-roads program which so shrewd an expert as Benjamin Affleck has pronounced epochal. He was able to make his reform projects realities because he wasted neither his time, his truth, nor his independence in maneuvering for a second term. He was working out the conviction which prompted him, when he was in Congress twenty years ago, to introduce a resolution to make the President ineligible to succeed himself.

OF that conviction he said to me:

"I am a thorough believer in the one-term tenure of office for a Chief Executive, on the ground that no man can fully measure up to the obligations of his office if he is thinking of a second term.

"If you drive from your mind any thought of a second term you will be relying on history for your indorsement, instead of on vote-getting. But long terms for appointive experts—yes, that's business."

As a farmer he is equally practical. His farm is richly profitable. The Holsteins he breeds are celebrated. He despises the term "gentlemen farmers," calling such agriculturists "rocking-chair

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

You know the result

Here's the reason why

Shaving is Smoother
Small-Bubble Way

Razor-pullbanished. No more sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth when beards are softened this scientific way. There's a big difference in shaving creams that you can prove by test.. see offer in coupon below.

◆ ◆ ◆

IF you think all shaving creams are alike, there's a surprise for you in this advertisement.

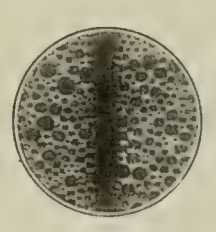
It's the story of a new way . . . an easy way . . . a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off.

Already millions have adopted it. Thousands buy it daily.

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

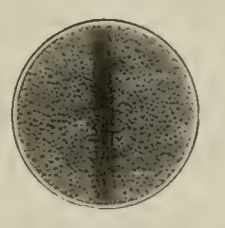
It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done. It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.



Ordinary Lather

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.



Colgate Lather

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard.

Good-by, Razor-Pull

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair—floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets soft and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened . . . ready for your razor. Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting.

You be the judge . . for 7 days

These astonishing improvements are so easy to judge, that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a 7-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Just compare it with the shave cream in your bathroom now.

Colgate & Company
Dept. 503B, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name_____

Address_____

Long research— but instant popularity

WHEREVER you go you hear people praising the General Electric Refrigerator. Almost overnight it has taken a prominent place in the thoughts of homemakers.

One hears of its remarkable simplicity. That it hasn't a single belt, fan or drain-pipe. That it hasn't a bit of machinery under the cabinet – or in the basement. That it never needs oiling. There are many, many comments on the quietness with which it operates. There is much enthusiasm for the extreme roominess and the splendid strength of its gleaming cabinets.

Overnight, it seems.... but for more than fifteen years the vast laboratories of General Electric have been busy with the development of this truly revolutionary refrigerator. Several thousand refrigerators, of nineteen different types, were made, field-tested and improved before this model was finally evolved. It was a long and expensive process—but nowhere in the field of electric refrigeration have engineers and scientists done their work so well.

Write us today for descriptive booklet L-2.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Refrigerator

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION DEPARTMENT *of* GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
HANNA BUILDING CLEVELAND, OHIO

[PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES
LOWDEN
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

farmers" and "veranda farmers."

You can smile at his title of Colonel by which everybody addresses him—he received it as a member of the notorious Governor Tanner's staff—but if you smiled at his title of Farmer Lowden you would anger him.

He knows every rod of his 5,000 acres in the Rock River country of northern Illinois, and within the last ten years he has planted the higher reaches of his farm with half a million white pines, which will mature in from fifty to sixty years. A visioned man.

He loves the rolling plains, the oak openings, and the serene cornfields of Sinnissippi—an Indian word meaning rocky waters—and he loves to quote the words of Chief Black Hawk, who ruled that area a century ago:

"Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my towns, my cornfields, and the home of my people. And I fought for it."

"And, by the Lord," said the Governor, "he was right. So would I."

In the old days Frank Lowden liked his glass or two of red wine at dinner. On prohibition, which he does not like, his position is that it is in the Constitution and efforts to enforce it must be made until, if ever, it is taken out of the Constitution.

AT sixty-seven, Frank Lowden is vehement, spontaneous, pithy, kindly, interested, and interesting—a hearty man who loves his country and likes people.

He is a rich man—was that, tradition to the contrary, before he married one of the Pullman heiresses. But he has known what it means to be poor—the kind of poverty that builds character.

He sprang from hardy stock, His ancestor, Richard Lowden, emigrated from England and settled in Massachusetts in 1638. Frank's father was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, and was a blacksmith—"and a good one, too," says his son. Frank's mother was a schoolmistress in Steuben County, New York, before she married.

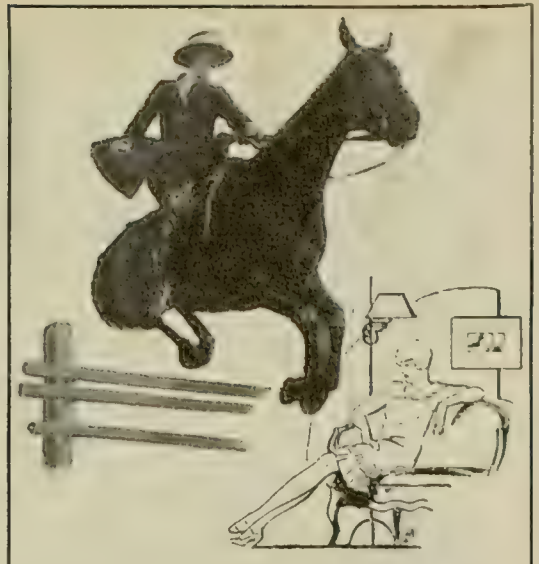
Between his fifteenth and his twentieth year, Frank Lowden earned his way through Ames College, in Iowa, and the Iowa State University by teaching school, and to this day he blesses the poverty that compelled the struggle.

For he said:

"Nothing is so good for a man, when young, as teaching school. He learns then and there that to control his pupils he's got to control himself. Later he discovers that he will never control grown men any other way.

"When I was teaching school at the age of fifteen, I found out that I must keep my temper; that I must hold in—and some of my pupils were bigger than I was—until the bigger boy was so clearly in the wrong that the justice of my cause was clearly evident."

Mr. Bennett's impression of Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, another possible candidate for the Presidency, will be printed in LIBERTY next week.



Last Fall She couldn't even visit the Stables ....

She—who had been such a splendid horsewoman!

Slight attacks of listlessness ... headaches ... had given warning of auto-intoxication. That had been followed by a nervous and physical collapse, making her a virtual prisoner in her home.

One day, she chanced to see a copy of a booklet entitled "Restoring Water's Lost Element," which told how people who had suffered from this same condition had regained perfect health by merely drinking home-made health spring water. This booklet disclosed the discovery by scientists that it was not the water itself at springs but Natural Niton (or radio-activity) in the water that was so beneficial.

She learnt that with the Revigator she would have a perpetual health spring in her own home ... which would duplicate the benefits of resort treatment.

From that day—she began to drink her way back to health.

* * * * *

Every year many thousands of people flock to Arkansas Spring, Vichy and Baden-Baden, to drink the healing waters of these famous spas.

After years of fruitless search by scientists, the secret of the waters was found to be the Natural Niton or radium emanation (radio-activity) that these waters contained.

Based upon this discovery the Revigator was invented. It is a radio-active water jar that restores to any water its lost Natural Niton, giving it the same high healing power possessed by the waters of the famed health resorts. The REVIGATOR is in effect a perpetual health spring in your own home.

Like health springs, Revigator seems to NORMALIZE. Thus, users are alike enthusiastic in directly opposite conditions like high and low blood pressure, over and under weight; and almost uniformly beneficial results are reported in such systematic disturbances as constipation and indigestion; nervous, stomach, kidney and blood disorders.

Revigator success is easy to explain. We have to drink water anyway. So why not always have handy a proven health water and thus aid nature to make health automatic? Radio-active health spring water is nature's prescription. Why try to improve it? Revigator does not improve nature, but Revigator does duplicate nature—and that is the sole reason Revigator so often brings happy results.

Our booklet, "Restoring Water's Lost Element" tells about the valuable discovery that has brought health and happiness to thousands. Its message may prove of vital interest to you. Send the coupon for your copy. It is free.

Radium Ore Revigator Co.

Revigator Building San Francisco

Mallers Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Park Row Bldg., New York City

Better Health

Stop to think a moment of the part that Revigator would have as the guardian of the health of your family. Get in touch with the Revigator dealer in your town. You will find him listed in the phone book under Radium Ore Revigator Agency. Or address the nearest office.

RADIUM ORE REVIGATOR CO.

[Address envelope to nearest office or consult phone book for your local dealer.]

Please send me my copy of your booklet "Restoring Water's Lost Element." No obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Lib. 3

Mr. Peachpit *Begins His* Autobiography

Being a Piece of Plumb Foolishness

By Clifford Raymond

Pictures by Helen Hokinson

"Papa," said June, coming in, "is the young man staying for lunch?"

(Reading time: 15 minutes 40 seconds.)

"YOU are the young man?" Mr. Peachpit inquired.

"I am," said Claude.

"You have been highly recommended."

The young man bowed.

"Suppose we go to the library," said Mr. Peachpit. "I think we can soon come to an arrangement."

"Possibly," said Claude.

The library was a beautiful room. It had deep windows. It was paneled in oak. Claude wondered to whom it belonged. Not to Mr. Peachpit, he knew, even if Mr. Peachpit said it was his and even if he used it. Not even if he sat there afternoons and evenings and looked at all the books. It had too much dignity and reticence.

Claude wondered who was the familiar spirit of this lovely room.

"Have a smoke?" Mr. Peachpit asked.

"No," said Claude. It was a mean no, but its spiritual significance did not get to Mr. Peachpit. He remained good-natured.

"I have had my autobiography in mind for several years," Mr. Peachpit said, himself taking a cigar. "I regard it as a duty to the community, to the people, to the nation."

June came in the room as he spoke. Claude's question was answered. This was the real owner of the room. Her charm was penetrating, the charm of youth, vitality, and intelligence. Her cheeks were brilliant and her lips deep red. Claude wondered what could have made her cheeks so crimson and her lips so red. Youth, he thought. She was eighteen.

Claude as a gentleman did not stare at her, although he was strangely moved, and he did not address her.

"A swell kid," he said, speaking to Mr. Peachpit.

The young girl flushed with pleasure.

"I did not know you were busy, dad," she said to Mr. Peachpit.

"Yes, daughter," said Mr. Peachpit, "I am busy."

"I did not know it," said June.

"You know it now," said Claude.

He was trying to conceal his emotions.

The beautiful girl tried to mask her confusion and went out. Both recognized that something had entered their lives.

"As I was saying," said Mr. Peachpit, "I cannot feel justified in withholding my autobiography any longer. I am informed that I could not go wrong in having you write it. I am told you did My Life and Times, by Henry Ford; The Recollections of a Varied Life, by Jack Dempsey; The White, White Lily, by Peggy Joyce; and—"

"I also did The Life of a Big-Game Hunter, by J. Pierpont Morgan," said Claude. "But we'll not run through my titles. Do you like birds?"

"Why?" Mr. Peachpit asked.

"It is important," said Claude. "The situation may not be clear to you. You are satisfied as to my qualifications. I am not yet satisfied as to yours. You have a life in question. I have a reputation. Reputation is dearer than life. Do you like birds?"

"Yes," said Mr. Peachpit with decision; "I like birds."

"What kind of birds?"

"All kinds," said Mr. Peachpit with a sweeping motion of both arms.

"I am tired of doing the autobiographies of men who like flowers and children," said Claude. "I will do no more of them. I shall do with pleasure the autobiography of a man who hates children. If you love birds instead of flowers it will be a relief. It may incline me to take the commission. Do you love bread and milk?"

Mr. Peachpit was about to respond enthusiastically when something in Claude's expression stopped him.

"I can't say that I do," said Mr. Peachpit.

"The happiest moment of your life was not when, as a brown-legged boy, you sat on the back porch by the rain-water pump, eating a bowl of bread and milk under the morning-glory vines, conscious that your mother's loving eyes were on you?—dear old mother—what a friend!"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Peachpit, feeling reasonably sure of his ground.

CLAUDE seemed a trifle disappointed.

"That answer may qualify you," he said. "I'll confess I was not looking for it."

Evidently he was not yet keen for the commission.

"You're sure you're telling the truth?" he asked suddenly. "I'll not be trifled with."

"Cross my heart," said Mr. Peachpit.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Is the Only Magazine that Extends the Advantages of Two-Color Rotogravure to Advertisers

{AND GIVES THE HALF-PAGE ADVERTISER THE BENEFIT OF COLOR}

TURN to pages 68 and 69 and see the LIFE SAVER COUGH DROP ad—one of the *new* page-and-a-half spreads *next to reading matter* that is an *exclusive* feature of LIBERTY and is available for two-color rotogravure advertisers. No eye can evade that ad. And LIBERTY is the *only* magazine that affords advertisers layouts, position and color-printing of this unique character.

Turn to pages 70 and 71 and see the BIRTMAN BEE-VAC VACUUM CLEANER ad. Here is another example of LIBERTY'S new spirit in layouts—a spread in *half-pages*. *Color* as well as position in direct contact with reading matter make this ad stand out like elephants in a parade. This layout too is *exclusively* a LIBERTY feature.

LIBERTY is the *only* magazine that gives the *half-page* advertiser the benefits of *two-color* rotogravure. See the SNIDER CATSUP ad on page 72; and the KIRK JAP ROSE SOAP ad on page 73. Again *color* and position wield a magic wand to hold the eye and increase the public's buying.

Unlike process printing, rotogravure requires no cuts or plates. It cuts time—giving a closing date of only SIX WEEKS. Two color combinations are available—Orange and Black or Red and Black. Rotogravure is adaptable to the advertising of any product because the tones can be graded from vivid, powerful full tones down to pale softness and delicacy of pastel work.

You see the sky but you remember the rainbow! Put *color* in your advertising and make it stand out. LIBERTY will be glad to submit layout suggestions for two-color rotogravure "halves", full pages, double half-page spreads, 1½ pages and standard double pages. Where spreads are employed the gutter is utilized. *Layouts built to meet a need*, not merely a mechanical requirement.

LIBERTY'S two-color rotogravure in LIBERTY'S new spirit in layouts will increase the pulling-power of your advertising dollars. **TRY IT!**

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

June came in again.

"Are you still busy, daddy?" she asked.

"He is," said Claude.

"How horrid!" she exclaimed, slamming the door as she went out.

Their love was ripening.

"I think we may now assume," said Claude, "that I will take the commission."

Mr. Peachpit felt that matters had been getting out of his hands in a fashion which astonished him. He had not been prepared to have his qualifications for an autobiography considered, but was prepared, rather, to examine minutely the qualifications of his autobiographer.

It seemed to be going otherwise and he unable to stop it. Even Claude's decision to take his case left him feeling as if he were appendicitis with doubtful solvency or a reputation for bad debts. And even at that he was spared the knowledge that it was June who had brought Claude to his resolve. Come what might, come even Mr. Peachpit's life facts, the enamored young man had to remain where the object of his passion was.

"I'll do it," said Claude.

"Is there a recognized course of procedure?" Mr. Peachpit asked.

CLAUDE observed him gloomily. He wished June would come in again.

"In some instances," he said, "I furnish the client with the facts of his life. In some instances he prefers to furnish his own."

"The former course would be indefensible," said Mr. Peachpit, trying to retake some of his original position. "I have prepared the outline of my life and works. In fact, the autobiography is virtually done. A little mechanical assistance is all I need—a little filling out of sentences, a little heightening of color and effect, and reading of proofs. I'm sure any efficient secretary could do it."

"Why don't you call in a plumber? Are you sure you like birds and not flowers?" Claude asked.

"If a point's to be made of it," said Mr. Peachpit less confidently, "I am."

June reappeared in the doorway.

"Is the young man still here, papa?" she asked.

"He is, darling," said Mr. Peachpit. "Why?"

"I just wondered," said June. "It's not a bit important, of course."

SHE looked at Claude, who looked at her. Then she withdrew.

"Li'l' rascal," said Claude, smiling. "I think we may look over your data, Mr. Peachpit."

"I have it here under suitable headings: Boyhood. Early Leadership. First Successes. Mature Success. Value to the Nation. Civic Inspiration. Humanity and Charities. Domestic Life. Business Sagacity. The Complete Patriot."

"Yes," said Claude, "I think we may proceed."

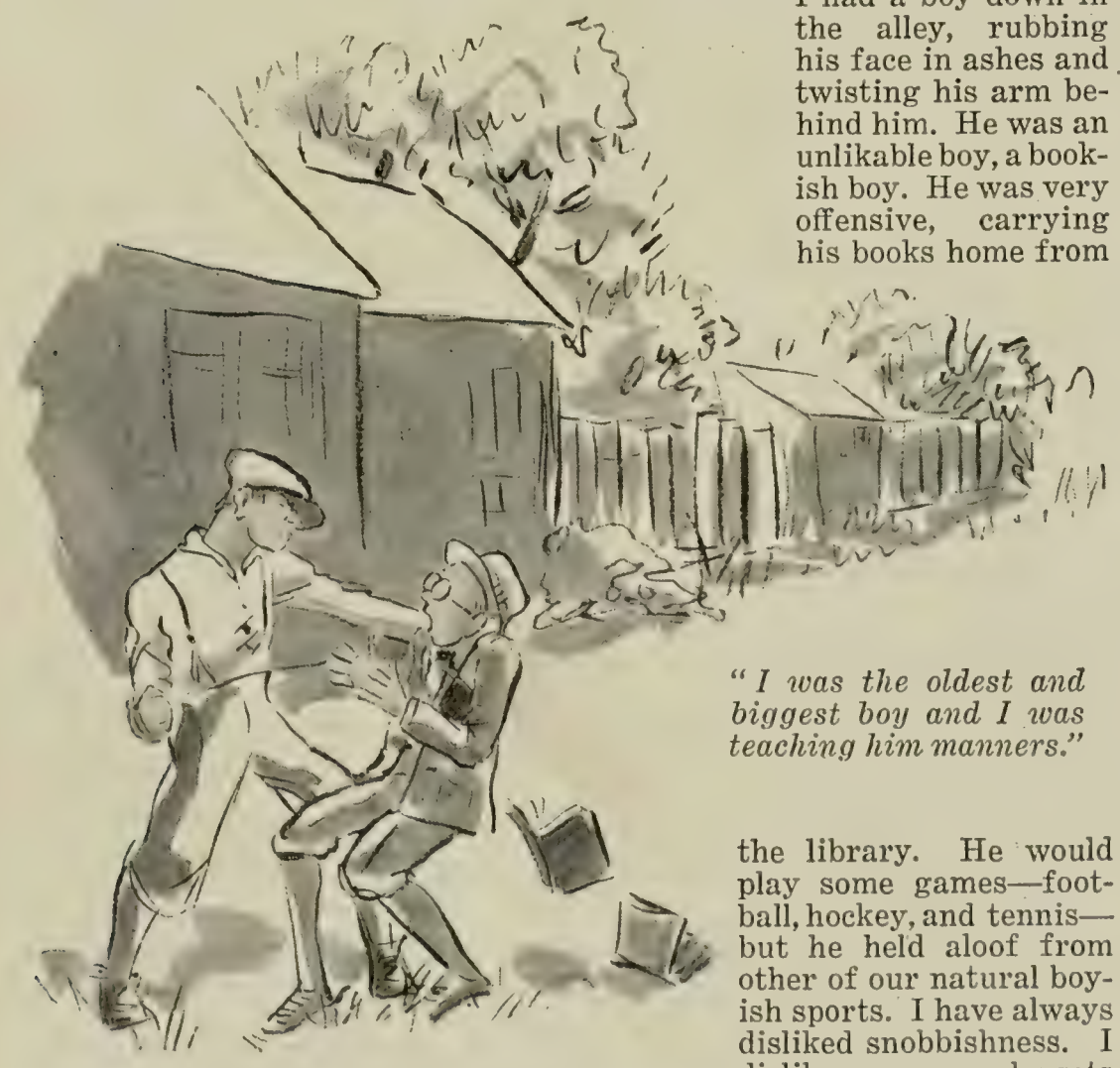
"Shall I begin with Boyhood?" Mr. Peachpit asked.

"If you prefer," said Claude.

"Happy boyhood," said Mr. Peachpit.

"It isn't happy," said Claude. "It is abominably tortured. It is full of pain, fear, and disturbance. No sensible person, once escaped adolescence, would ever return to it. Senility is happier, saner, purer, and better."

"My boyhood," said Mr. Peachpit, ignoring Claude, "revealed the qualities of natural leadership. I was not a bookish boy. I preferred the active life and dominance. Only one boy ever licked me, and he took unfair advantage. I had a boy down in the alley, rubbing his face in ashes and twisting his arm behind him. He was an unlikable boy, a bookish boy. He was very offensive, carrying his books home from the library. He would play some games—football, hockey, and tennis—but he held aloof from other of our natural boyish sports. I have always disliked snobbishness. I dislike any man who sets himself up above his fellow man.



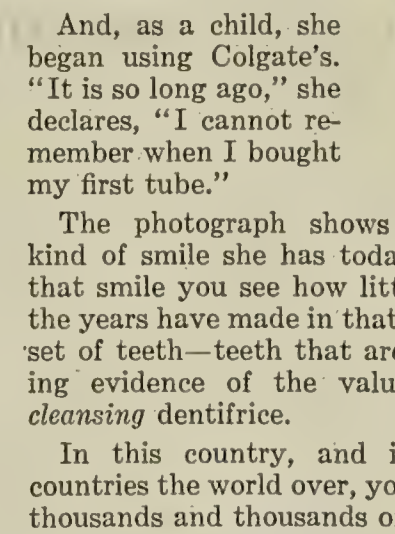
"I was the oldest and biggest boy and I was teaching him manners."

"This boy was unpleasant. He would never go bird's-nesting with us or shoot at cats with sling shots or frighten old ladies with tick-tacks at night. He had none of the natural effervescence of boy-

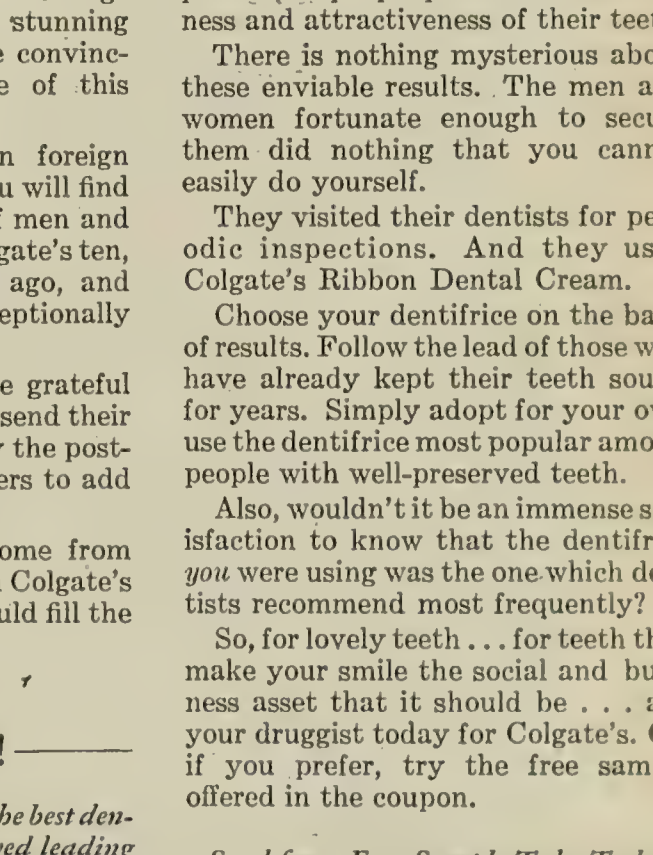
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

From Girlhood Days

she used this dentifrice and now her SMILE *is envied everywhere*



Ever since the days of hair-ribbons, Miss Lynch has brushed her teeth with Colgate's



AS a child, that radiant smile, revealing two rows of beautiful white clean teeth, brought her admirers, invitations, friends. These things gave her a confidence, an assurance, in everything she tried to do.

And, as a child, she began using Colgate's. "It is so long ago," she declares, "I cannot remember when I bought my first tube."

The photograph shows you the kind of smile she has today, and in that smile you see how little change the years have made in that stunning set of teeth—teeth that are convincing evidence of the value of this *cleansing* dentifrice.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters come from users who have brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the soundness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself.

They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

Also, wouldn't it be an immense satisfaction to know that the dentifrice *you* were using was the one which dentists recommend most frequently?

So, for lovely teeth . . . for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be . . . ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

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Years ago we set out to make the best dentifrice possible. We interviewed leading dental authorities. They told us that the one thing a dentifrice should do is to clean teeth. We then produced Ribbon Dental Cream—designing it to do that one thing superlatively well. It is not medicated, because all experiments in the meantime have sustained the original principle that cleansing is the only thing a dentifrice can do.

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Children everywhere are making

higher grades

thanks to the help of this health salt

Formerly large numbers of children were deficient in their studies because of simple goiter.

Now Morton's Iodized Salt is protecting youngsters from this common cause of mental backwardness, thus enabling them to enjoy higher grades.

Made by one of America's most reliable salt makers, each package of this beneficial salt contains exactly 2/100 of 1% of tasteless iodine—sufficient to make goiter virtually impossible but not enough to disturb the most delicate system.

When you consider that goiter threatens 2 out of every 3 children of school age, the need for protection is obvious. Change at once to Morton's Iodized Salt and use it on the table and in cooking.

Morton Salt Company, Chicago

MORTON'S SALT

IODIZED FOR GOITER PREVENTION • ALSO PLAIN

When it rains it pours

[MR. PEACHPIT BEGINS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY Continued from Page Thirty-five]

hood. We lay for him one evening and tripped him over a rope when he was coming home with books. I was the oldest and biggest boy and I was teaching him manners.

"He had a friend, another bookish boy, equally as unpleasant. As I think of it, both these boys must have been morbid. I never have been able to understand morbidity. As a boy I was wholesome. I liked a boy's natural amusements. I did not like a mollycoddle. I had a healthy boy's desire to tie a can to the tail of a tramp dog.

"This other boy had a ball bat. He hit me over the head. Then he grabbed me by the throat and pulled me off his friend. My companions were scared by so much violence and ran away. Those two little morbid boys stood me up against a shed and beat me with the ball bat and their fists and chased me all the way home with rocks. I never have liked morbid people.

"But it was the only time I ever got a licking. My contempt for these morbid boys was such that I avoided them afterward."

"Do you know what became of those boys?" Claude asked.

"How should I know?" Mr. Peachpit asked.. "They didn't interest me. One of them may have been Theodore Roosevelt."

"Let us," said Claude, "leave your boyhood, unless you wish now to speak of your mother."

"My dear mother!" said Mr. Peachpit.

"On second thought," said Claude, "we will omit your mother. Let us proceed, omitting your mother."

"PAPA," said June, coming in, "is the young man staying for lunch?"

"Really, daughter," said Mr. Peachpit, "really now, come, must we be interrupted? How do I know whether the young man is staying for lunch?"

"I are, cutie," said Claude.

"That's nice," said June. "I'll get it all myself."

She went out, determined to prepare sardines and biscuits and impress him with her domesticity. Such is the power of love.

"Let us proceed," said Mr. Peachpit.

"She can cook," said Claude to himself.

"Political life," said Mr. Peachpit. "I am not taking things in order. As I take it, this discussion is not exhaustive, but merely a matter of outline. I have always maintained that political action is a citizen's duty. Purity in politics, my boy. We can't have enough of it. We, the better people, must be exemplar. You'll please emphasize this, Mr. — Have I had your name, or has it escaped me?"

"Buncombe," said Claude.

As she glided out her smile brightened Claude's world again.

"How unusual," said Mr. Peachpit.

"Not at all," said Claude.

"It almost seemed to me to have an implication. It borders on the personal. A more sensitive man than I might consider it a reflection."

"Upon whom, sir?" Claude asked.

"Upon me, sir."

Claude smiled.

"Not at all," he said, "although I perceive your mistake. The North Carolina Buncombes, one of which I am, reflect nothing but credit upon anything, even other people's autobiographies."

"Let us proceed," said Mr. Peachpit. "Where was I?"

"You were talking about your mother."

"My dear mother!"

"No. My mistake. We were talking about politics."

"Ah, yes. Purity in politics."

"You won your way up from the ranks?"

"Quite so."

"What was your first job and what did it net you?"

"Sealer of weights and measures. It was rather good. Of course it varied. You couldn't expect as much from a small grocery as from a big coal yard, but undoubtedly there is a nice thing in short weights, particularly in the poorer districts.

"I don't wish to appear sentimental, but I have always regarded it as the start of my fortune.

"However, I do not wish to brag. Humble beginnings, I am not ashamed of them. If not to be ashamed is to brag, there you have me, my boy. That's me."

MR. PEACHPIT seemed to be suffused with emotion. He arose and paced the floor.

"I can't deny my nature," he said in a quivering tone, as he tried to control himself. "I am what I am. I must be taken as such."

"That," said Claude Buncombe, "I should regard as self-sacrifice."

"I appreciate your confidence," said Mr. Peachpit, sitting down and putting a wet handkerchief back in his hip pocket. "Where were we?"

"In politics," said Claude.

"Yes," said Mr. Peachpit. "I was against Grant for the third term."

"Grant?" Claude asked. "I understood your age as fifty-eight."

"I mean Wilson," said Mr. Peachpit.

"Are we making history?" asked Claude. "Did Wilson ask for a third term?"

"Possibly not audibly."

"I wonder if you could be thinking of Roosevelt?"

"I never think of him."

"How about Coolidge?"

"We will cross that bridge when we come to it."

"Just a moment," said Claude. "I'm going out to see your daughter."

He returned in half an hour.

"I like sardines," he said.

They had come to an understanding.

"You have a list of your political preferments and honors?" he asked Mr. Peachpit.

"Complete from county supervisor to Presidential elector. In it I think you will find a vein of fine gold. I doubt that any man can show a greater consistency in patriotism, civic and national. If such a man exists I do not know him."

Mr. Peachpit's voice quavered again and he arose to pace the floor. June glided into the room.

"Two clean hankies, papa," she said.

As she glided out her smile brightened Claude's world again.

"How considerate of her papa," Claude said to himself. "A good daughter, a good wife."

To Mr. Peachpit, who again was recovering from emotion and endeavoring to pocket two wet handkerchiefs, he said:

"I think that politics is even now too emotional for you."

"Yes, my boy," said Mr. Peachpit.

"Hold it," said Claude, "until I get another sardine."

HE returned in half an hour. June was putting on a traveling gown and packing a bag.

"Do you feel more tranquil?" Claude asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Peachpit.

"Do you feel equal to proceeding further?"

"Oh, quite," said Mr. Peachpit.

"Have you a choice of subject?"

"Should it be Value to the Nation, Humanity and Charities, or Business Sagacity? Value to the Nation is a high quality, do you not think, Mr. Buncombe?"

"Proceed," said Claude.

"I was a four-minute speaker in the Great War," said Mr. Peachpit. "I have a detailed account of my speeches somewhere about here. Roughly, 583 restaurant noonday talks and something more than that at theaters. I organized and led Liberty Loan drives. I originated the Planta-Beana Week and, although others claim the credit, I hit the Hun the blow of naming sauerkraut Liberty cabbage.

"I also organized the movement against German music and musicians and personally led a demonstration against a Brahms concert.

"Others may have received more recognition, but I am satisfied with the inner consciousness of what I have done for my country in war. I was foremost among those who also bled at home. I am proud of it."

Mr. Peachpit's voice trembled.

"You are becoming emotional again," Claude suggested.

"I can't help it," said Mr. Peachpit. "It suffuses me."

"Maybe it would relieve you to take up the subject of Business Sagacity."

Mr. Peachpit brightened.

"Probably I could cover the whole ground in this outline interview if I mentioned one case. I think it completely illustrative. I am, everyone concedes, a good business man.

"A widow was left quite a respectable amount of life insurance. Now, everyone knows someone will get a widow's insurance money."

Mr. Peachpit leaned forward in his chair and chuckled.

"No one could do it better than I," he said. "It's almost a duty. There was this lady with money of whose value she had no idea. It was almost a duty to take it from her before someone else did. Am I right in thinking that we now are on the subject of Business Sagacity?"

"Quite," said Claude.

"Sagacity, I take it," said Mr. Peachpit, "does not connote altruism.

"If a man were indicating his altruism he would produce one set of exhibits. If he were indicating business sagacity he would reveal another set altogether."

"It is quite possible," said Claude.

"I see you are an ideologist," said Mr. Peachpit. "So far from being quite possible it is quite inevitable.

"If you are a communist, do not think you can come and preach your soviet doctrines here. I just hate a Red."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I originated the Planta-Beana Week and I hit the Hun the blow of naming sauerkraut Liberty cabbage."

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is essential for the skin

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

[MR. PEACHPIT BEGINS HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

Claude controlled himself. He thought of June.

"You were speaking of the widow," he suggested.

"So I was," said Mr. Peachpit, smiling again. "I sold her some oil stock."

"Do you remember the name?" Claude asked.

"I think it was the Old Faithful. On the other hand, it might have been Sincerity Oil, but I think it was Old Faithful."

"I mean the widow's name," said Claude.

"I have a remarkable memory," said Mr. Peachpit. "Take a note to make several chapters of it. I am glad to have thought of it. The widow was a Mrs. McKnitt."

"THAT," said Claude, arising, "was my mother."

"Are you really trustworthy?" Mr. Peachpit asked. "Did you not give me your name as something unpleasantly suggestive?"

"My father," said Claude sternly, "was a North Carolina Buncombe. He died. My mother married a North Carolina McKnitt. He died. He left her the money which went into Old Faithful.

June came in. She wore a gray traveling gown. It became her. She was pretty, girlish, and confiding.

"Oh," she said, "have you hurt your finger, Claude?"

"It didn't break the skin," said Claude.

"Let me get some iodine," said June.

"Thank you, darling," said Claude. "It really won't be required."

"Oh, there's papa!" said June. "How funny! He's quiet. I never knew him to be so quiet before. Isn't it nice?"

"It *is* nice," said Claude.

"Really quite a relief," said June. "Really, papa has talked so much about himself. Am I a bad daughter to confess that sometimes it was tiresome to have to listen to him?"

"Not at all, darling," said Claude. "A very natural feeling."

"You don't think me impatient or ill-natured, dear?" She pressed close to him and looked up with limpid eyes.

"Darling!" he exclaimed.

It answered her question.

"Wouldn't it be nice if papa was always this way?" she said.

"He will be, sweetheart," said Claude.

"Wouldn't it be nice if papa was always this way?" she said. "He will be, sweetheart," said Claude.

"It may have been Sincerity," said Mr. Peachpit. "We'll make a note for further research."

"It was my mother," said Claude.

"That is quite all right," said Mr. Peachpit. "Don't mention it. I'd have done the same for anyone's mother."

Claude then strangled Mr. Peachpit, slowly and with pleasure. He dropped the body on the rug by the hearth and went to a window.

The finger on which he wore a signet ring pained him and he looked at it anxiously to see if in squeezing Mr. Peachpit's neck he had injured himself.

Claude. "Is my little girl all ready now to go away?"

"Yes, with her new daddy," said June tenderly.

"I suppose there'll be someone around presently to clean up the room," said Claude.

"Oh, yes," said June. "They'll take care of papa. Come, blessed, let's away."

And so Mr. Peachpit began but did not finish his autobiography.

THE END

Moonlight and gin—a flapper, a man, and a wife—are all woven into a gripping romance, The Lost Chord, by Elliott White Springs. Read it in LIBERTY next week.

THE inflated bag of a German observation balloon. Frank Luke destroyed fourteen of these "sausages" in seventeen days.

The Balloon Buster *of* ARIZONA

Frank Luke Wins His First Air Victory and Has to Fight to Hold It—He Teams with Another Dare-Devil

By NORMAN S. HALL

(Reading time: 13 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: If the flying exploits of Frank Luke were madder, more spectacular, than those of other men, his escapes from death were in the same proportion narrower and more miraculous. The diary he began in April, 1918, is a rich record of the days when he took his final training as a war bird in France. Once, in performing a difficult maneuver at 3,000 feet, he temporarily lost control of his plane and almost fell out. Two days later, when his machine crashed in a ditch and turned over, he was slightly injured. But nothing could chill his ardor for flying. On May 30 he was transferred to Cazau—one more step along the road to the front, to his bright, brief blaze of glory, and to death.]

PART SIX

RAIN—a cold, wet rain that belied the promise of summer the arrival of June had given—beat sullenly, monotonously on the hangars and squat barracks of the airdrome at Cazau.

The wind sock—bedraggled, forlorn, like one of the drooping ostrich plumes that once appeared in almost every police court after a hilarious and rainy Saturday night—hung soddenly against its pole outside the Operations Office.

Wisps of gray fog, water slashed, sifted an aimless course low over the widening puddles that blotched the landing field with yellow rash.

From the hangars propellers occasionally spank-spanked the wet air listlessly, hesitated, missed a blow, ceased, and were still. Grimed mechanics, elbow-deep in the bowels of motors, spoke in monosyllables or allowed irritably voiced questions to pass unanswered.

In the officers' mess, pilots, made doubly nervous by inaction, drank, walked to the windows, cursed the rain, the war, the commanding officer, the rain—walked back to sprawled groups at tables and drank again.

Into this atmosphere of surly resignation Frank Luke entered enthusiastically. With him through the wide-flung door came the even tempo of rain on soggy turf, the protestations of an overburdened truck, and a bugle's flat blat from somewhere summoning someone to do something. The pilots greeted him sourly:

"Close that damn' door!"

"Where the hell d'ye think y'are, Arizona?"

"What have you got to grin about?"

Luke beamed on his disgruntled messmates.

"I've got orders to quit this dump; that's what I've got to grin about," he announced.

"Where you going?"

THEY gathered about him eagerly, their fedupness giving way to interest in Luke's orders, for it was from Cazau that men went up to the combat outfits to find fame, bronze for their chests, and acedom—or bleak white crosses beside piles of blackened, twisted salvage metal. Or both.

"Combat work," Luke informed them, although that was slightly more than his orders

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

Panels finished in Duco are mounted on racks and exposed for years to the elements to find out in a practical way the durability of Duco under the action of sun, wind, and rain, hail and snow, the dirt from city streets, and the soot from nearby chimneys.

GENERAL

DUCO – *a product of* THE OPEN MIND

TO finish a high grade automobile body used to require thirty days. The whole process of production was heldup in the paint shop, increasing the cost of cars to the purchaser; and the paint finish, when completed, was easily scratched and subject to rapid deterioration by the elements.

Experts in the Dupont Company had been working long to produce a quicker drying finish of more durable beauty and longer wear.

In the manufacture of toys a finish was being sprayed onto the product, but it dried too fast for use on the large body of an automobile. Research work by paint manufacturers had shown the impossibility of achieving any decided advance through the improvement or modification of paint.

Cooperating together, the Dupont and General Motors engineers, after thousands of trials and failures, finally produced Duco. Oakland, a General Motors car, was the first to adopt it.

Today Duco has become an asset not merely to General Motors, but to the better grades of cars throughout the industry. The advantage to car buyers—in manufacturing savings, which can be put back into the car in increased quality, and in the more attractive and durable finish of the cars—amounts to millions of dollars a year.

The story of Duco is a striking example of what scientists can achieve when they work together with large resources—and with an open mind.

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TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening. 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. W E A F and 29 other N. B. C. stations.

MOTORS

[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA
Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

indicated. "I've been ordered to the acceptance park at Orly."

Many in the group were duly impressed, but an older pilot laughed scornfully.

"Combat, hell!" he snorted. "You'll get more combat work if you stay here and try to make one of the C. O.'s dames. You'll just be a lousy ferryman, that's what you'll be. Just a lousy ferryman."

Luke continued to smile. "Anyway," he said, "it'll be better than this hole."

The others agreed profanely.

"Just a lousy ferryman," precisely describes Frank's position at Orly. It became his duty to fly new planes to combat units nearer the lines and, whenever possible, pilot ships unfit for battle service back to the repair depot. It was about as exciting as conducting a commuters' train.

IT did give him opportunities to become intimately acquainted with almost every type of plane flown by the Allies, and materially increased his ability as a pilot.

But the endless monotony of up to the front—back to the base—up to the front—and back to the base again galled Luke. He wanted action, and "beefed" about it so much that other ferry pilots grew to dislike him.

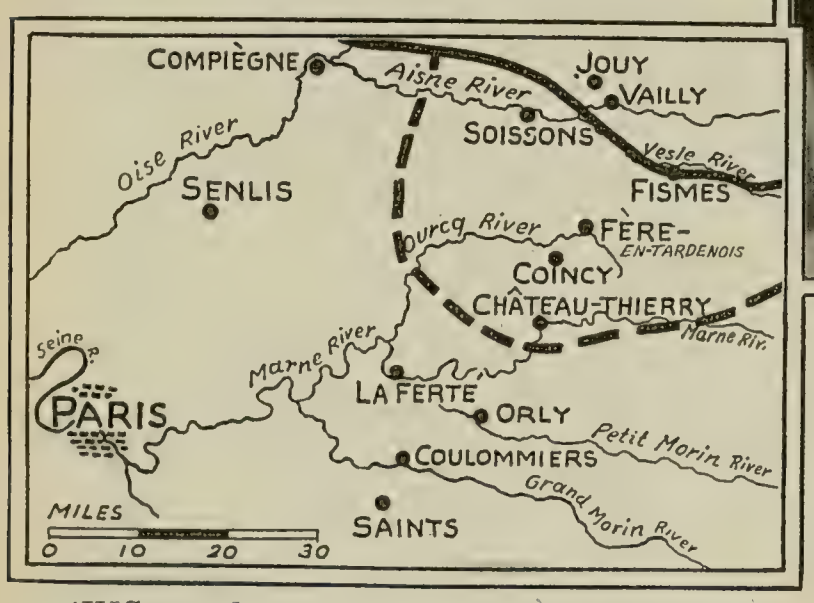
"What's biting this bird?" they asked. "Think he's any better than we are? He's not the only guy who wants to get off this station, but yowling about it isn't going to help."

Perhaps it did, for on July 26, 1918, Luke received his assignment to a combat unit.

"You lucky stiff!" the other pilots growled enviously and sped him on his way.

Luke joined the First Pursuit Group at Saints in the Aisne-Marne salient. The First Pursuit needed pilots badly. The going had been rough and the casualties heavy, including such men as Raoul Lufbery, Quentin Roosevelt, Malcolm Gunn, James Miller, and Philip Davis.

The remaining pilots had arrived at the stage where it took four drinks to get the kick



THIS map shows the region near Jouy and Vailly, where Luke bagged his first German plane. The Franco-American advance from July 18 to August 18, 1918 (dotted to solid line) is indicated.

normally obtained from two. They realized that a man couldn't live forever and that having your skull caved in when the instrument board crushed back on you was part of being a hero, but you couldn't put on much of a dawn patrol with dead men.

The need of the moment was fliers—live ones. They'd pep up the outfit, too, with their bright-eyed eagerness for killings and confirmations and medals.

Dear God, they'd all known that eagerness—once!

The draft of which Luke was a member arrived at troop headquarters in the hushed dark of midnight, the silence broken only by the doleful, hollow thud of their boots as they walked toward the lights in the Adjutant's office.

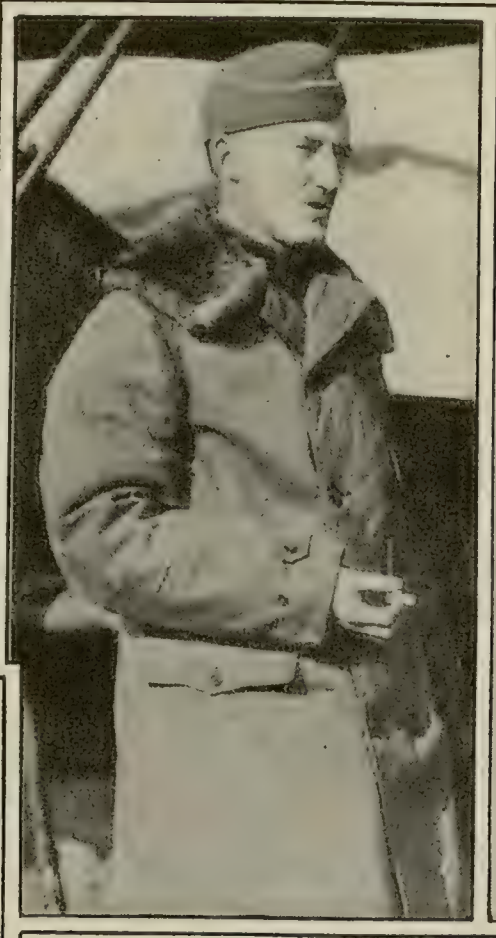
This was different. They sensed it. There was something tensed, vitally alert about this sleeping drome that had not marked other stations. The playing at soldier stood behind them now. The war itself was here!

This impression was intensified when they entered the adjutant's office. Although the hour was late, there was considerable activity among a number of officers present, who stood about silently while the newcomers presented their orders.

Nor did the fresh fliers miss the strained look about the eyes, the peculiar nervous repose that marked these new silent brothers in arms. The replacement men—shuffling, uncomfortable, in their first contact with the terse, curt manners of an advanced flying field—noted, too, on most of the tunics, a row of varicolored ribbons beneath the silver wings. The ribbons represented medals, the medals were symbolic of some nation's recognition, and a nation's recognition now meant battle, conquest, death!

This was one of the things for which they had come—a ribbon. Bronze for their chests!

Across the room one man stood alone, not quite smiling nor quite austere. His lean body, slack in an easy posture, spelled capability, a lazy grace that might instantly become decisive



U. S. Official photo

U. S. Official photo

THREE of the fighting Arizonian's comrades in the First Pursuit Group. They are, left to right, Major Harold E. Hartney, his first combat commander; Lieutenant Joe Wehner, who died protecting Luke; and Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, America's leading ace with twenty-six victories.

action, and among the newcomers the whisper spread:

"Rickenbacker!"

They eyed him furtively, for here was one of their gods—here, within reach. Would they ever be as great as he? Would they, too, come to wear a rainbow splash of color under their silver wings?

Before the summer was old, Rickenbacker the mighty was to regard with respectful awe one of these shuffling novices. He was to see the ribbon he coveted most—the starred ribbon of the Congressional Medal of Honor—go to one of these abashed youngsters, Frank Luke. The day was nearing when he would say of him:

"Luke was the greatest fighter who ever went into the air!"

But as Luke stood with the others before the Group Adjutant he was just a blond shavetail blinking at the light—and probably homesick. In response to the Adjutant's dismissal, he clumped off in the wake of a sleepy sergeant major to his new quarters.

Luke, with several others, went down to the Twenty-seventh Squadron, then commanded by Major Harold E. Hartney, soon to take over the First Pursuit Group.

That night, and for many nights thereafter, Luke and the others who had come up with him listened to a new, an ominous sound: a surging, restless beat that may well be called the basic minor note of war—the feet of men on roads!

They passed within a short distance of the flying field, an endless column throbbing out the news of its pilgrimage in vagrant, broken discord or in measured, heavy melody.

As a lad Luke had reveled in the paced rhythm of Kipling's Boots. He could understand that piece of writing now!

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—

No, that wasn't right.

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' up to Germany—

That was it! Germany! That's where the feet were going!

Feet of men who would not pass that way again! Feet of youths who, like himself, were just realizing that women are soft and sweet and lovable, that wine warms the belly and the heart, and that songs are made to be sung. Feet thumping out their minor chords to the accompanying *Miserere* of the guns that now saturated the air, as the heavy bass notes of an organ perfume an empty church with sound.

Feet!

Thank God, he didn't have to walk to war!

THE next day Major Hartney held a formation to address the new pilots.

"If you survive the first two weeks you're well over the hill," he informed them bluntly, and continued: "I'm not trying to discourage any of you, but you may as well know what you're up against. Some of you are certain to be washed out during the first two weeks. If you get through that period safely, you'll probably accomplish things. That's all, gentlemen."

Pleasant, that, to have a determined-looking little runt—Hartney *was* a runt in those days—tell you he expects to have you spin in within fourteen days!

It was at this, their first meeting, that Hartney's attention centered on Luke. Hartney, now head of General Airways, Inc., of New York City, told me that he was conscious of Luke's presence during his entire talk.

"In a way, I resented his attitude," Luke's first combat commander said. "He seemed to be saying: 'Don't kid me. I'm not afraid of the bogy man.' When I had finished talking he

Picture by Clayton Knight

Luke listened to a new, an ominous sound—the feet of men on roads! Feet of men who would not pass that way again. Thank God, he didn't have to walk to war!

The Balloon Buster, America's second ace, ready for a strafe over the German lines.

was grinning. That ruffled me, too.

"But I came to love him and to have downright respect for him before long. Man, how that kid could fly! No one—mind you, no one—had the sheer contemptuous courage that boy possessed. I know he's been criticized for being such a lone-hander, but, good Lord, he won us priceless victories by those very tactics.

"He was an excellent pilot and probably the best flying marksman on the Western Front. We had any number of expert pilots and there was no shortage of good shots, but the perfect combination, like the perfect specimen of anything in the world, was scarce. Frank Luke was that perfect combination."

It must not be forgotten, however, that this is in retrospect. Luke, in the days of his combat apprenticeship in the Twenty-seventh Squadron, was just another pilot detailed there for duty, and a not too popular pilot at that. The Twenty-seventh had some good men on its rolls, and Frank was inclined to talk a little too much for a newcomer who hadn't shown his stuff.

IT was all right to say you were good, but these proved fliers—many of them already aces—weren't taking anyone's word for it. They didn't have to.

All were willing to admit that Luke was a competent airplane chauffeur. His record showed that. However, there was a deal more to the business than the comparatively simple process of taking a plane off the ground, joy riding around a bit, and setting her down again.

There must be fighting sense—staff officers call it air strategy—for one thing; there must be the ability to co-ordinate gun and rudder, head and hand, for another; and there must be the killing instinct, for a third.

These further degrees of air craftsmanship Luke had not yet displayed. He didn't keep them waiting long.

His first flight over the lines was in a formation led by Major Hartney. The green fliers were securely hedged about by experienced pilots, for there were wolves in the cloud hills and these lambs must be protected.

Although this was Luke's first trip into hostile territory, he seized upon it as the first opportunity to conduct himself in a manner that subsequently not only added to his spectacular fame, but frequently brought down upon him the broiling wrath of his superiors.

He quit the flight to sail off on his own!

Hartney was waiting for him when he came in many minutes after the patrol had returned and the pilots dispersed.

"Where the hell did *you* go?" he barked.

Green pilots who prospected on their own were not popular in any squadron. Their defalcation might cause the annihilation of an entire flight.

"I had engine trouble," Luke explained blandly.

This was entirely possible, so Hartney let it pass. But when, on the second patrol thereafter, Luke again deserted the formation, Hartney advanced upon him fuming.

There was no willingness to accept reprimand in Luke's attitude. He replied truculently:

"I got a Hun!"

"The hell you did! Where?"

LUKE couldn't locate precisely where this combat had taken place, with the result that it has become the greatest controversial air battle in the American Air Service. Luke was—still is—called a windjammer, a four-flusher, and an out-and-out old-fashioned, four-letter liar because of this victory he claimed to have won over German territory.

Laurence La Tourette Driggs, in his admirable book, Heroes of Aviation, attempts to confound the Arizonian with his own combat report, but the weight of evidence is against Mr. Driggs.

In the chapter devoted to Luke, Mr. Driggs quotes one of his combat reports wherein Frank says, "This was my first combat," as proof positive that Luke's claim was spurious.

But Mr. Driggs erroneously dates the report September 16 instead of August 16. The latter date is the one the original—which I have seen—bears, and it is Luke's first combat report. Unquestionably, this account, which follows in full, is the one he rendered:

Combat Report—August 16, 1918.

Lieutenant Frank Luke reports:

My machine was not ready, so left an hour after formation expecting to pick them up on the lines, but could not find formation. Saw Hun formation and followed, getting above, into the sun. The formation was strung out leaving one machine way in the rear. Being way above the formation, I cut my motor and dove down on the rear man, keeping the sun directly behind. Opened fire at about 100 feet, keeping both guns on him until within a few feet, then zoomed away. When I next saw him he was on his back, but looked as though he was going to come out of it, so I dove again, holding both guns on him. Instead of coming out of it he sideslipped off the opposite side, much like a falling leaf, and went down on his back.

My last dive carried me out of reach of another machine that had turned about. They gave chase for about five minutes, then turned back, for I was leading them. My last look at the plane shot down convinced me that he struck the ground, for he was still on his back about 1,500 meters below.

On coming home above our lines saw four E. A. [Enemy Aircraft]. Started to get into the sun and above, but they saw me and dove towards me. I peaked for home.

Three turned back and the other came on. I kept out of range by peaking slightly and he followed nearly to Coincy, where he saw one of the Ninety-fifth [Squadron] boys and turned about. The Ninety-fifth man could have brought down this E. A. if he had realized quick enough that it was an E. A.

The machine [the first he refers to] was brought down northeast of Soissons in the vicinity of Jouy and Vailly. Do not know the exact location as, this being my first combat, did not notice closely, but know that it was some distance within German territory, for Archies [anti-aircraft] followed me for about ten minutes on my way back.

My motor was fixed at Coincy and filled with gas and oil. Also found out that our formation had been held up by the Salmson that it was to escort and had just started. Left the ground to find them. Flew at about 5,000 meters from Soissons past Fismes, but did not see the formation. Saw one Salmson but no E. A. Returned home.

MAJOR HARTNEY accepted this report and Luke was credited officially with the plane, for it was the first on the list with which the War Department provided me.

Hartney, in discussing this phase of Luke's career, said:

"I am firmly convinced the boy got the plane. His verbal account of the battle contained those little differences that give such a report the touch of verisimilitude. But the squadron didn't believe him and that made Luke bitter."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA]
Continued from Page Forty-three

Bitter it did make him.

Because of this incident, the hot, hard words that bring up the cold, hard fists frequently filled the officers' messroom at Twenty-seven Squadron. As a result, Luke regarded his brother officers contemptuously, taunted them with their own shortcomings, dared them to fight, and, when they declined, avoided them.

All but one—Joe Wehner.

Lieutenant Joseph Wehner was bitter, too. Wehner, a Bostonian, enlisted in the flying corps at Kelly Field, Texas. Immediately some lumber-skulled intelligence officer saw a menace to the entire Allied military structure in Wehner's presence. Wasn't Wehner a German name? Hadn't he, ostensibly a poor man's son, come all the way from Boston at his own expense to enlist?

But the intelligence officers would thwart this ruthless agent of the Kaiser's spy system!

The insignia of the Twenty - seventh Aëro Squadron, the outfit to which Luke brought fame.

THEY did. They followed his every move and misconstrued them all. They counted the spoonfuls of sugar he used in his coffee and read therein a secret code. They examined his letters and baggage.

Wehner, in protesting this surveillance, spoke freely and heatedly of the childish tactics of certain grown men, the emptiness of certain swelled heads, and the general inconvenience of being persecuted by misguided individuals who were frightened by phantoms their overzealous minds had created.

"Ah, ha!" said the misguided ones. "He is becoming desperate!"

Whereupon they slapped Wehner into close arrest!

When the Twenty - seventh Squadron left Texas, Wehner was still under arrest. Cleared of any taint of treasonable conduct, he sped to New York to join his squadron, and was arrested by Secret Service agents.

Permitted to sail with his unit, further indignity awaited him when he landed in France. A third time he was shadowed, detained, questioned, frowned upon, and dismissed with the warning that his every move would be followed.

What doddering imbecility! If he was a spy he should have been backed up against a wall and shot. Found innocent, he should have received an apology and no further molestation. Follow his every move? I doubt it. It took honest courage to go where Joe Wehner went, and you can't "frame" that.

WHAT did all this do to Wehner? First, it made him an outcast in his own mind. He suspected the man who sat beside him at mess. He doubted the genuineness of the snores that rumbled from the cot adjoining his. Then it made him a hellcat in action; a looping, soaring, shooting fool who drove a bullet-riddled plane as a pursued rider drives a tired horse—mercilessly.

When the squadron sneered its disbelief of Luke, Wehner went to him. Here was another injustice, and it forged a bond between them.

They became the deadliest duo that ever soared aloft! Bishop? Nungesser? Rickenbacker? Richthofen? Squadron men, all! These madmen just out of their teens were lone-handers! With Wehner riding the sun and Luke to do the strafing, they brought new flame to the twilight skies of the Western Front, undying honor to their service, and demoralization to German balloon observation.

Joe Wehner plunged to his death protecting Luke. Frank went to his, avenging Joe Wehner.

Luke and Wehner!

Liar and spy?

Bah! If you could shout their names to the four far walls of Valhalla, the scarred battle dead of the ages would roar you the reply:

"Luke? Wehner? Aye, we know them!"

Riding in a tempest of shot and shell, flouting his reckless daring in the face of the enemy, escaping death by a dozen miracles—Frank Luke bags his first balloon! The story of this mad adventure is told in next week's LIBERTY.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on Page Seventy-six)

1—What is the Monroe Doctrine?
2—What is the Golden Horn?
3—In what novel does the character *Sidney Carton* appear?
4—What country produces most of the world's supply of emeralds?
5—Can payment be stopped on a certified check?
6—What is the largest island in the world?
7—Who was the last Emperor of France?
8—How does frost kill a plant?
9—For what does the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution provide?
10—Who organized the Rough Riders of the Spanish-American War?
11—What is filibustering, in parliamentary practice?
12—What European archduke once was Emperor of Mexico?
13—What is the electrical unit of resistance?
14—What were the Wars of the Roses?
15—What is pepsin?
16—What player led the American League in batting last season?
17—What are the nicknames of the State of Alabama?
18—Is the following quotation from Macbeth accurate? "I'll make assurance doubly sure."
19—What criminal offense is taken direct to the U. S. Supreme Court?
20—What is linseed oil?

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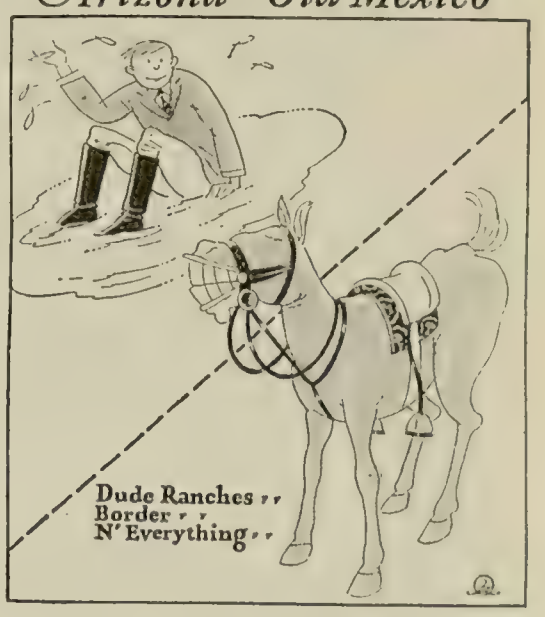

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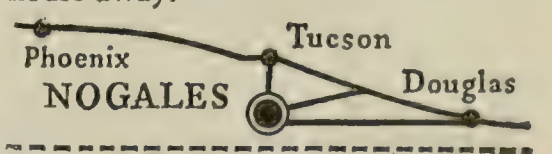

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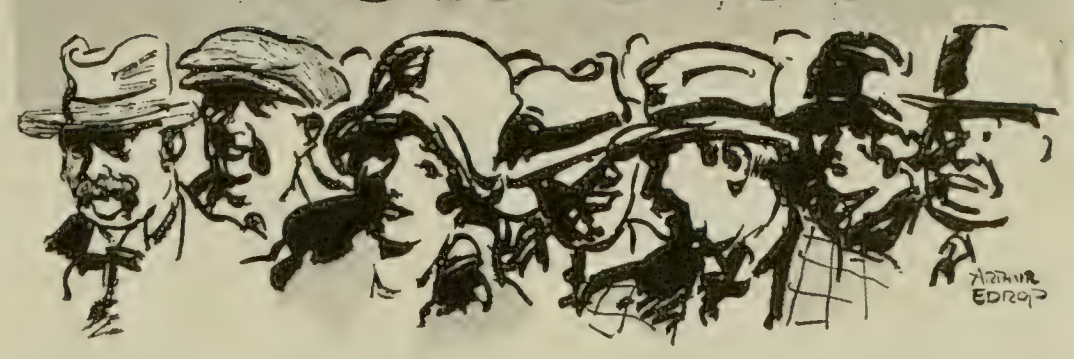


V. P. Will Now Say a Few Words Concerning Messrs. Tunney, Dempsey, and Sutherland

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Oh! Oh! Oh! If I just could meet Sidney Sutherland right now I would give him the chance to try some of his "socking"—in self-defense! After reading his unspeakably disgusting article, "Why Isn't Gene Tunney Popular?" I am so mad I could *sock, sock, sock* anybody!—*An Admirer of a Clean Fighter.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS. — Congratulations to Sidney Sutherland on his article! Also to illustrator R. B. Fuller.

This is, without doubt, the best fight article I have read in ages. "Dempsey is the idol of the masculine contingent because he does openly what every man longs in secret to do—*sock somebody.*" That's 100 per cent the truth.—*P. L. S.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Sid Sutherland gives me a severe pain in my right

tonsil! If I ever meet friend Sid I'll sure take a right lusty wallop at his handsome chin.

Gene Tunney is the greatest and cleanest boxer in the ring today!—*Tunney Fan.*

NORFOLK, VA.—My shouts are, "Hooray for Sid Sutherland and Dempsey!"

In my opinion, Tunney is only an accident going somewhere to happen, and I hope it happens to him—in the ring!—*Al.*

CHENOA, ILL. — Sid Sutherland ought to change his banana oil every 500 words.—*Robert E. Hostler.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That article of Sidney Sutherland's on women liking Gene Tunney is *all wet.*

Women of today love sports just as much as men. That's why we love Dempsey.

Tell that to the Marines.—*The Fair Sex.*

CHICAGO, ILL. — Hooray! Sidney Sutherland scored a knockout with his article about the male popularity of Dempsey and the female following of Tunney. It is my belief that if men had the courage of their convictions, women would not have votes now. Neither would they be tolerated so much in business.—*G. C. Nelson.*

WEST BARRINGTON, R. I.—If Tunney is the tamed male, Dempsey is the conceited one. Who had his nose remodeled?—*P. C. Ferguson.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Well, here's one *lady* that's all for Dempsey. Your article by Sidney Sutherland started out great, but when he said Tunney is the triumph of the female and all that silly talk about women trying to tame the men—oh, well, it was all too ridiculous. I will have to say that I'd much rather take a chance on Dempsey as a husband than on our so-called gentleman Tunney.—*T. D.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I know that Sidney Sutherland is a Dempsey sympathizer, but he needn't show his ignorance about it. Lots of people think no favoritism should be shown. His article was favoritism for Dempsey.

For a change you ought to get someone that knows something about Tunney. That article was rotten.—*A. S. and R. F.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Sid's Tunney article was the best, the very best, thing you've ever published. Personally, I'd like to sock Gene on the nose—the big Four-Flusher!—*F. E. Smith.*

Thinks We've Got 'Em All

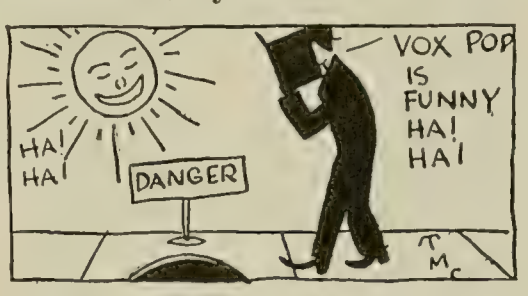
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Vox Pop is very educating because it shows you how many people there are in the U. S. A. who fly off the handle too quick.—*David H. Moniss.*

Speeding the Parting Guest

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—My sincerest thanks to Mr. J. F. Wilcomb, who had a tirade in Vox Pop. Since he is "done with LIBERTY," perhaps I will now have a chance to get a copy every week.—*Bernard J. Moore.*

He Nearly Fell for Us

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I'm a hopeless LIBERTY addict and cannot swear off it to save my life.



Sketch shows my sad plight, and a narrow escape which I recently had.—*Thomas M. McCloskey.*

Well, for One Thing—

BALTIMORE, MD.—Why don't you get Leslie Thrasher to substitute a bull pup's face, or a kangaroo's, for these old-timers that have appeared on the front page for several years?

It would be a great improvement.—*J. McLain Brun.*

—Look What Would Happen

CHESHIRE, CONN. — Your cover, "For the Love o' Lil," is the only encouragement we married men have. If you cut it out it's the river for me!—*H. F. B. H.*

This Sounds Like a Crack

WORCESTER, MASS.—Who pays for Lil's elegant glad rags, anyway? She never wears the same thing twice. Sandy ought to think it over.—*M. B.*

Banana Oil?

WASHINGTON, D. C. — Kipling's latest article on Rio read just about the same backwards as it did frontways.

And another thing.—Had I, instead of Kipling, sent you that poem anent Bananas at the head of the Rio article, would it have found itself in LIBERTY or in the yawning waste basket?—*George McNamara.*

A Doughboy Speaks

DOUGLAS, GA. — Were there no heroes in this late war except air heroes? One would get that impression by reading LIBERTY.

Why not let some of these air hero writers take the air themselves and give us something to read about the heroes that knew nothing about 5-o'clock teas, pajamas, or white linen on their beds in that war, but who faced all the dangers the air heroes did and hundreds more at the same time?

They were in a continual living hell for the twenty-four hours of the day, while our air heroes were being called out, with flying suits over their pajamas, for a hard hour's flying before they could return to their warm beds and bottles.

Let's hear something about the boys who know what war is and who suffered the hardships of that war.—*An ex-Doughboy, Fifth Division.*

Triple Certainty

DETROIT, MICH. — Enjoyed immensely the article by Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, "How to Choose a Wife." These girls sure know their onions. The unmarried men should carefully answer the questions, follow the "key" given, and then pick a wife accordingly. There wouldn't be much chance for them to go astray. I've been married three times; I know.—*H. R. B.*

Published with an—

BOSTON, MASS.—Bah! Even the humor in your article, "How to Choose a Wife," was sordid.

I chose 134—therefore I should marry a flat-footed moron.—*M. P. K.*

—Explanatory Footnote

SOMEWHERE IN MAINE.—Doris and Mary said it *all* when they said: "A man should choose a wife whose nature is harmonious with his own." That tells the whole story.—*Maine Jane.*

Prefers Castles in Spain

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—LIBERTY must be hard up for a story when they feed the public "Things We Remember," by Irene Castle.—*Harry L. King.*

From a Satisfied Customer

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—I suggest that you change your present subtitle, "A Weekly for Everybody," to read, instead: "A Tough Magazine for Tough People." This would be accurately descriptive and entirely in keeping with the magazine's character.

I buy and read only an occasional copy, and only for the purpose of ascertaining if it is as tough as ever. And I invariably find that it is—only *more* so.—*A. J. Wingert.*

Quite Right; Mr. Raymond Apologizes

WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—In your story, "Jackson at New Orleans," Clifford Raymond said that William Henry Harrison had a bare victory over the Indians "at Tippecanoe, near Fort Wayne, Indiana." The latter part of this statement is erroneous, because the battle of Tippecanoe took place eight miles north of Lafayette in Tippecanoe County, at what is now known as Battle Ground. Fort Wayne is 140 miles away.—*Ellen Dalton.*

A Call for More

PALISADES PARK, N. J.—My hat is off to the person or persons who write your editorials.

The consistently clear, concise, straight-from-the-shoulder truths given therein are the best part of your magazine.

Why not give the writers of them space for three or four articles?—*Geo. Ackerman.*

As Others See Them

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—For a family magazine, as LIBERTY is supposed to be, it is rotten bad form to print so many wild stories for the young people to read. Those "sappy," unhealthy stories don't do the youngsters justice.

If these same youngsters would just stop a moment and think what a sensual, liquor-drinking lot they are being depicted as, I am sure you would hear a howl.

Of course we all admit they are bad enough, but they aren't the hard-drinking, foul-mouthed young profligates that so many of your writers describe.—*J. C. W.*

They Learn Fast Nowadays

DULUTH, MINN.—We think Toni, Jr., has too extensive a vocabulary

for her tender years. What college did she graduate from?—*F. and L.*

One of 'Em

GALION, OHIO—I note that LIBERTY has a circulation of 1,450,000 copies and the world is crying for more. I don't think Barnum had it high enough—there surely must be more than one born a minute. I've read every page you ever published. That's how big a one *I* am.—*C. P. Scarborough.*

Sappy New Year!

CINCINNATI, OHIO—I would buy LIBERTY every week if there were only one page in it, and that page were Vox Pop. It would be a better bargain than any humor magazine printed.

Yours for a Bigger and Dumber Vox Pop in 1928.—*E. Fisher.*

On time!

New Model

Pocket Ben

A reliable watch will help you be on time.

The New Model Pocket Ben is that kind — thoroughly trustworthy.

It's goodlooking, too — and sturdy as they make them.

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LIBERTY will pay $5 for every *original* WORD GOLF problem printed. There are *no prizes for solutions*

THE rules are simple. Just convert one word into another by strokes, or stages, changing but one letter at each stroke, while leaving the positions of the others undisturbed.

Send in as many entries as you wish, but you must not use obsolete or foreign-language words and you should avoid any others that are too unusual. Don't give the unpracticed golfer too sporty a course to play.

Unaccepted contributions cannot be returned and LIBERTY will not undertake correspondence on the subject of WORD GOLF.

With the 18 practice holes previously offered and the 6 presented herein, surely many a Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen of WORD GOLF will have been developed.

Lay out your holes and send them to WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

COOK to BURN in 4 Strokes

C	O	O	K
B	U	R	N

CUP to LIP in 3 Strokes

C	U	P
L	I	P

DECK to KEEL in 4 Strokes

D	E	C	K
K	E	E	L

CALF to VEAL in 5 Strokes

C	A	L	F
V	E	A	L

COLD to HEAD in 3 Strokes

C	O	L	D
H	E	A	D

CELL to FREE in 5 Strokes

C	E	L	L
F	R	E	E

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S WORD GOLF

SHORT	HIT	LOVE	TEAM	RIB	LOAF
SHORE	HUT	DOVE	SEAM	RUB	LOAD
STORE	RUT	DOTE	SLAM	RUE	TOAD
STORY	RUN	DATE	SLAY	RYE	TOLD
		HATE	PLAY	EYE	TOLL
				EVE	TOIL

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

By EMMA HART WILLARD

[Emma Hart Willard (1787-1870) was a pioneer worker for the higher education of women. In 1821 she founded the female academy that became the famous Emma Willard School at Troy, New York. She published historical works, a travel journal, and—in 1830—a volume of poems.]

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave, still safe with Thee
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

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"'Try Formamint!' a friend suggested. Our family doctor said, 'Excellent; contains an effective, safe antiseptic.' Now there's always the little metal pocket case filled with Formamint, in my handbag."

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TRUB'S Diary

He Digs Up a Bone of Contention

By

JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Pictures by F. D. STROTHMANN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 10 seconds.)

January 10.

WE are still in Florida. I do not like it here. The Molecule just sits. He sits on the beach in the sun. He does it with a girl called Eunice. He holds the girl called Eunice by the hand.

He was doing it today. He did it a long time. I began to get sleepy. I thought, "Better dig a hole." But I didn't.

A man came along the beach. He was a little man. A woman was with him. She was a big woman. A dog was with them. He was a little dog. He was all curly.

The little curly dog ran up to me. He said, "Want to fight?"

The big woman screamed. She said, "Look out, Pop! He's going to start another!"

I yawned. I said, "Nope!"

The little man said, "It's all right. They're not going to fight. Sit down and take a load off your feet."

I leaned out over the fence. I yelled, "Catch him, big boy!"

The little man and the big woman sat down on the beach. The little curly dog said, "It's lucky for you you don't want to fight."

I said, "Why?"

The little curly dog said, "I can whip my weight in wildcats."

I said, "Yeh? How do you know?"

The little curly dog said, "Pop says so. Sure you don't want to fight?"

I yawned. I blinked. I said, "I'd sooner go to sleep." I started to do it.

The little curly dog said, "Gosh, I'm a terrible fighter!"

I said, "Yeh?"

The little curly dog said, "Pop calls me Jack Dempsey."

I said, "Yeh?"

The little curly dog said, "My real name is Wiggles. Mom gave it to me. I belong to Mom. Pop's dogs are all long dogs. That's why we're here. We're here so the long dogs can run."

I said, "Yeh? Why do they have to come here to run?"

The little curly dog said, "They chase electric hares. The tracks are all here. It's a dumb business. I'd rather fight."

I said, "I heard about that on the boat, coming down. There was a long dog on the boat. I took his bone."

The little curly dog said, "Well, I'll be a Mexican hairless! So you're the guy that took that bone?"

I said, "How did you hear about it?"

The little curly dog said, "That was Dash Away's bone. He's one of Pop's dogs. He's talked about it ever since."

I said, "Let him talk."

The little curly dog said, "You've said it. Gosh, but he hates himself. If you meet him and I'm there, don't worry. I'll take care of the big stiff. I'll— Look what's coming! Now you're going to see something! I'm going to show you how to fight!"

A dog was running down the beach. It was a police dog. It was the police dog that told me to get out of his yard on the day of many cats.

The little curly dog ran at the police dog in a quick way. He yelled, "Get off this beach or fight!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Is your mind clouded by the . . .

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Millions of men are missing better shaves than they have ever known because their minds are clouded with the idea that a blade should shave smoothly because it is NEW. Every few days they take a new blade, yet never know the joy of a really fine shave.

You shouldn't expect a blade which left the factory months before it reached you to be in shaving condition without further attention. A fine violin tuned to perfection only yesterday must be tuned before you play it today. It is so with a razor.

This is interesting

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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

[TRUB'S DIARY
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

The police dog said, "Why, you piece of dandruff! You cross between a diseased flea and a mangy mouse!"

The little curly dog flew at the police dog. The police dog picked him up and began to shake him. The big woman began to scream. The little man began to shout.

I wasn't sleepy any more. Things began to get red. They got redder. The next thing I knew I had the police dog down in the sand.

The big woman snatched up the little curly dog and held him in her arms. He began to wriggle and yell. He yelled, "Give him hell, Whitey! Oh, for the love of the trees, Mom, let me get in it!"

The Molecule came in a quick way. So did the little man. The Molecule got me by the collar. He said, "Will you be good enough to take hold of the other dog and pull a little?"

The little man said, "Sure, I know. I used to raise that kind myself." He took hold of the police dog. He pulled. The Molecule pulled on me. I tried to get a better grip. The Molecule gave a quick pull. I lost most of the grip I had. I tried again. The Molecule gave another quick pull. All I got was hair.

The little man swung the police dog away from me. He set him on the beach. The police dog went away from there.

The big woman came and gave me a pat. She said, "Thank the nice bulldog for saving you, Precious."

She put the little curly dog down beside me on the beach.

The little curly dog stopped yelling. He said, "What did you butt in for, Whitey?" He made a rush at me.

The little man grabbed him and gave him to the big woman. He said, "Can you beat that? Take him home, Mom, and keep him there."

January 11.

THE Molecule and the girl called Eunice were sitting on the beach again today. The little man came along the beach.

The Molecule said, "Good morning. Where's the pup?"

The little man said, "I couldn't talk Mom into leaving him home, so they're both at the cottage. Speaking of dogs, do you ever bet on them?"

The Molecule said, "Once. Just once."

The little man laughed. He said, "Well, now, that's my business. I've got a string of dogs down here and one of them starts this afternoon. I wouldn't tell many people, but I'm telling you—you could tie the kitchen stove to him and he'd still win."

The girl called Eunice said, "Oh, Bobby, let's!"

The Molecule said, "Let's what, Sugar?"

The girl called Eunice said, "Bet on the gentleman's dog."

The Molecule said, "What makes you think your dog will win?"

The little man said, "This is an imported dog. He can beat anything in the world at three-sixteenths. I started him once down here in a long race when he was just off the boat. He stopped to a walk. He runs his distance this afternoon and he's right. The bad race will make the price right, too. Now, you do just as you like, but I'm telling you."

The girl called Eunice said, "Imagine that! It's too wonderful!"

THE Molecule said, "Listen, Saccharine, I spent one day at the dog track. Having wired home for financial assistance that night, I swore a dreadful oath as follows, to wit, 'No, not any more!'"

The girl called Eunice said, "But this is different. If you don't want to do it, I will."

The little man said, "Is this lady your wife?"

The Molecule said, "Not yet."

The little man said, "Well, what she says is right. This is different. If you go out and bet 'em blind, you haven't a chance. If you go out there this afternoon, don't bet a nickel on anything else. Wait for the one race, play it, and come home."

The girl called Eunice said, "Thanks a lot. We'll do it just that way. What's the name of your dog?"

The little man said, "Dash Away. Third race. See you at the track." He went away from there.

The girl called Eunice got up from the beach. She said, "Come on, Bobby!"

The Molecule said, "Come on where?"

The girl called Eunice said, "We must have lunch and get money, and I'm too excited to sit still, anyway! How much do you think we'll win? I've got fifty dollars at home and I'll get more at the bank. How much are you going to bet? We'll take Trub, the lamb. He's responsible for everything. The man wouldn't have told except for Trub saving his funny dog. Oh, Trub, you're just a darling! Bobby, for heaven's sake, why do you sit there like a great lump?"

The Molecule got up from the beach. He said, "Allow me to make a modest suggestion, Fair Lady."

The girl called Eunice said, "What is it?"

The Molecule said, "Keep your shirt on." He looked at me. He said, "Guilty as charged, Your Honor, but I was led astray." He went away from there. I went with him. So did the girl called Eunice.

We went to a place on the beach. The place had chairs and tables. We had things to eat. We had bread and butter and cold chicken, and things called avocados, and ice cream. Delicious! Except the avocados. They were terrible!

We drove in a motor car. We

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Jan. 30 Mediterranean Cruise, 65 days, $600 up

Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

stopped at a place called The Bank. I didn't go in. They wouldn't let me. I sat in the motor car.

A dog came by. He started to smell the wheel of the motor car.

I said, "Here! Cut that out!"

The dog stopped smelling. He looked at me. He said, "Holding down the seat, are you, Useless?"

He went on down the street.

The Molecule and the girl called Eunice came out of The Bank. We rode some more in the motor car.

We came to a place of many people. There was a round road with white fences. The many people were sitting in a big house with only a roof, and standing along the white fences.

THE little curly dog yelled at the police dog, "Get off this beach or fight!"

We went to a square hole in a wall. It was under the house with only a roof. A man was looking through the hole.

The Molecule said, "Dash Away to win." He gave the man something.

The man gave something to The Molecule.

We went to the round road with white fences. The Molecule and the girl called Eunice looked at the round road. They kept on looking at the round road.

There was a tooting noise. The Molecule said, "Hark to the well known bugle. It won't be long now."

The girl called Eunice said, "I don't see how you can be so calm. I'm shaking in every limb!"

The Molecule said, "Limb? How Victorian! Here they come! He's number seven."

The girl called Eunice said, "Trub must see too. Here, darling, see the racing dogs!" She picked me up. She held me on top of the fence.

I looked over into the round road. Men were walking along it. They had on white coats. Each man led a dog on a strap. They were long dogs like the ones on the boat. The men and dogs came along the round road to where we were standing. I yelled at the long dogs. I yelled, "Hello, boys! What's going on?"

The long dogs looked at me. The third one in the line stopped. He said, "You!" It was the dog whose bone I took on the boat.

I said, "Yep, it's me."

The long dog whose bone I took started for the fence. He said, "Why, you dirty bone-snatcher, I'll—" The man who held him pulled him back by the strap. He pulled him into the line. He began to pull him along with the others.

The dog whose bone I took kept looking back at me. He kept yelling remarks. I shall not repeat the remarks he yelled. I yelled a few myself. I yelled until he was out of hearing.

I was surprised at what happened next. A cat came out on the round road. It was a long-eared cat.

I thought, "Fences on both sides. Not a tree in sight. Pretty soft." I tried to jump down into the round road. The girl called Eunice held me by the collar. The long-eared cat began to make a funny noise.

IT began to make a noise like a motor car. It began to run. I didn't try to get down into the round road any more. There was no use. I just watched that long-eared cat run. I yelled right out. I yelled, "He don't need trees! Merciful dog catchers, look at him go!"

The long-eared cat went all the way around the round road. It was all alone. Suddenly it wasn't. Suddenly a lot of long dogs were after it. I thought, "Not a chance!" But there was.

I've always thought I could run. I never knew what running was. The long dogs went as fast as the long-eared cat.

There was one long dog ahead of the others. The further they went the further ahead he was. The many people were making noises. I never heard so many people's noises.

The girl called Eunice was screaming. She was screaming, "Dash Away's in front! Dash Away's in front!" right in my ear. I never saw anyone so excited.

I was excited myself. I got more excited when the long-eared cat came down our side of the round road. Just behind the long-eared cat was the long dog whose bone I took. He was much nearer the long-eared cat than the other dogs. I forgot all about taking his bone. I forgot all the remarks he had made to me. I leaned out over the fence. I yelled, "Catch him, big boy!"

The dog whose bone I took did a funny thing. He tried to stop. He couldn't. He slid along with his feet together for a long way. The other dogs kept after the long-eared cat.

The girl called Eunice said, "Oh, my God!" She went all limp. She let go of my collar.

The long dog whose bone I took stopped sliding. He came back to me. He said, "Now, you bone-stealing worm, get down on this track!"

I jumped down in the round road. I said, "Here I am, you long-legged, sour-bellied stiff!"

Men grabbed the long dog. The Molecule jumped over the fence and grabbed me. We went away from there. The girl called Eunice went with us. The Molecule said, "Good old Western Union!"

The girl called Eunice didn't say anything.

January 12.

THE Molecule is not pleased with me. I give him tail wags. I give him wiggles. I give him paw pokes. He says I give him a pain in the neck. I wonder why!

Another chapter from the inimitable Trub's diary will appear in an early issue.

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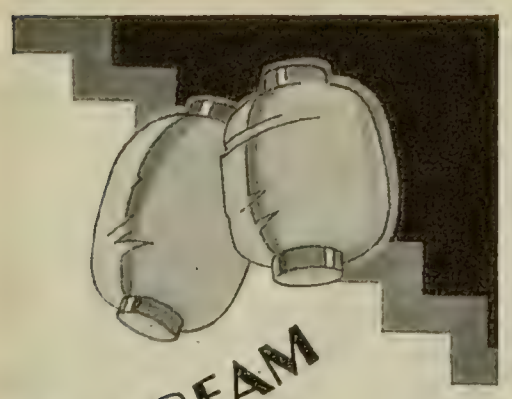

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"RELAX *Now*, PLEASE"

An S O S from the Dentist's Chair

A Chapter of Gloom in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"TELL me that you love me!" Mrs. Morse was singing by the stove. Then she hurried to open the window.

After the first fright of having a strange cat leap in upon her house shoes, she poked a megaphone between the curtains and called:

"Junior! June-yor! JUNE-YORE!"

From the old mill pond down in back of the Morses', where Lil's kid brother was skating, this maternal summons resembled the State Penitentiary siren which periodically announced the escape of a convict.

"That's your Ma yellin'," the fellows said.

"Aw, gee!"

Junior got rid of the gum he was chewing, thus turning the O of a FOR SALE sign on the bank into a Q, struggled with his skates, and scuffed up to the house, leaving his friends in a silent, sympathetic semicircle.

"Brush your nails and clean your teeth," Ma told him. "Don't forget the back ones. And wash your neck."

Her son's ablutions didn't take very long.

"Good-by, dear," Mrs. Morse said. "Remember me to Dr. Horton, and tell him I lost a filling last night in a fried oyster. Oh, come back here! You forgot your ears!"

At three minutes to four, Lil's brother slowly approached the dentist's office. In exactly three minutes where would his teeth be? In or out? Left intact, or drilled with holes? Or perhaps dyed black with some dental lotion?

The office was lined with victims, all pretending to read magazines. They glanced up slyly as Junior entered. A fat boy grinned at him, exposing a double row of awful-looking braces. And a thin woman smiled sadly, with lip drawn down evidently to hide some toothless open spaces along her upper jaw. And everybody wished humans had been spared teeth!

"Mr. Morse?" This foolish question No. 999 came from Dr. Horton himself as he poked his bald head through the parted office doors.

"Yes," Junior said, being ushered in. And then he added in one long-drawn-out pauseless sentence: "Yes an' I'm right on time an' Ma wants an appointment for next week as she lost a fillin' in a fried oyster."

"Fine! Great!" Dr. Horton said. And he gave his latest victim a free three-foot elevator ride in his chair of torture, trying to put him at ease by talking stamps. "I have one duplicate of the current five-dollar stamp to swap," he smiled. *(Instruments rattling upon glass!)*

But postage stamps couldn't detract from a horrible, long-anticipated dental ordeal. *(Innocent, painless [?] probes between front teeth!)*

"Are the mosquitoes bad where you go in the summer?" Dr. Horton asked pointlessly, having found by experience that mental suggestion to these summer pests usually made patients forget to yell. No answer.

A baby in the adjoining little office began to howl. Was its one and only eyetooth being extracted?

"Relax now, please!" Dr. Horton invited. *(Horrors*—THE DRILL!)

"OUCH!" Junior yelled. And how the waiting victims squirmed!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Walk—Not Run

Archie, aged four, and his sister, aged eight, were playing upstairs, when suddenly they came running down to the living-room, where Mother was reading, exclaiming they'd heard a strange noise upstairs.

Addressing Archie, Mother said:

"I am surprised that my little man should become frightened so easily."

Archie, with swelling chest, said:

"Mother, I wasn't scared."

"Then why did you run?" asked Mother.

"Pshaw, Mother, that's just the way I walks!"—Dr. S. M. Shankle, Hollandale, Miss.

Did It Stay Put?

We were in the kitchen, and I had been reciting and explaining Stevenson's poem My Shadow to my three-year-old niece, showing her our shadows on the wall. We went into the parlor, and when her mother returned I said:

"Now, Jeanne, let's surprise Mother and show her what we learned today. Show her where your shadow is."

Jeanne started for the kitchen, saying:

"Don't you remember, Auntie? We left it in the kitchen."—Mrs. W. S. Warren, 4212 East 12th St., Kansas City, Mo.

Tones up the Gums *in a special way*

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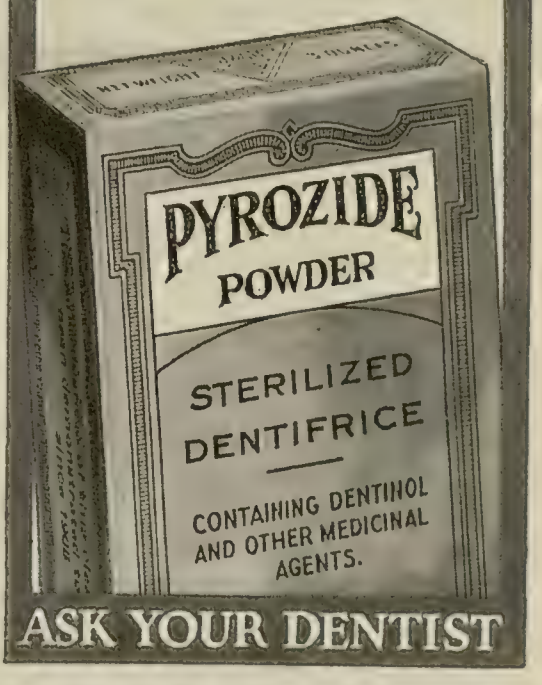

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Picture by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

SOME of those who are wearing the fuzz off the Lindseys' carpets are the country's "best people."

LINDSEY *and Companionate* MARRIAGE

Weighing the Judge's Plan for a Little Less Sin

An Article by LEOLA ALLARD

(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY doesn't look a day older than he did twenty years ago. He and Fanny Ward and Edna Wallace Hopper have visited the Fountain of Youth. Edna and Fanny sell cold creams and the Judge sells Companionate Marriage—three dollars a throw.

Everything considered, the cold creams are cheaper in the end because they can be rubbed right off. There is still some doubt about the new kind of wedding. The returns haven't started to come in.

It was some years ago that the famous Juvenile Court Judge first awakened to the needs of his sex-starved world. Up to the time of his marriage, fourteen years ago, he was notoriously virtuous. He boasted about it. Now the newspapers quote him as saying, "If sex is hell, hurrah for hell!"

The Judge explained his passion for personal virtue to a man friend who visited him many years ago. From the depths of the snowy sheets and pillow cases they talked far into the night. The Judge was just beginning to talk about sex, and he had discovered it was a subject which would draw unlimited audiences.

It was about the time that Olga Nethersole visited Denver, starring in Sapho. She sat upon the bench with Judge Lindsey in his famous juvenile court. The star of Sapho could have told the Judge a great deal, and it is not recorded that she did not. Anyway, the Judge monopolized a lot of news space the next day.

Those were the days when, the moment the Judge saw a reporter in court, he "made" a story. He knew what to say to get into the newspapers; and he has never lost the gift.

He was, and still is, very careful about the papers. If things do not look well in print, very often he says he doesn't understand how the reporter could have misunderstood him so thoroughly.

Judge Lindsey's belief in sex freedom being made fragrant by law has crystallized into Companionate Marriage. He is trying earnestly to sell it to his "sex-starved world," and many with consciences that have become irritating are contemplating a fling at it.

After a long talk with the effervescent little Judge, one feels certain that the new marriage is destined to rest the mind—if any—and to put the conscience to sleep—which is important. It is a great wrinkle eraser and the women are tremendously interested. Little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

MAKE $60 a week!

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Sell This Amazing All-Weather Coat

FOR ONLY $3.98

This guaranteed, high-quality All-Weather Raincoat offers you an unparalleled opportunity to make from $60 to $100 a week *quickly and easily!* In spare time or full time! It offers you a chance to be your own boss—to own and control a permanent, big-profit business! Do you want it?

My All-Weather Coat selling at $3.98 is well tailored of high-quality rubberized fabric. In popular style and striking colors. A serviceable, becoming Coat, wind-proof, dust-proof, rain-proof, that you'd expect to sell for twice its price. What does that mean to you? It means that every man, woman and child in your locality is a red-hot prospect for you as the Comer representative—for the amazingly low price is within the reach of everyone!

NO EXPERIENCE OR CASH NEEDED

You won't need cash, special ability or experience to make big money. I tell you where to go, what to do and say. No heavy sample case to lug around—you wear your sample right on your back! All you do is take orders—I do everything else! Everyone buys—motorists, farmers, housewives, office and factory workers, storekeepers, etc.!

$605 IN 30 DAYS

I never sell through stores—only through representatives. This slicker is only one of sixty-five fast-selling clothing products—topcoats, overcoats, suits, etc. A. M. Stone, who formerly earned $100 a month, made $605 in thirty days selling Comer Coats. R. A. Prentiss earned $945 in a month with this proposition—and W. S. Cooper says $500 a month is easy! You can make big money like this, too!

SEND NO MONEY

I supply you with everything needed to make $25 to $50 a week in spare time—$60 to $100 in full time *absolutely FREE!* Also a sample coat for demonstration! If you want to make really big money—if $60 to $100 a week appeals to you—send for details of this amazing money-making proposition. No cost or obligation! Write me today—don't delay—do it *right NOW!*

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Please send full details of your special money-making proposition without cost or obligation to me. Also tell me how I may obtain a Raincoat and your complete Selling Outfit absolutely FREE.

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[LINDSEY AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE Continued from Page Fifty-one]

need for the double standard of morals if Companionate Marriage is universally approved.

Margot Asquith told me that a friend of hers in England says, "I think girls should marry very young, because they have to start with the wrong one anyway."

Judge Lindsey does not believe that his new marriage will make for frequent changes. He thinks there is great strength in the cobweb called Companionate that will hold when the iron promise to stick till death fails utterly.

The people who are supposed to be a success bound together the new way are the same people who were not a success tied together the old way.

Judge Lindsey expects to strengthen the marriage bonds by obviating children, supposed heretofore to bind parents together. He removes the responsibility of supporting a wife, which makes it easy and advantageous to marry. There is nothing to work for. Father supports the bride till you make sure you want to do it, and then—it seems more difficult.

P. & A. photo

Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, who offers Companionate Marriage as balm for the marital hurts of the world.

The Judge doesn't believe the ease with which one can shake off the new marriage will make morals less important or encourage promiscuity.

All that Judge Lindsey expects of the contracting parties is that they agree to try to get along. If they don't, they should be divorced—the woman not to ask for alimony except in rare instances.

There should be no children during the experimental stages of the union.

THIS plan is calculated to make everything hunky-dory and eliminate bitter divorce fights.

I know hundreds of people who could enlighten the Judge on the subject of eliminating alimony. Their information is not based on theory.

The diminutive Judge is pretty well fed up on other people's experiences. He would like to make the world a better place to live in, and he thinks that the kindest thing to do is to anæsthetize the conscience of those who have slipped.

Leola Allard, newspaper reporter and author of this article.

He honestly believes that skidding can be eliminated by Companionate Marriage. Or so he says, and it makes corking copy. Copy is the only subject about which the Judge knows more than he knows about sex. He held the copy record until Colonel Lindbergh got across.

"Churches are well enough, but they are so crammed full of hypocrites," the agile, merry little Judge tells you. "And *how* I hate hypocrites! If people would just be themselves!"

The Judge, his lovely wife, and I were lunching at the Blue Parrot Tea Room in Denver.

"I know exactly what I am talking about," he said. "Some of these people who sit in church and listen to their good preacher think I am crazy. But when the night shadows fall, maybe the preacher comes to my house and sneaks in to ask me what, in God's name, he can do to get out of the mess he is in.

"JUST the other day a girl came to me weeping. She is the daughter of a wealthy family here in Denver. The girl fell in love and wanted to marry a young man socially beneath her. Her parents wouldn't hear of such a marriage. They were socially ambitious.

"The girl met the boy secretly, and because she couldn't marry him the usual thing happened. The scandal, had it leaked out, would have done plenty to the social ambitions of that family. The girl and I worked out the problem, and I married them and had the license dated back several months. Not legal—but not bad, would you say?"

What a lot of mossbacks think doesn't worry the little fellow, who beamed when he told how his home is a busier place than his court because the higher and mightier, who can't be seen coming to court, sneak into his home for advice.

Mrs. Lindsey, a lovely lady with Titian hair and an aristocratic demeanor, who seldom interrupts the Judge except to remind him of something he forgot to tell, explained about her carpets:

"You should see the carpets in our home! They are worn almost threadbare by the tramp of erring feet seeking the best road that will lead them out of their troubles. As soon as it gets dark they begin to come. They park their cars down the street or come on foot."

"And I don't lecture them," said the Judge. "I help them."

He helps them to help themselves—to what they want.

Some of these people who are wearing the fuzz off the Lindseys' carpets are the country's "best people." Some of them come a long way for the consultations. Some have tried their friends till they began to yawn, and then they remembered Judge Lindsey, whose interest never lags. His ears are his biggest feature.

Judge Lindsey says that he has learned that the finger of scorn doesn't care who points it. He hears some big man or woman make a big speech to a big public,

and reads accounts of it in the papers. He smiles as he remembers, he says, how the man or woman came to him one dark night and said: "For God's sake, what can I do?"

There is something about the smiles on the faces of the Lindseys that indicates that it is barely possible they are not laughing *with* the public.

Int. photo

Mrs. Lindsey, her husband's leading admirer.

In the first place, the Judge does not charge for advice. He is not rich except in legend. If you are worried about something you have done and want to talk about it, he will listen and advise. You would have to pay a lawyer to listen, and clearing the conscience is often not worth the price of a retainer.

The Judge and his wife admit that it is strange that people come and tell them ALL. Of course, he says, if he thought these confessors were bad—as bad as they think they are and the general public thinks they are—they wouldn't talk so freely.

He not only can see why they do these things, but he tells them consolingly that they needn't worry themselves sick about it; that everybody is doing the same thing—more or less—and that the social laws really should be changed to fit their cases.

No one, except the Lindseys, knows what a relief this is to the sinners. They are lifted from the depths of despondency to the heights of a newer, better world such as the Lindseys glimpse; and, while the sinners might not advocate the same treatment for their children, it is true that the children would approve it for themselves.

The Lindsey laws are laws of which people invariably approve for themselves. The voters did not re-elect the Judge. Perhaps they did not want him practicing his theories on their families.

"Of course," he said thoughtfully, "I am going to be considerably hampered if I am not permitted to sit in my Juvenile Court. As a lawyer or a social worker or a mere citizen, I am divested of much of my power to do good. I can still advise, but I cannot change dates on marriage licenses and do things like that to save the future happiness of girls who come to me."

HE explained then that he had a grand idea. He wanted to start an institution (he wouldn't tell the name of it then) that would be located preferably in a large city, such as New York or Chicago. He now writes about his House of Human Welfare, described exactly as he described his institution.

He said frankly then that he wanted to be the head of it, and carry on his ideas in spite of the damper that Denver has put upon his dreams. His dreams drew so well, he thought he could accumulate a tremendous following if he could get this thing started. It would take money—quite a bit of money—and he did not know where it was to come from.

"It would be worth much to the community that got it," he said; "but it should be very fully equipped, carefully developed, and adequately supported. It would be of inestimable help in family life throughout the country.

"Its help would be spiritual, physical, and economical. It would urge people to come to me with their troubles, and I would not *preach* to them. I would tell them how to live."

Judge Lindsey is not fond of preachers. He can do his own preaching—and how! He used to go lecturing on the Chautauqua circuit eighteen years ago when I wrote stories out of his court. I remember the very sleepy Judge who sat for him one season, and woke up only when the lawyers got a bit noisy.

THAT was the time when the big advertising campaign began, and the world was learning more and more about the wonderful Juvenile Judge, who was, eventually, to give the world Companionate Marriage.

"This new institution might create a lot of jealousy," he told me, "but it would be expected to excite comment and opposition at first. When the courts found out what a help it could be, and how it would do away with a great deal of the court's detail social-service work, I think it would be heartily approved.

"It would be, of course, in the nature of a confessional, and those seeking help would be given the best advice. It is possible many might be able to live happily without appearing in a public court."

Judge Lindsey is just one of those men to whom everybody tells everything. They uncover all the secrets of their minds and bodies —especially their bodies. His hours are crowded hours. What he knows would set more than one community on the edge of its chair.

No one who enters his presence ever goes away feeling doomed. He never runs out of answers to problems, no matter how sexual; and after a few hours' interview with him, during which he tells you of weird tangles and odd behavior among men and women, you feel as if you should emerge from the backwoods and *live*.

Right thinking makes you right, says he; and while what you do may be a sin for the other fellow, if it works with you, then social laws should be changed to make it recognized as right for you. Companionate Marriage is, he thinks, what is needed to turn this trick.

"When your subjective mind regards a thing as wrong, your mental attitude ruins your health, shortens your life, destroys your happiness," says the Judge.

In his eyes is the question:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Dozen Dousings can't budge *pore-dirt*

. . . yet a single Pompeian Massage rolls every gray speck free!

IT'S hard to believe that your face is not clean when you wash it regularly. But 'way down where the washcloth never reaches, pore-dirt lies.

Where does it come from? The air we live in is teeming with millions of invisible particles of dust and grime.

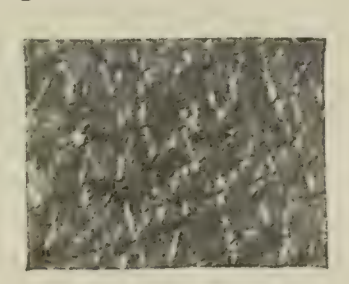
These tiny specks work into your pores—get packed down tight—and give your face a sallow, grayish tone.

Science can *tell* men this. But the astonishing proof comes with their first Pompeian massage. Here's how it works out:

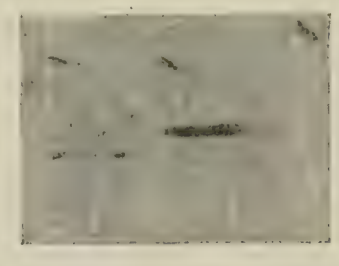
Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face. Then rub Pompeian into the skin you think is clean. What happens?

Goes in pink— ROLLS OUT GRAY!

The upper picture, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare it with the lower picture taken after using Pompeian Massage Cream. That's skin that is *really* clean! Those gray marks are the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of imbedded sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the healthy glow that a clean skin boasts.

A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day. A marvelous "sprucing-up" for a bright evening.

FREE test convinces thousands

A jar of Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it *free.* Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails — right now, while you are reading this message.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 904-B, 595 Fifth Ave., New York.
Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Sleeplessness

Now overcome—*without drugs*

Here's instant sleep that gives you buoyant, energetic days . . . Make This 3-Day Test!

From tonight on, you can always be sure of getting instant, deep sleep—*without the use of drugs*. You will awaken each morning fairly tingling with healthy vigor.

No drug can give you restful sleep. For while drugs may put you to sleep, they always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But science has developed a wonderful food-beverage that brings sound, restful sleep *in a natural way*. It is called Ovaltine. It puts you to sleep instantly. And as you sleep, its special food properties restore your tired mind and body—build up boundless vitality and energy.

Morning finds you a new woman. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant, youthful in looks and spirits. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

The 3-day test we offer here will prove all we claim. Note, most carefully, how good you feel when you get up in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

First—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second — It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows. And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed — abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials below.

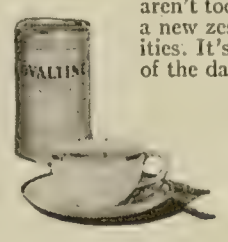
Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers, and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.



Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

©T.W.Co.

I was very nervous and restless and could not get to sleep until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. I found Ovaltine very beneficial and slept fine the first time I took it.
Mrs. W. Harris,
Holland, Mich.

Send for 3-day test

The Wander Company, Dept. J-6
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. (*Print name and address clearly.*)

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

One package to a person

[LINDSEY AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"Am I right or am I wrong?"

Aloud he tells you: "Having wholesale information on the sins of the good, I find many of them worse than the acknowledged sinners ostracized or locked up."

This man can silence a conscience as can no other human being. In a roundabout way he tells you that is just what Companionate Marriage is destined to do.

If you feel a bit shocked when you hear him talk fluently about "body heat," "bedroom stuff," and "burning with unwonted desire," remember that as a man thinketh, so is he, and Judge Lindsey hasn't thought of anything else for a long time. It has been not only his pleasure but his business to find out why people sin, and to make life as well worth living for the sinner as for those who have not as yet been found out.

I asked the Judge just what difference there was between a marriage ending in the divorce court and a Companionate Marriage that did not end successfully; failure being advertised in both cases and a woman being no less shopworn for her experience.

He said that legalizing birth control and making divorce easy by mutual consent for childless couples might tighten the marriage bonds and reduce the number of divorces.

Yet, in twelve years in the domestic and divorce courts, I have heard few cases that did not start with a marriage in which hopes ran high and the contracting parties promised themselves and each other that if they didn't get along they would agree to go their separate ways—but they just knew their love would last forever.

But human nature isn't like that, or marriage does something to them, because they come in and report the heaving of frying pans and the use of deadly weapons, and with black eyes and wagging tongues they describe the stormy scenes along the path of mutual disagreement.

Joseph Sabath, a Chicago judge who has heard more than 15,000 divorce cases, says: "The trouble is, there usually is one of them who continues to care and refuses to give up."

Picture by Wallace Morgan

Companionate Marriage starts people out with the fine idea that maybe they won't get along.

You have to explain to Judge Sabath—and he looks skeptical when you do it—that Judge Lindsey's Companionate Marriage is ever so different: that it starts people out right, with the fine idea that maybe they won't get along, but that if they don't it's all right. They can go their separate ways with no ill feeling, no alimony, no children, no nothing!

With all his interesting experiences and all his marvelous methods for the amelioration of matrimonial evils, Judge Lindsey has never had the interesting experience of trying to lose a woman who didn't want to be lost. He merely saves those who want to be saved, which is, in truth, an entirely different procedure. No wonder Judge Sabath smiles.

A couple named Simpson once agreed to end their eternal wrangling. It was in a Chicago divorce court. The Judge indicated that he would grant the divorce. He arose from the bench and started toward his chambers.

The woman who brought the suit arose from her chair at the lawyers' table. She opened her purse, took out a .32-caliber revolver, and opened fire. The husband, sitting across the table, dropped dead.

She couldn't live happily with him and she refused to let him live happily away from her. They had promised each other all sorts of things at the altar, she told me, but they didn't love each other any more.

JUST how Companionate Marriage would have helped them, Judge Lindsey probably could tell you. What they promised each other at marriage should have made a great difference. It didn't.

A wealthy St. Louis man was arrested in Chicago with a wealthy widow. The wife knew they were in love. She refused him a divorce. They were caught by the wife's detectives and taken into the Morals Court. Later they were married, the wife giving the man a divorce after she had made sure they were publicly disgraced.

If the wife had been companionately married years and years before, it would have been decidedly different. She would smilingly have shoved aside all the years of association, of trials and tribulations, some happiness certainly, and some memories of battles fought through successfully together. She would have started out late in life and found happiness elsewhere.

But when they were married no one said "hocus-pocus" and so they all lived unhappily ever after.

Each year 35,000 women visit Chicago's Domestic Court. The only ones willing to sidestep weekly payments and go their way without making trouble are the women who work hard to support their children, who forgive and forget over and over again, and who need the husbands' help miserably. These women come in court to try to save the brutes who are not interested in being saved.

Many of the 35,000 come in to get even, to get warrants, and to humiliate the most underrated and

overtaxed men. They have a burning desire to tell on them—to advertise what horrible brutes they married.

They refuse to be interested in the fact that if they would forget and go to work, they could earn a much better living than they get trotting to court to extract five dollars a week from a begrudging husband.

Picture by Raeburn Van Buren

Some women go to court to try to save the brutes who are not interested in being saved.

Judge Lindsey's chance of changing these women — their characters, their dispositions—by a new kind of marriage probably will be better than those of Judge William L. Morgan, Judge William N. Gemmill, Judge John J. Lupe, and a dozen others who have tired themselves out in the Chicago court.

Nevertheless, and not with understanding, we now have Companionate Marriage. Judge Joseph Sabath is having a difficult time believing human nature can be handled this way.

I TOLD Judge Lindsey that women flocked to the Domestic Court in Chicago at the rate of 35,000 a year. He said it was partly the fault of the old marriage laws.

"The new kind of marriage appeals to the sportsmanship of the contracting parties," he said.

Miss Irene Inderrieden, for years head of the social-service bureau that struggles with the 35,000 complaints, hasn't yet discovered any great amount of sportsmanship on the part of warring married folk.

"The good sports of the community are not messing around courts," says she. "Companionate Marriage would be all right for them, but they don't need it. They are at home having a nice chicken dinner and playing horse with the children."

But Judge Lindsey believes that there won't be the old battle with impulses when his new marriages are thriving. Of course, Companionate Marriage, like the other kind, starts before the intimacy begins, but something about it is supposed to curb the fires of youth. He doesn't say what.

"What about your little adopted daughter?" I asked the Judge. "Would you advocate Companionate Marriage for her?"

Both he and Mrs. Lindsey smiled. They said they would not object to it. It was all right. Later he jingled my telephone frantically. "Please don't print that," he pleaded, "because the parents of the child might want to take her away from us." The dear Judge loves that beautiful baby.

"But now that the question has arisen, and you are suspected of recommending something for other people's children that you would not advocate for your own, do you think it would be well to say that it is not true?" I asked him.

"I don't want that printed, but I'll tell you what you can do," he answered. "Say that when the child is old enough to marry we will let her choose for herself."

That met with the hearty approval of Mrs. Lindsey, who is the Judge's leading admirer. She carries a big leather brief case full of letters to be answered (important ones), dates for speeches, notes, and so forth.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

You can have healthy, thick hair!

You *needn't* go on losing hair!

Not yet alarming, perhaps—that slightly-thin hair—but prophetic!

So soon thinning hair becomes noticeable—threatens to become baldness . . .

You needn't go on losing hair!

For you can check even pronounced loss of hair—make even markedly thin hair regain thickness and vigor—with this daily care—

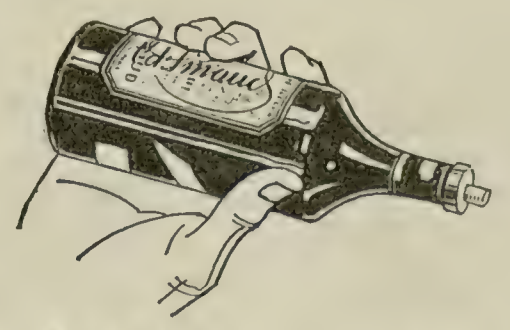
EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This refreshing treatment removes the two things which *cause* thinning, dead-looking hair—dandruff and poor scalp circulation.

Swiftly reviving the tired blood vessels that have "lain down on the job" of nourishing the roots of your hair—destroying completely the germ of dandruff infection—

Pinaud's Eau de Quinine helps your hair to grow strongly and thickly, and to be young-looking, *well*-looking.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine today at your drug or department store. Look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.



PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr., 1928, Pinaud, Inc.

To You Who Worry
About Excess Fat

People all about you have found a way to slender figures, as you know. You can see in every circle that excess fat is the exception now. It is evident on every hand that some new factor has been found in late years. The results you now see are not all due to starvation or to exercise.

Some twenty years ago modern science discovered a cause of excess fat. It is shortage of a certain substance which greatly affects nutrition. It was found by experiments that feeding that substance corrected this condition.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on that discovery. For 20 years they have been used in a large way—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others of the results. Now you can see in every circle how those results have spread.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise of diet, though moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Then use them only if you start to gain again.

The formula of Marmola comes in every box. Also an explanation of all results, not only in lost fat but in new health and vitality. This is done to banish any fear of harm.

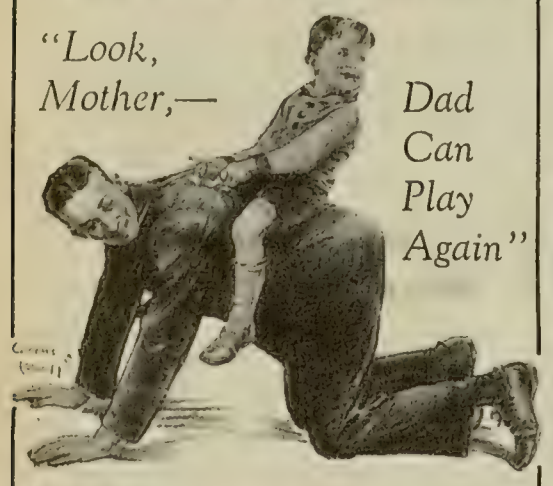
Go try Marmola now. Learn what so many thousands have found out about it.

Watch the many delightful results in addition to fat reduction. You will always be glad that you learned this scientific method. Order a box before you forget it. You cannot afford to stay fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Rheumatism Gone



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Our White Gold Filled Only $1.00—*or with Perfumette $1.35*

Perfumette Style permits use of your favorite perfume in center medallion. Thousands of women declare delight with this new invention. Genuine "V" chains are not sold in stores. Money back if not satisfied. Now banish forever annoyance and discomfort of slipping straps. ORDER TODAY!

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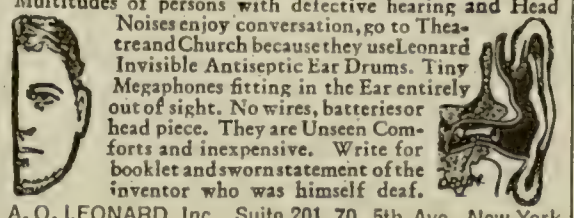

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 201, 70 5th Ave., New York

[LINDSEY AND COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE Continued from Page Fifty-five]

She tells the talking Judge what is on the menu, orders his food, fixes his baked potato, and tells the waitress when to bring him more butter. She calls him sweetheart with abandon. The Judge may have had bad luck losing his Juvenile Court, but this woman is the last word in marital good luck.

"What people need most in this world is sympathy, not lectures," she tells you. She had, in that brief case, a letter from a son of the president of a big Eastern college. He was in trouble. He couldn't ask dad, so he wanted Judge Lindsey to tell him.

That, the Judge thought, was a fine commentary on present-day teaching. The things that are most vital, the young people are afraid to ask about.

After listening to true stories of sex problems for years, the Judge has decided, he says, that something must be done about young folks and their sex problems. He believes that legalizing their missteps is important. Its psychological effect is a tremendous one for good.

P. & A. photo

Judge Mary Bartelme, who advocates household tasks for young girls with sex problems.

Judge Mary Bartelme, Chicago's famous woman Juvenile Court Judge, has been trying for years to make good little girls out of bad little girls. She never yet has made rules for their misbehavior.

Judge Victor P. Arnold, of the same Juvenile Court, has been doing the same thing with little boys.

Both of these judges hold that children should not be encouraged to believe they have sex problems. They should be interested in healthful out-of-door exercises and games, and trained to work, maybe to interview the family woodpile occasionally, to study, to make radios in their idle hours, to sew, and to help mother with the housework.

Judge Bartelme thinks there is so much useful and interesting work for young girls to do that, if they do it, they won't run into sex problems so far in advance of matrimony.

P. & A. photo

Judge Victor P. Arnold, who has turned many a bad little boy into a good one.

SHE thinks that when young folks marry, instead of the boy living with his folks and the girl with hers, removing all financial responsibility from the boy, as Judge Lindsey's Companionate Marriage permits, they should work out their problems together. She thinks that it makes them grow closer to each other, and infinitely dearer. What old-fashioned ideas!

Maybe, you say, Judge Bartelme isn't married and doesn't know. She adopted two baby girls and raised them to beautiful womanhood, and they married well and have very happy homes.

Judge Arnold and Judge Bartelme have had many, many years of experience—the same kind of experience as Judge Lindsey—but they have come forth with entirely different ideas.

Compared with Judge Lindsey, they are unknown. They have collected as much information as he has, but they did not discover a popular sachet destined to scent society so that it can live its own life and still remain inoffensive.

The strange thing is that they have had astounding success, but they probably never will write any books about it. They tell you the best thing to do about sex and other sins is to think of something else. Their remedy for straying feet is to turn them back into the right road.

AFTER covering juvenile courts as a reporter for many years, I have concluded that it would be difficult for any Juvenile judge not to get a fine reputation if he knew how to make copy.

The Juvenile Court judge is deluged with splendid opportunities, and he would have a strange make-up if he did not do fine things almost every day of his court life. I know that Judge Bartelme and Judge Lindsey and Judge Arnold all do. But there is a wonderful appeal in the work of the judge who is too busy to go on tour.

I asked Judge Bartelme why she didn't think up something like Companionate Marriage, and she turned those soft, beautiful eyes upon me and gave me a look that it would be impossible to misinterpret.

I asked Judge Arnold why he didn't discover some great remedy for this sex-excited world, and immediately he said:

"Come on in here and meet Joe! When I first had Joe in court I knew he wasn't bad. No boy with red hair and that many freckles could be very bad. I loaned him some money and he came to pay it back, and ever since he has called upon me regularly."

"But I asked you—"

"Judge," said the big bailiff, "you better hurry. They are waiting for you at that boys' Off the Street Club—you are late now."

But he didn't stop to tell me about the Off the Street Club. I had to go to the Union League Club and find out. And all the time he knew it was copy!

THE END

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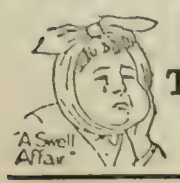
Do Your Teeth Ache?



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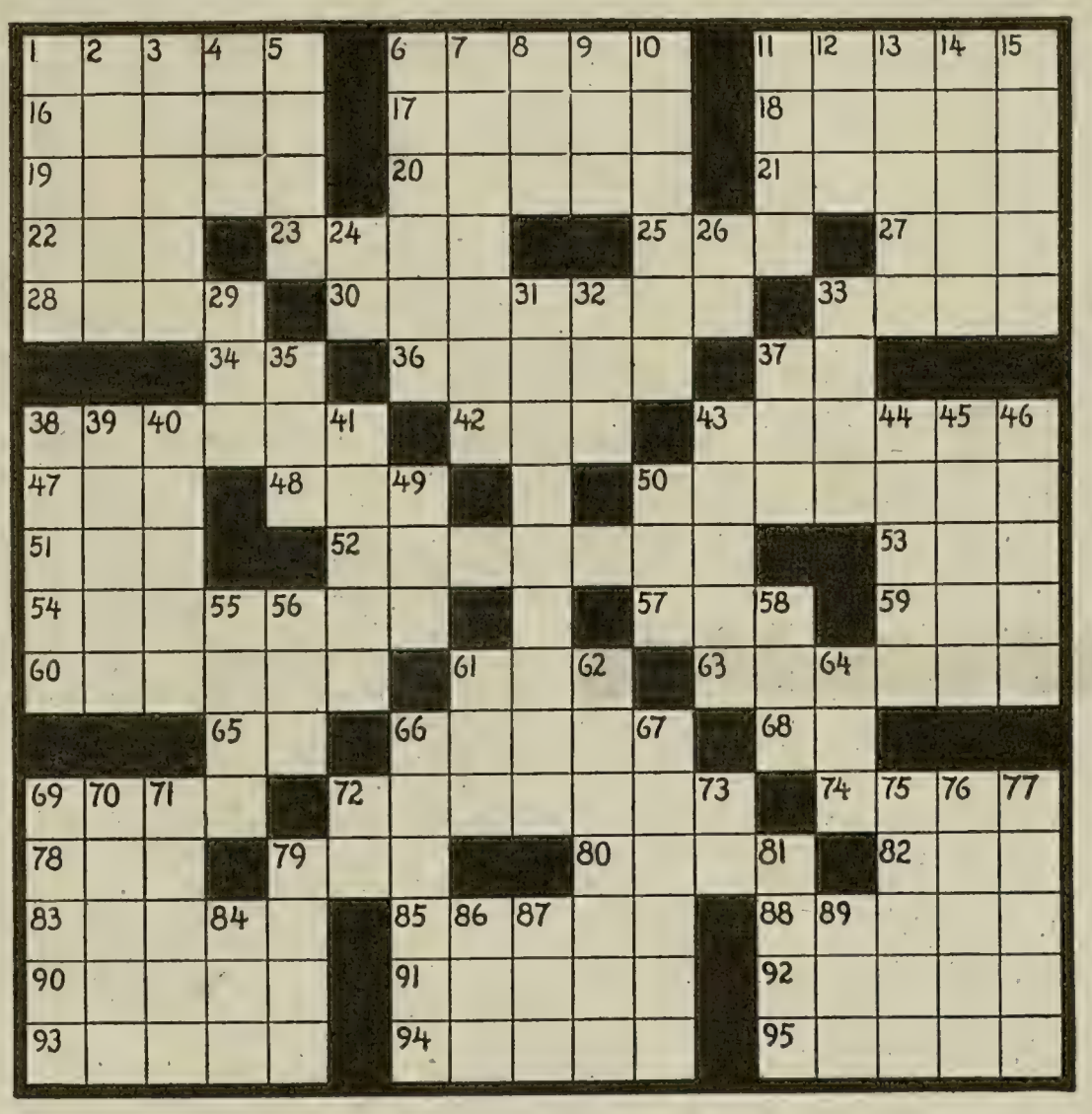
TOOTHACHE GUM

Stops the Ache — Protects Cavity—Retards Decay
All Druggists

OUR OWN PUZZLES

SOME of LIBERTY'S cross-word-puzzle friends apparently have missed the announcements that have appeared in previous issues, for contributions continue to reach us.

We appreciate the interest of those who still are offering original constructions, but for their benefit we repeat that the weekly prizes have been discontinued. The puzzles in the present series are the product of LIBERTY'S staff.

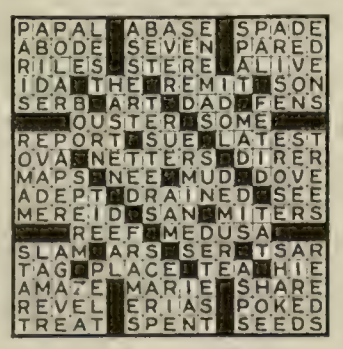


HORIZONTAL

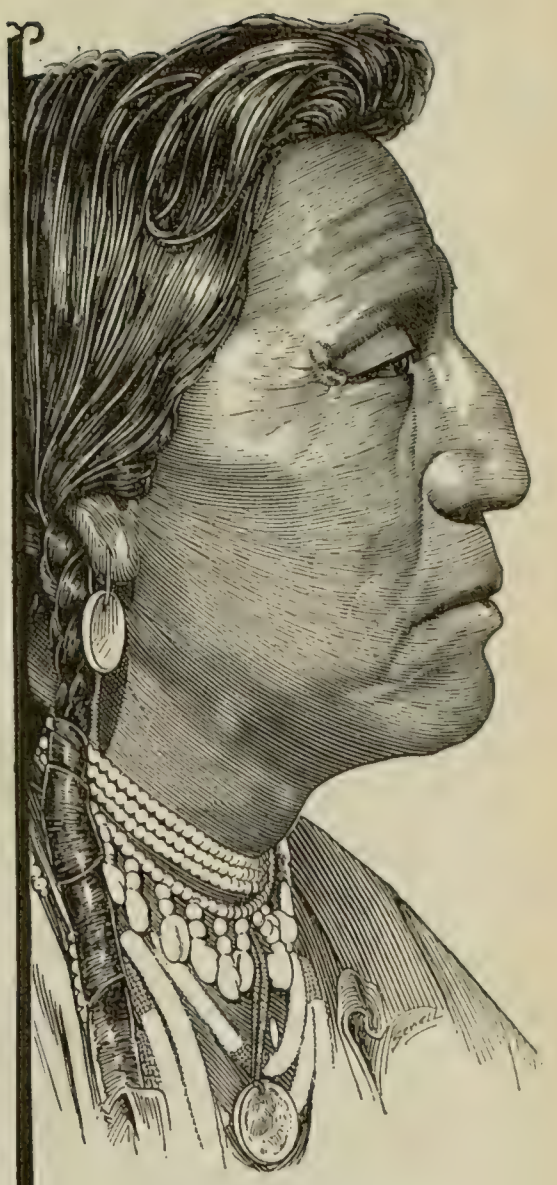
1 Military student
6 Genus which includes dogs
11 Author of The Luck of Roaring Camp
16 Over
17 Feminine proper name
18 Mountain nymph
19 Ranted
20 Saltpeter
21 Lacking freshness
22 Mother of *Peer Gynt*
23 Satisfy to repletion
25 Witty saying
27 To put on
28 Trial
30 Conqueror of the Merrimac
33 Part of a telescope
34 Like
36 Type of automobile body
37 Exist
38 Vassals
42 German definite article
43 Hindu widow's cremation
47 Label
48 Letter of the Greek alphabet
50 Heavy overcoats
51 Devoured
52 A hermit
53 No
54 Prickly, stinging sensation (plural)
57 Fish
59 Point of the compass
60 Involve
61 And so forth
63 Walk unsteadily
65 Pronoun
66 Glides smoothly
68 Depart
69 Material used in brewing
72 A cotton fabric
74 Armed conflicts
78 Feminine proper name
79 Cereal grain
80 Provides with a crew
82 Lament
83 Wanderer
85 One of gigantic strength
88 Fulcrum for an oar
90 Obliterate
91 Occurrence
92 Pointed
93 Office furniture (plural)
94 Leases
95 Peruses

VERTICAL

1 Measure of weight for gems
2 Degrade
3 Pigeons
4 Evening
5 Spreads for drying
6 Divisions of a poem
7 One to whom property is transferred
8 Insect's egg
9 To frost
10 Religious discourse
11 Army
12 Craft
13 Author of The Cloister and the Hearth
14 A claw
15 Paradise (plural)
24 Exist
26 Else
29 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
31 Containing idiom
32 Shade of brown
33 Native of Latvia
35 Observe
37 Omnibus
38 Declare
39 Ancient language
40 Deputy
41 Metal
43 Driving, partly frozen rain
44 Belief
45 Irregular, as if worn away
46 Compound ether
49 Metric measures of area
50 American Indian
55 Manner of walking
56 Illuminated
58 Ship's diary
61 Part of the head
62 Clamorous
64 To drag
66 A dog
67 Inclines
69 Having a mane
70 Worship
71 Tibetan monks
72 Father
73 Printer's measure
75 Pleasant odor
76 Governed
77 Ovules
79 Poems
81 Heavenly body
84 Request
86 I have (contraction)
87 Cardinal number
89 Hasten



Answer to last week's puzzle



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of Glacier National Park

O-hi (*Greetings*) The Blackfeet Indians bid you welcome to our mountain homeland. Where once our buffalo-skin tepees were, today, in settings of rare scenic beauty, are great modern hotels and comfortable chalets affording hospitality for thousands. Here you may hike, ride horseback, motor, cruise emerald lakes, fish ice-fed trout streams, or loaf as you please. Mail coupon today for descriptive booklets.

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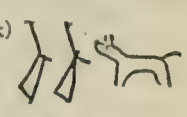
(His Mark)



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Paris Rearranges the HAIR

By EILEEN BOURNE

SHORT hair remains the fashion.

The boyish clip is out.

Long hair is seen but not heard of.

Waves are large and widely spaced.

Such is the judgment of Paris on the coiffure.

Yes, once more I'm in Paris to collect the news for you. Once more I realize to the full that here is the headquarters of the feminine world. The fact is proclaimed not only in the *salons de beauté* or *coiffure,* not only in the great establishments where dresses and hats are created; it is before one every hour—in the streets, the restaurants, the theaters. For nowhere else is talent more widely enlisted in the fascinating art of being a woman.

Naturally, the great technique of this art is to effect changes—subtle but important. There is no allure in monotony. We would be disappointed if we learned that the coiffure was exactly the same as it was last season. But Paris never fails. It *is* quite different.

In the first place, the hair is allowed to grow both longer and thicker. The point in the back descends very low on the nape of the neck. Above, the head is modeled by swirling the hair from one side or another or from both sides. In the latter case, the ends meet behind, just in the center. This coiffure makes it possible for a woman whose head is rather flat in the back or otherwise failing a classic shape to wear short hair to advantage.

Second in importance is the new treatment of the front and sides. Marked as are the differences between one coiffure and another, certain characteristics remain general. Very little of the ear shows. The hair is left much fuller and thicker at the sides and is apt to descend over the forehead at one side from the top.

Indeed, one of the most popular coiffures in Paris involves lifting the hair in quite a high wave on the right side and allowing it to fall in a long spiral almost to the bridge of the nose. Modifications of this style are infinite. But the whole effect is of greater softness and fullness.

There is absolutely nothing boyish about these cuts. They are meant to be feminine, and they are.

Even when the ears show, the hairdressers try to make their clients keep the top hair very thick and waved over the forehead. Then they try to sell the idea by calling it the *demi-garçonne.* But this cut is not much in evidence. Those who persist in the short clip prefer either to brush the hair back from the forehead or to cover it with a flat bang.

One of the most interesting comments on present-day styles comes from young Jules Agg. Though not possessed of his own salon, this expert has enormous prestige over here and carried off two prizes at the recent international conference of hairdressers.

The sentiment of the conference was overwhelmingly in favor of continuing short hair—provided that a soft, fluffy mode be generally advocated. With both these pronouncements M. Agg is in accord. He admits, however, that since effectiveness depends on deftness in cutting, swirling, and waving, the new coiffure demands a higher type of art than heretofore.

"Too many hairdressers the world over," he said, "know but one style and force it upon every client. That is all wrong. If the forehead is well shaped it should not be covered. The hair should be combed fairly flat for a long face. When ears are pretty they should show a little. Bangs should never be worn by blondes — no, never! Only women with black, lustrous hair combined with regular features should attempt them.

"Every individual should be considered separately. But that requires imagination, and now that we have this new cult of feminine charm, many former idols in our business, whose success depended on the introduction of fads and extremes, are going to fall from their pedestals. The whole art of the coiffure is a matter of considering every personal asset and individualizing every cut and wave."

For all that, neither he nor anyone else—Émile, for instance—will admit that any individuality can best be served by long hair. For the evening, yes. But there are the chic little chignons to be pinned on at the base of the hair for the very formal occasion. Moreover, there are the wigs of white, black, golden, or auburn hue which may be so deftly adjusted as to seem like your very own hair.

Make no mistake here, however! The latter device is employed only by extremists in fashion. The true French aristocrat would as soon advocate co-education as to put on a wig.

One does, as a matter of fact, observe long hair, no matter where one goes. At one of the fashionable Sunday evening dinner dances, several of the very smartest young people displayed long hair drawn straight back and fastened in a small knot at the base of the neck. At the theater and opera the same style may be seen on both young and old. Yet it is always the exception.

IN the last few years the vogue for short hair has been adopted by Frenchwomen very generally in all circles of society and for all ages. As one woman, whose name is synonymous with the ancient régime of France, put it to me, "We are convinced now that short hair—so much more comfortable and hygienic, so much more youthful—can be made to conform with dignity. So we have yielded."

So far so good. But, like the rest of the world, the average Frenchwoman has still much to learn about arranging these cut locks. Either they are insufficiently waved or waved so closely as to look artificial. The effort made by the most artistic coiffeurs to introduce large waves widely separated is of great importance and bids fair to make a more charming and more natural coiffure than we have seen for many a long day. That such an effect may now be produced in the permanent wave has done much to convince those who heretofore have hesitated to undergo this operation that it is worth the cost.

Moreover, skill in the conservation of the wave continues to increase. There is an amusing new way of cultivating the swirls along the sides and back of the head. After the shampoo the damp hair is carefully fastened with fine hairpins in exactly the formation to be desired.

This coiffure won first prize in the international competition held in Paris last November.

All over the back of the head tiny tufts of hair are twisted in the direction in which it is to be swirled and left to dry. Of course, the form of the wave must also be preserved, and to accomplish both requires calculation and patience. Once finished, however, the line of the swirl is established and needs only careful combing to preserve it.

For happiest effect one must have just the right quantity of hair—neither too much nor too little. If your hair is inclined toward the former tendency you must take great care to have it thinned properly.

It took an American in Paris, you may be interested to hear, to teach the preservation of the permanent wave by means of brushing the hair. The brush she uses is quite stiff and so graduated as to fit the curve of the head.

She places the brush close against the scalp and with a vigorous spiral movement brings it up and out and down. After the whole head is brushed in this manner she resets the wave with a comb. Here is an important discovery. The chief trouble with any kind of artificial wave lies in our reluctance to brush or comb it out. Consequently the hair is seldom aërated or the scalp properly massaged and stimulated.

If we can brush the wave in, however, there is no reason why we cannot all have healthy scalps and soft, burnished tresses. This establishment has an unusually large French clientele, largely because of the success of this treatment. Of course, anybody can learn the trick. What you need is patience and the right brush.

Now you know what to do to achieve a chic Parisian coiffure. First let your hair grow long enough to make that long point at the back of the neck and the fluffy curves at the front and sides. Permit only a few waves. Keep the hair well brushed and train it in spirals in the back. Above all, take time and patience to get the arrangement which suits best your type of face, coloring, and figure. If you won't give up long hair, keep it smooth and plain and well thinned out.

There is no doubt that long hair has a certain distinction. Chanel, the *couturière,* is advocating it for no other reason and requires her mannequins to wear no other coiffure. Whatever you do, however, remember that neither for young girls nor for old ladies nor for the rest of us is the severe boyish cut approved any longer.

"Be feminine!" is the *dernier cri* of Paris.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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Love Letters of an INTERIOR Decorator

And while hes runnin with him over his back another big dud comes over and takes poor Reillys head off and Murphy never knew it.

What Happened When His Pal Mistook a Grandfather's Clock for a Phone Booth

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 10 minutes 12 seconds.)

Paris.

DEER MARG:

I would have wrote you before but I swallowed part of my upper set. I was to a swell dump in Paris called Joe Zellies with one of the big shots in the liquor syndicate. His name was Mr. Crookshank. He had a french frail with him what I think he musta picked up, because all night long she was callin him Mr. Crankshaft. Every time she pulled it, it burned him up.

Heres what happened. The french broad kept fillin his glass with absence. Thats the stuff Marg what makes the wimin go crazy. Well, Mr. Crankshaft gets a bit plastered and goes out to fone his wife that hes tied up in the office with a swell proposition and he mistakes the grandfathers clock for the fone booth. When he steps inside the hole works falls over like a Black Tom exploshun. Mr. Crankshaft flops out on his pan with enough wheels and springs in his hair to build a alarm clock.

Oh, what a panic that was. I couldn't stop lafin and down went the tusks, bridge work and all. You never seen such a fracas in your life Marg.

Right in the midst of it Marg, a big dutch doctor in the crowd comes runnin over and shoves his great big duke down my throat a foot. He gets gropin around as though Im a grab bag and the first thing I know he comes up with the meat crushers. On the level girlie, your boy friend was slated for the count. No kiddin. If it hadnta been for the Doc theyd a been rippin my dress suit right up the back, and I dont mean maybe.

Oh was Mr. Crankshaft steamed up when they pulled him out of the works. The taming of the stew had nothing on him boolieve me. The big hearted sap wouldnt even give you last years calender. Hes about as tight as the cover on a grape fruit. He taught his kid to catch the ball on the first bounce fur fear he would wear it out. Oh, hes a wow he is.

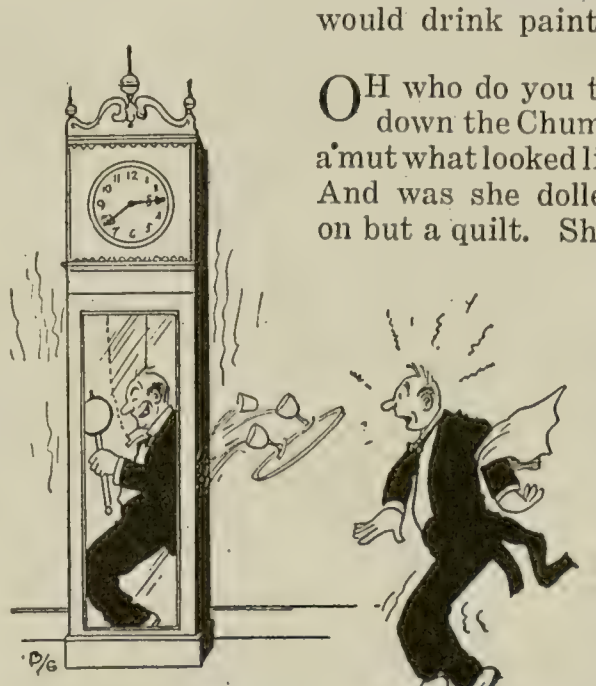
And his girl friend. Was she fuller nonsence, I ask you? She takes her love where she finds IT. She wouldnt for a moment give him a twist, not her, Marg. If Grant took Richmond she could take Grant without a struggle and make him like it. It seems that the good girls get credit and the bad ones get cash, aint it the true? Shes got a superiority complexion or whatever it is. But all them french footlight fluffs are the same Marg, they just cant behave.

I dont mean to say nothin against her, but she'd pull a roscoe on you and fire it too if the rent was due.

I was down in the Momart the other night to an englishmens house. He had a freak Sweedish radio set. You know what he gets on it? He picks up the Trans Atlantic Radio Telephone. We heard Governor Whiterock of New York calling up Sandy MacDonald of Scotland and ordering 25,000 cases of giggle soup to be shipped over on the Booseatania. He tole him to pack it all in a lotter old trunks as he had a feller on the dock in N. Y. what knew his guava paste. Laff that off.

He said theres a bunch of guys in Washington what needs it while theyre makin out their income tax swindle sheet.

The English are funny guys, Marg. You know them little bottles they have in a radio set? Well, we call em TOOBS but the englishmen call em VALVES. They say,—I got a five valve set, but I think they have a valve in the head if you ask me. But heres where they got it on us. In the United $tates when we twist the turnip we get Chicago, or Boston or Pensyldelphia. But over here when they twist the gaget they get a forin country. Thats because theyre within a machie shot of each other. One twist and you get Ouch to leber Owgestine in Berlin. Another twist and you get Norska Svenska up in Sweden. Another twist and you get the King of Spain playin on his harmoniker in Madrid. Another twist and you hear the Sultan of Turkey yodelin to his harim. Oh its the big surprise.



Mr. Crankshaft gets a bit plastered and goes out to fone his wife.

I forgot to tell you that over at the Haig and Haig Bootleggers conference Your old friend Jerry McCormick got off a fine speel on prohibition. He says that EVERYBODY is satisfied. He said that the prohibitionists is satisfied because prohibition will never come back. He said that the bootleggers and fedril agents are all satisfied because they all have good jobs. To make the law stronger the goverment should establish analizing stations all over the country to satisfy the drinker. This would satisfy the goverment too because it would have to squander some more dough.

Speakin of prohibition, Marg, the speakeasy I have in New York called the Elite Flower Shop is goin swell. My partner the revenoo agent wrote me that its a riot. He bought the undertakers lease next door and that gives us a big joint smack up against the police station. He had a wild party of newspaper men in the joint last week and he tried to give them the best he had in the house but they wouldnt drink it. He said it made em sick. Them guys would drink paint remover without a chaser.

OH who do you think I met over here walkin down the Chumps de Lesa with a little bit of a mut what looked like a penwiper? Katie O'Neil. And was she dolled up. She had everything on but a quilt. She says she went for the wedlock stuff. Yep, she certainly drew some poultice when she married that herring punisher from Russia. She says shes just crazy about him Marg.

Its the old story. Theres three great events in our lives. First we are born, then we get married and theres nothin left for us to do but to croak. Now dont for a minit think that I dont love you, Good Lookin. And dont think for a minit that Im not strong for the weddin bills. I am. I know that when me and you go for the rice and confetty and tin cans on the buggy that you aint goin to chisel me for dough.

You think Im hard Marg just because Im in this rackit. But I aint. I got a heart of gold, yellow and hard and Im just full of sediment.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Cure Your Asthmatic Radio

WHEEZY, sick radio is generally due to gassy tubes, and no tube not made by the Archatron method of complete degasification can be entirely free from gas. No tube with gas can deliver the faultless radio delivered by a set of Archatrons when installed in any receiver of fair efficiency.

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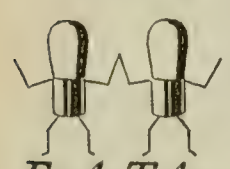

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Go at once to the nearest Archatron dealer. (His name on request.) Buy one Archatron with full expectations of longer life than any other tube or another Archatron free. Buy a set of 3, 4, 5 or 6 Archatrons and if they don't give you better radio, your money refunded without question. You are the sole judge.

The Ken-Rad Corporation, Inc.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

But when I look around at some of the clothes bags that the stuffed shirts lead to the halter I can taste sider in my Adams apple.

You know we pay for beauty but we dont marrie it. That dont mean that you aint beautiful and we aint goin down the isle Marg. Gee you look like a movie queen to me. I love you so much you fill me fuller remorse.

ME and another guy what was in the outfit hired a french automobile and a swell driver in a starters uniform last Sunday and we took a ride out to the American battle fields. I found my old trench over in Bellow Woods. Gosh, when I looked around in that little clump of woods and think back at the misery we put in there, I quivver. And when I looked over the hill and saw all them little white crosses stretchin over the country and a lot of my buddies layin there it brought tears in my eyes.

Gosh how we fought. Theres not a man or woman in America that knows what war is until theyve been married or have taken a trip over the battle grounds of France. And even now with weeds and all grown up in the past ten years you see the trenches, the tops blown off the trees, the little country buildings with walls out and everything. Its sorrowful.

Then we rode over to Shateau Tierry, the little town along the Marne river what was blasted off the map.

We had lunch in the old house what was the American headquarters. You can still see where an air bomb what was a dud came down through the house. The back stone steps are all shot away and theres holes in the rear wall in the yard where the American boys poked the big guns threw. Its a road house today and on the register youll see names of all the famous movie stars, crowned heads, embassadors and guys like them whats visited the place.

But we had fun too even in the trench back in 1918. I can remember one afternoon when Jimmy Reilly, Dick Boyle and a guy by the name of Murphy and myself was doin our bit. Jimmy Reilly starts goin over the top and a one pounder comes over and takes his foot off. Right away Murphy jumps out of the hole and throws Reilly over his back and starts runnin for the hospital.

And while hes runnin with him over his back another big dud comes over and takes poor Reillys head off and Murphy never knew it. He kept on runnin lik hell. And when he got over to the hospital the doctor says to Murphy he says—Whats the idea bringing that man over here! Cant you see hes got his head blown off?

Then Murphy throws him on the ground and roars—Aint he the dirty lier, hes after tellin me it was his foot that hurted him!

Now I ask you Marg.

Well, on our way back from the ride we pick up a couple of french dames what was tired from walkin, so we give em a lift. The one I had wasnt so hot but the other was an awful pan of warts. You could easily see that there wasn't any silk underware in their family. The one that my pal had was fuller checks appeal, and what a WOW. She was so fuller excitement and nonsence that it was all he could do to keep her quiet.

Now dont you go and get all scorched up Marg just because we give the broads a lift. They was tired or we wouldnta stopped for em. You know how them things are, men understand. Maybe some day youll be glad you got in an auto instead of walkin. We rode em in to Paris and got well acquainted. They turned out to be quite nice.

They wanted me and Jim to go up to their flat as they said they had a bunch of pretty pitchers to show us. But you know me Marg. I aint much for meetin up with strange wimin and besides me and you is goin for the holy wedlock rackit some day. On the level, we was all washed up with em.

Say, listen Toot Sweet. You was careless with one of my letters. You musta dropped one in a department store or somethin because Ive been gettin a lotta mail from girls askin for my foto and stuff. They must think I got IT, or somethin like that. Or maybe their stuck on the sweet sediments in these love letters I send to you.

If I do say so myself Marg they sound as though they was rote by a poet. When I get writin to you I could make John Barymore feel like a stuffed shirt. Writin is one thing I was always good at in school. I could always spell good but aritmitic came to me about as easy as a raise in salary.

OH what do you think, I was comin out of the Mullin Rouge the other night when who do I bump into but Tim Hannigan, Larry O'Keefe, Jerry Freil and Pat O'Rourke. My old buddies what used to be in the outfit. It certainly was good to see em. We went down to a little place called Des Enfant in the Place de Lopera.

Well, on our way back from the ride we pick up a couple of french dames what was tired from walkin.

A friend of mine what used to be in the Aberdaba Hotel in N. Y. by the name of Third Rail Reilly, is tendin bar there for some frog what runs the joint. Well, we no sooner get in the place when who blows in but Danny O'Shey, Mickie Flynn and Terry McClusky with a bevy of Peresian fluffs on their arm. You know a couple of the guys. They used to be ticket scalpers in Times Square but now they are good honest bootleggers.

Well, we were all sittin pretty, chinnin and drinkin quiet like and havin a good time, when Larry O'Keefe starts ridin Terry McClusky about the spats he had on. McClusky starts kiddin O'Keefe about the funny lookin minstril coller he wore and the first thing we know, O'Keefe gets up and sticks a fast one on McCluskys button. They got into a bit of a clinch but we managed to get em seperated and everybody sat down and hoisted a few.

Every one was goin hotsy totsy when Mickie Flynn starts razzin Hannigans girl. He says her nose would make a good SAVINS BANK. And the fight was on. Hannigan gets up and hooks a hot one on Flynns jaw. Reilly hurdles the bar and combs Flynns hair with a bottle. Danny O'Shey trys to seperate the works and somebody closes his eye. Then the first thing I know *IM* in it.

IM just after takin one off the chin when some sap gives O'Keefe the foot and the hole business is pressin their clothes on the bar room floor. The bellowin and hollerin begins to sound like the yankee invasion of Metz when the girls get in it.

Oh, what a panic. Everyone was out for himself. While McClusky is standin on Reillys face some big poultice whams Danny over the scull with a bungstarter what rang out like the chimes of Normandee. Great Juniper, the world war was a tea fight compared to what was goin on. We all jumped the bar so many times that the Olympic games would look like a bridge party along side of it.

Just when Im all set to fold a chair over Larrys dome, a great big star like Mars or Venus comes out and lights up the place.

Well I dont remember much more after that. The only thing I do know is my right arm has more joints than a jelly fish and one of my lamps is a bit dark.

I dont want you to go thinkin I was fightin Marg. I was only tryin to stop the other saps from startin somethin. Well anyway, Im fed up with this joint. Im going to take the Levynathan back to the good old U. S. A. next week. Ill write you all about it.

Give my love to your girl friend with the crockery eye. Tell her I got the skyrockets she sent me. Tell her the last one I smoked I thought I was shoein a horse. Remember me to your mother and the junk man.

Yours without end,
MIKE SHEA.

P.S. Tell your old man that he owes me $27 for all the french post cards.

This baby oughta be able to uncork some hot stuff in LIBERTY when he gets back. Let's hope the Levynathan makes a fast trip.

A NEW Willys-Knight Six FOR $1145

Supreme merits of Patented Sleeve-Valve Engine now made available to countless new buyers

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Use **WEED CHAINS**

There can be no compromise with safety

I SPOKE *Out of My* Turn

As Dictated by TONI, JR., to
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

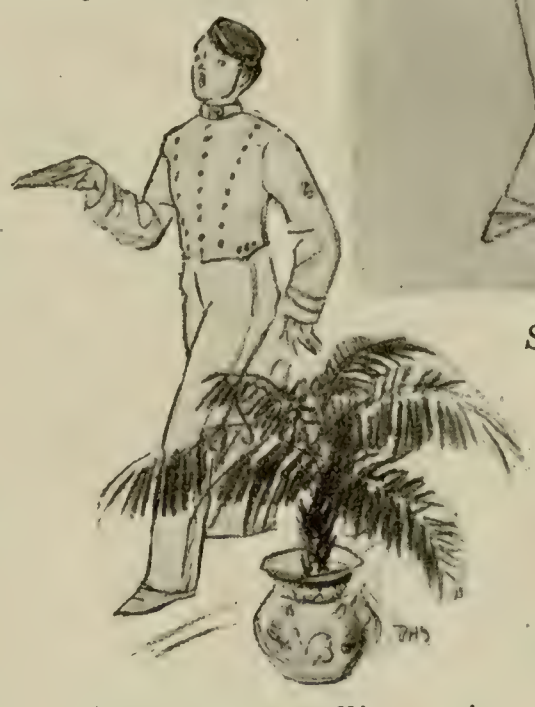
I like parties. But not that one. It wasn't a nice party. There wasn't any ice cream. I guess it wasn't a party. I guess we only just went there. And then came home again. Only it was stiffer than only just going somewhere. I mean you had to bring your manners like you do to a party. When there wasn't anything to eat I don't see why you had to bring them.

I might as well have stayed at home. It would have been better, Auntie says. I wouldn't have that black mark where I fell off the stage. And the lady wouldn't have said to her: "*Whose* awful child is that?"

We both got our hair trimmed for the party, or what I thought was going to be the party. And Joseph said he would like to go along. Only he said he couldn't. He had to stay and trim other ladies. Auntie says Joseph is an honest man.

Well, anyhow, when we got there it wasn't a house with front steps or anything. It was a big, big building with people running in and out carrying suitcases. Some of the suitcases had cutouts pasted all over them. I must fix Auntie's up like that. Hers isn't pretty. It's just black with no pictures on it. I'll put animals all over it. And the soup pictures I cut out of the magazine.

Some of the people had boys dressed up in tight suits running behind them carrying bags. These boys had hats that were so tiny they had to wear straps under their chins to keep them from falling off. They were 'most falling off anyway. There were more boys dressed up the same, running up and down a big, long hall with silver trays in their hands. They were calling out names. I guess for people to come up and put something in the plate.



THEY were calling out names. I guess for people to come up and put something in the plate.

And there were many ladies dressed up something beauti-ful sitting in a row. Some of them were looking in tiny mirrors and putting red stuff on their lips. They must have been expecting somebody. That's the way Auntie does, too. And some were pulling little curls out from under their hats. Some were trying to make their skirts come down. Some were just sitting.

A man in a fur coat that looked like the Big Bear at the Zoo ran up to a girl that was putting stuff on her lips, and he kissed her. But she wasn't frightened. She laughed. And he kissed her again.

I'd like to have stayed downstairs and run up and down that hall. But Auntie pushed me into an elevator. We went way, way up, ever so high. And then we came into a room. There

So another lady picked me up and said, "You'd better go back and sit with your auntie."

was a lady there in a hole in the wall. She said she'd take my coat and hat. I didn't want to let her. It was my best coat and hat.

But Auntie didn't seem to mind what became of them. She gave them to the lady and the lady hid them in the hole in the wall.

Then we went into another room. It was bigger than I ever saw a room before. There were some steps up in the front of it, which you could climb up and see all over the room and everybody. There were many people there—big people and little people. The party said it was for children. But the big people came too.

One lady said she felt just like a little girl again among so many little ones. She didn't look like one. She just giggled and clapped her hands.

There were so many chairs in the big room I couldn't sit in them all. I tried to. But there were rows and rows. And I hadn't got through one row yet when a lady stood up on the stage and called for order. I guess she meant me, because Auntie came and grabbed me by the hand. Everybody was rushing to get a seat.

Auntie said I had better sit beside her where she could keep an eye on me. But the lady that called me to order said she would like all the children to come forward and sit in the front rows. And the grown-ups could sit back.

Being one of the littlest girls I had to sit in the front row, right under the lady that was talking. When she got us all sitting down and me in order she said now another lady would come out and tell us the story of Beth-le-hem.

My Daddy had told it already. He spent a week there and he told Mommy when he got back that you could get better stuff in that steal town than anywhere in the country.

Then the other lady came out. She didn't tell about Beth-le-hem like Daddy did. But I listened for a while like all the others did. Then all of a sudden it seemed dreadful quiet with only one lady talking and so many there.

I looked around to see what was the matter with Auntie that she was so quiet. I thought maybe she'd gone home. So I stood up on my chair to find her. I found her. I yelled at her: "Oooh-ooh, Auntie!" She was away far back, so I had to yell pretty loud. She gave me a ter-rible cross look and made signs for me to sit down. I did.

Then the lady that was telling the story about her Beth-le-hem, not Daddy's, put out her hands and said: "Come to me, all you little ones."

So I started to run up the steps. She didn't pay any attention. She just went on talking. I thought she didn't see me. So I went right over on the stage beside her.

HERE I could see Auntie just fine. So I yelled "Oooh-ooh, Auntie!" at her again. But she was making terrible faces at me and waving her hands. I thought she was meaning for me to sit down again. But when I tried to sit down, there wasn't any chair, and that was the time I rolled over and down the steps and got the black mark on me.

The lady went on talking just the same. So another lady picked me up and said, "You'd better go back and sit with your auntie."

She was leading me down the aisle to her, when I just 'membered that I wanted to go some place. It's a place I know you shouldn't talk about out loud. You only whisper it like a secret. But Auntie was so far away she couldn't hear me if I whispered. So I yelled out to her where I had to go. Everybody laughed but Auntie and the woman beside her that asked *whose* awful child is that.

I didn't like either the looks or the color of Auntie's face for a long time after that. 'Twasn't pleasant. Not until a long, long time after we got home.

Mom said Auntie should have known better than to take me, anyway, and Auntie said she'd know better next time, and that, as far as she was concerned, my public début could be postponed in-def-in-itely. Whatever that is. But if it means there isn't going to be any ice cream, I don't want to go, anyway.

"I'm not afraid of police-mans, and neither is Norah," says Toni. She'll tell you all about it in next week's LIBERTY.

Molded SALADS *and* Desserts

By ETHEL SOMERS

STIR the boiling water into the gelatin until the latter is dissolved. Then pour into the mold. Oiling the mold produces a glaze on the jelly and aids removal.

BESIDES being ornamental, molded aspics are practical, as they come into play in utilizing leftovers. Bits of fruits or vegetables can be arranged and combined in a mold, making a very elaborate salad or dessert. Molded in a shallow pan, the designs may be cut out later, using a wet knife or cooky cutter. The best effects are obtained when the mold is rubbed with oil rather than moistened with water.

A thin layer of gelatin should be poured in the bottom of the mold and when this layer has begun to congeal, any sort of design may be worked out with fruits or vegetables. Care should be taken to arrange the design upside down, for the bottom of the mold later becomes the top of the finished product.

If the gelatin is to be made up in various designs it is well to surround the mold with a jacket of ice water or a mixture of ice and salt where refrigerator service is unavailable. Keep the unused gelatin mixture over hot water in a covered double boiler in order to prevent its congealing until the first layer sets and is being decorated. Layers of different colors with floral designs in the layers may be made if one is willing to take time.

WHEN arranging the designs within the mold, remember that the bottom of the mold holds the top of the finished product.

Quick Aspic

- 2 tablespoons gelatin
- 3 cups cold water
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 1 carrot minced
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 to 4 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 clove
- 1/16 teaspoon pepper
- 1/16 teaspoon celery seed, or 3 tablespoons minced celery
- 2 teaspoons beef extract or 2 bouillon cubes
- 1 small bouquet herbs, if desired
- 1 sprig parsley, if desired
- 1 bay leaf

SOAK the gelatin 10 minutes in 1 cup of the cold water. Cover and *simmer* the vegetables with seasonings in the remaining water at least 15 minutes. Strain this hot seasoned liquid through a piece of wet flannel into the gelatin. Add the bouillon cubes or beef extract and stir until the gelatin and meat cubes are dissolved. Mold with fancy cut vegetables, sliced hard-cooked eggs, chopped meat or fish, or pour into a shallow pan and cut up when stiffened for a salad garnish.

WHITE ASPIC—If white aspic is desired, proceed as for Quick Aspic, but in place of the water use the same measure of white meat stock, such as chicken or fish broth, and omit the bouillon cubes. After adding the gelatin, beat in the whites of 2 eggs slightly beaten. Continue to cook over a low flame,* beating with a whisk until the boiling point is reached, then keep hot over water for 20 minutes. Strain through flannel or doubled fine cheesecloth.

BROWN ASPIC—To prepare a perfect Brown Aspic, add a few drops of caramel or kitchen bouquet to deepen the color and 2 egg whites, slightly beaten, with the gelatin. Whisk and strain as for White Aspic (see recipe above), proceeding from the asterisk on.

TOMATO ASPIC may be made from the Quick Aspic recipe, substituting sieved stewed tomatoes in place of the water. Then the beef extract or bouillon cubes may or may not be added, according to choice. Tomato Aspic is not as clear, and therefore the egg part of the process may be omitted if desired, though a more brilliant product will be obtained if this clarifying is carried out by following the recipe for White Aspic from the asterisk on.

Lemon Aspic

- 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
- 2½ cups boiling water
- ½ cup cold water
- ⅓ cup lemon juice
- ½ cup sugar
- Grated rind of ½ lemon
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1/32 teaspoon paprika
- 1 egg white

MIX the gelatin and the cold water. Let stand until the water is absorbed. Then add the boiling water, sugar, salt, lemon rind, and paprika. Stir until the gelatin is completely dissolved. Add the lemon juice and egg white slightly beaten. Whisk all of these together constantly until the mixture reaches the boiling point. Cook over water 20 minutes, then strain through a jelly bag.

QUICK LEMON ASPIC may be made from commercially prepared lemon gelatin mixtures, adding only measured hot water according to the directions on the package. Then add salt and paprika. If brilliancy is desired, whisk in the slightly beaten egg white and proceed according to the recipe for Lemon Aspic made from unflavored granulated gelatin. Cherry, orange, pineapple, and peach aspic may also be made as for Quick Lemon Aspic from the commercially prepared flavored gelatins. A little lemon juice may be added to bring out the fruity flavors.

Combinations to Be Molded with the Above Aspics

TOMATO ASPIC—Two cups mixed cooked vegetables, such as turnips, white or yellow, carrots, string beans, corn, green pepper, cabbage, or raw vegetables, such as green pepper, cabbage, celery, radishes, sliced tomatoes. The cooked vegetables produce a more flavorful jelly if they are marinated for 1 hour before molding in the aspic.

Two cups cooked carrots, 1 cup thinly sliced radishes, ½ cup chopped green onions, 2 tablespoons parsley.

LEMON ASPIC—One and one-half cups sliced or cubed beets, 1½ cups sliced or cubed cucumber.

Three cups pickled beets fancifully cut, 2 tablespoons horse-radish.

Two pimentos shredded, 2 cups shredded new cabbage, 1 tablespoon minced capers or pickles if desired.

One cup celery sliced, 3 medium red-skinned apples cubed, ⅓ to ½ cup walnuts chopped.

One cup shredded cabbage, 2 cups peas, 2 tablespoons minced pickles, 2 teaspoons horse-radish.

Colored, if desired, 2 cups flaked whitefish, preferably marinated, 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced cucumber, 1 teaspoon grated horse-radish root.

ORANGE ASPIC—Two cups halved strawberries, 1 cup marshmallows, if desired.

CHERRY ASPIC—Two cups pitted cherries, diced pineapple, if desired.

To Decorate the Sides of Aspic Mold

UNMOLD the chilled aspic by blanketing the inverted mold with a cloth wrung from hot water. Pat with the hands. After 1 minute remove. The aspic should slip out easily—if not, repeat. Invert on a cold serving dish. Take the pieces to be molded—for instance, egg slices, beet slices, etc.—on the point of a skewer, dip in and out of some of the aspic which is just *starting* to congeal, and then set against the chilled sides of the molded aspic.

A HOST of menus for festive occasions will be found in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks (see list in coupon). In these books are many recipes for desserts, salads, jellies, aspics. With LIBERTY'S cookbooks for ready reference you will never be at a loss for tempting dishes to serve, no matter what the occasion. Each book is only 10 cents; all three cost but 25 cents. Please use the coupon.

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* * *

The pie crust recipe on this page is one of nearly 300 new, carefully compiled recipes in "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods"—a remarkable book by Ida Bailey Allen.

Every progressive woman should have a copy—send 10 cents (stamps or coin) with the coupon to the right.

Try This Recipe for

CRISP, FLAKY PIE CRUST:

1¾ cups flour
¼ cup Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
½ teaspoon salt
8 tablespoons Mazola
Cold water to moisten—about 4 tablespoons

Sift the flour, cornstarch and salt into a bowl. Stir in the Mazola, moisten with the water. Turn onto a floured board, roll out at once. One-quarter teaspoon of baking powder may be added if desired.

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Insulting JANIE

Pictures by
EDWARD RYAN

The Story of a Woman Who Staked Her Life to Win Back Her Love

ALL Robert's friends came to visit them. They were like him, only not so nice; spoiled, some of them; hard, casual.

By BERNICE BROWN

(Reading time: 23 minutes 10 seconds.)

AS Eustis Dullard walked up the driveway of the Robert Haven estate, he couldn't help thinking that his sister Janie had done well. Even the driveway published the fact of Janie's husband's prosperity.

"It probably costs more to gravel this," thought Janie's brother, "than I make in a year."

On either side stretched a row of poplars, and lawns sloped away into gardens or uncut fields where hay was raised on land that cost $3,000 an acre.

Yes, Janie had done well, and done it all herself, too; and never had there lived a less designing person than Janie.

At last the house came into sight. It was low—English, Eustis supposed—with vines and terraces, on which stood amazing chairs with backs spread out like a peacock's tail.

Eustis Dullard walked up the steps and across the terrace to the door. But he didn't ring.

"Eusty!" It was a shout.

He turned around. "Who's hurt?"

Janie Haven and her brother stared at each other.

"Why didn't you let me know and I'd have met you?" she demanded.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

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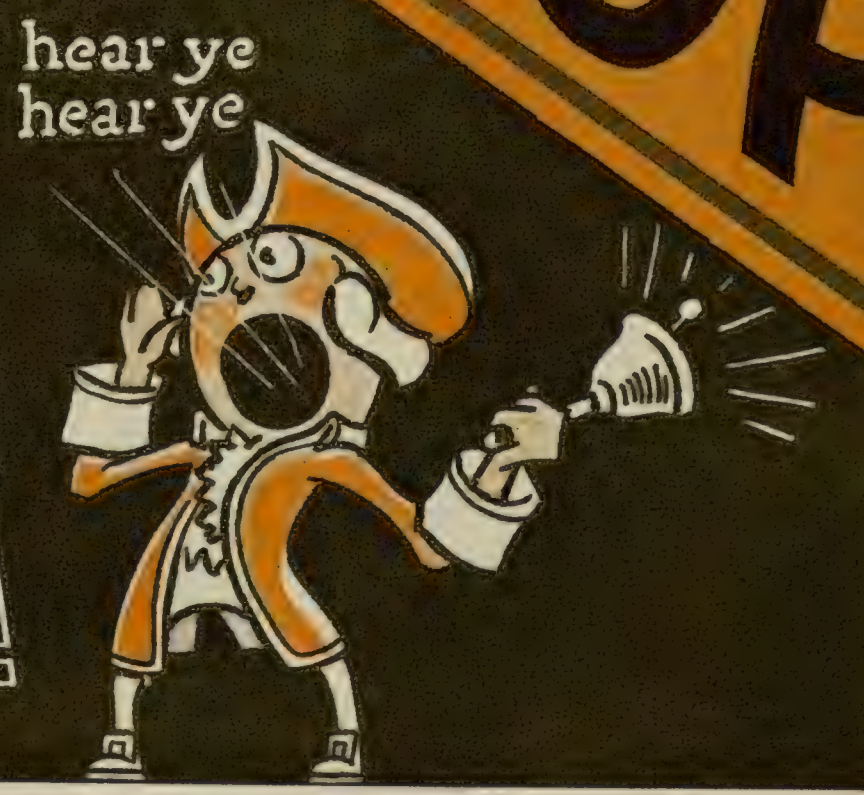

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

"In those clothes?"

"Oh, Eusty—" She threw her arms around him, regardless of her grimy hands, and pressed her forehead against his cheek. "Eusty—"

"Look here," he said, "don't cry."

"I'm not." She wiped an eye against his shoulder. "I'm awfully glad to see you." She drew him to her again, awkwardly, as though she were ashamed to show the loneliness that made him so dear to her.

"There, there"—he patted her shoulders—"it isn't as though I'd just got out of Sing Sing."

Janie laughed. "How nice you're still an idiot. There's something awfully sane and humanizing about idiocy."

He looked at her. "You haven't changed either," he remarked, "even though the terrain has."

Janie returned his look. "You mean I've still got freckles and I've got no style and my hands are dirty."

EUSTIS sat down on one of the peacock-tail chairs and regarded her. "Not a very spirited inventory," he remarked. "Why are your hands dirty, if I may ask?"

"I've been digging in the garden." She sat down on the steps and stared up at him. "It isn't that my husband makes me work. I like it. I was brought up simply, and I guess I married too old to change. I was twenty-two when I married."

"I remember," said Eustis. "There was an eclipse that day. Some thought the world was going to end—but it didn't, as I remember."

"No," said Janie.

Eustis' eyes slid from Janie over the acres of her estate. "Where's your husband? I called up his offices in New York and they led me to believe he was engaged in important business elsewhere."

"He's playing polo," said Janie.

"Ah—" Then, "Play nicely?"

"He does everything nicely," said Janie.

"I remember that of him in college." He stopped. "He had more darn charm with less effort than any other human being in the whole university. His professors must have felt that."

"He's smart," said Janie loyally.

"He is," said Eustis; "but it's a waste. He doesn't need to be."

"I suppose not," said Janie. "Sometimes I think it's a mistake for the gods to double up so on one person."

"Meaning—?"

"Well—" she stopped. "I know a man. He's older. He's in love with Phyllis Olding. He's the smartest and the nicest man I know, and he'd give fifty per cent of his brains to be able to shift one gear on Phyllis' car the way Robert does."

"Oh." Then, "That's the same old Phyllis, isn't it? Not married yet?"

Janie shook her head. "She's more beautiful than ever and so certain. The world was born her oyster."

"You can't keep opening the same oyster all the time," said Eustis, "no matter how good an oyster-opener you are." He didn't like the serious look in Janie's eyes or the way her face had set into planes of gravity.

Janie considered. "She never quite opens it. She just cracks it a little way and holds it—and the oyster waits—"

"The more fool oyster," observed her brother. Then, "How about a bath? I suppose you've got one. I told a fellow at the station to bring up my things."

"I'm terrible," said Janie. "You're hot as anything and dirty."

"You do love me," she had asked once, "in spite of my having saved your life?"

"I can't touch you," he observed.

"Come along." She stood up. He followed her into the house.

Eustis gazed about him. "It's pretty good," he said. His eyes traveled slowly over the paneled room with its deep polished floor, its beautiful, simple furniture, the flowers, the three lovely oils upon the walls.

THERE was an air of gracious comfort about the place and a simple elegance that only a great deal of money can secure. He remembered hearing a girl at a prom once say that only the rich could afford simple lines. It was, he remembered now, Portia Deering.

Eustis turned around to his sister and grinned. "You've got everything?" he said. "You don't need a radio or an ice box?"

Janie slipped her arm through his as they walked up the staircase. "It's nice, isn't it? Here's your room. There's a view. One or two people have noticed it."

"I was brought up on views," said Eustis, who had been born in Middlebury, Vermont.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INSULTING JANIE
Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

"What I like is elegance. I'm going to pray every night to be a millionaire."

"See you later," said Janie.

She hummed as she washed and changed her dirty dress for a clean dimity. The dimity wasn't smart, perhaps, but she liked it. Smart clothes always made her feel herself a social failure. "I'm a small-town girl," she thought. "Poor Robert!"

Then she stopped and the gayety went out of her body. For a minute she stared at herself in the glass. No, she wasn't pretty, exactly—she was nice-looking and young. A wave of fear swept over her. Young. Some day she wouldn't be even that.

What a fool she had been to marry Robert just because she loved him—because she loved him and he had liked her and been grateful.

THAT night flashed back to her, and the snow and Robert's white face. Why hadn't she been hurt instead of Robert? Then she wouldn't have this ache in her heart now. She forced herself to pick up the brush and finish doing her hair. Anyway, Eustis was here and all those people weren't coming until tomorrow, and maybe they wouldn't notice her—they'd be so busy with the sailing races.

She'd see Eustis had a good time. This was his first vacation in three years and he ought to enjoy it. Whatever troubles she had she'd keep to herself. "I'm just too darned sensitive," she thought. "I ought to be glad everybody likes my husband."

And, of course, she was glad. Their first year together had been wonderful. Their trip to Italy—Janie had never been in Italy; she had never been anywhere. Through her eyes Robert Haven saw the old things over again and saw them differently. He had felt a glow too because he was giving her so much happiness.

Yes, the first year had been wonderful. There had been moments too precious to recall without little tremblings of ecstasy that made her faint to remember.

"You do love me," she had asked once, "in spite of my having saved your life—or what have you?"

"I do," Robert had answered. "You're so darned silly."

The second year had been more difficult. They had a house then, and all Robert's friends came to visit them. They were people Janie hadn't met before; people like Robert, only not so nice; spoiled, some of them; hard, casual. Their interests were not Janie's interests. They took things for granted that she didn't; they valued things she didn't value.

Their comments startled her. Their innuendoes chilled her; they made her feel young and shy. There were a great many things she knew that they didn't, but she was too timid to flaunt her knowledge—besides, her knowledge wasn't the flauntable type. One didn't make epigrams about poverty or loneliness. There was only one man in the whole lot she felt drawn to, and no woman.

AFTER supper that evening, Janie and Eustis had their coffee on the terrace. There was still light through the trees and the sky above was that unbelievable sapphire that so narrowly precedes night.

"When does that man of yours get back?" Eustis demanded.

"Late," said Janie. "There's a dinner at the Warburtons' after the game."

"Oh." Then, "I suppose you were waiting for me—that's why you didn't go?"

"Your telegraphic style is like Cæsar's," said Janie; "no mention of trains."

"Sorry to have rooked you out of a jamboree."

"No worry—I can bear it." She wished she could think of something to say, but Eustis thought of something instead.

"Say," he said, "there's a street fair going on in the village—like the ones at home. Man jumps off a ladder into a tank. Snakes. A hula-hula dancer from Kansas. Merry-go-round. Fellow that swallows knives. Want to go?"

"Let's," said Janie. She stood up. "Pick a bus out of the garage. I'll be down in a minute."

"I'm happy," Janie thought. Then she saw a man's back—Robert Haven's.

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Eustis picked out a bus he had wanted all his life to drive, and tried to pretend it belonged to him. "Good grief," he thought, "she owns this and I don't believe she's happy!" Then he forgot about Janie in the joy of driving a

perfect car over roads that were built to respect handmade machinery.

Janie and Eustis took in all the sights. It was like old home week, no mistaking it. Janie was a little girl again, back in Middlebury, on tiptoe with excitement. She was beginning to feel young and care-free. "It's a good world," she thought. "I'm happy."

Then she saw a man's back. Janie and Eustis were watching a girl walk a tight rope. She wore old-fashioned ballet skirts that stood out stiffly and not quite white from her small waist. The rope was stretched across a street, and a spotlight followed her, drenching her with its glare. The whole village had collected.

BUT into the crowd had come a different note. There weren't many people, the new arrivals, but they changed the tone. The men were in dinner coats with soft shirts, the women exquisite in frocks from Paris, with evening coats caught over their slim shoulders.

The girl next to that back had slipped her coat off and the man was holding it. She was lovely, there was no doubt about it, slender and rich and distinguished. Even if she had been homely you'd never guess it—she was so svelte and sure and obeyed.

The man with the back was standing close to her, and Janie was certain he was seeing nothing but that girl's loveliness. He was proud of her. In some subconscious way Janie was sure he was proud of himself for being with her. They belonged, at least pictorially—and that back was Robert Haven's.

The dinner party at the Warburtons' had gone sight-seeing, very much as a group, as detached from the village as though they had alighted from a different planet. Janie knew what they would be saying to one another. In an unthinking way they would be making fun of the performer.

"Poor thing," Janie thought.

"She looks tired." Janie turned. A man stood beside her, in a dinner jacket, his eyes on the rope, his face patient with anxiety.

"Mr. Macantyre!"

He looked down at Janie and smiled. Then their eyes went back to the girl. "I believe she hates it," he said. "She's been doing it all her life—and she's afraid."

"Yes," said Janie; "it makes me sad." Then, "This is my brother Eustis—just blew in from the cornfields—Eustis, Mr. Macantyre. The nicest man in these parts."

The two men laughed and nodded. "Missed you at the Warburtons'," he said. Janie felt he meant it. "Sort of left me alone. I wasn't born on a horse, nor yet raised on one—and I've never been in a sailboat in my life."

"Poor man," said Janie; "ought to take the course over again." She grinned, but she knew what he meant. She had been left out of those dinner conversations too. She liked him because he didn't belong, and she felt sorry for him because he loved Phyllis Olding.

"Understand you're putting us up tomorrow for the sailing races." He smiled down at her. "Can you bear it?"

"Can I?" No mistaking the quality in her voice. "You know what I think about you, being not one brought up to repression."

"I don't mind," said the big man. "You and I can cheer Phyllis and Robert on to victory from a shady corner of the boathouse."

So that was it, thought Eustis. Well, these people were funny.

"Come on, Eustis," said his sister. "If we want to get out of this mess of cars we ought to start now. See you tomorrow," she said to the big man, "in the shady corner."

They both laughed, but Eustis didn't. His eyes hadn't lit on Robert Haven, but he felt there was some reason for Janie's departure. Girls were funny, especially sisters.

THE next day Eustis studied Janie with interest. He was not an analytical young man and he was used to taking his relations for granted, as one does if nothing untoward happens to them. But something had happened

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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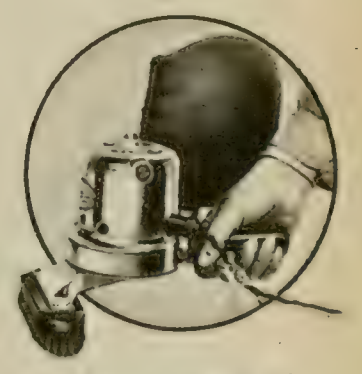

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FRESH-KEPT VEGETABLES & FRUITS IN GLASS & TIN

[INSULTING JANIE
Continued from Page Seventy-one]

to Janie, not only materially but spiritually.

Her clothes were not as smart as the other women's. Why? She was as good-looking as most; better-looking than some. She was cordial and gracious to her husband's guests. But she wasn't in the picture.

Suddenly it dawned upon him that she played the rôle of a sort of superhousekeeper. If Robert Haven had been a great musician, or painter, or even writer, with a temperament that had to be truckled to, her position might have been reasonable. But Robert Haven was only an agreeable and somewhat talented young man who had inherited a great deal of money.

Robert and Eustis had always got on because they laughed at each other's jokes, even the somewhat poorish ones. Now that they were knit by closer ties, the old bond remained unchanged.

"Nice to see you so comfortably located," said Eustis. "Do I get a boat to sail in this race tomorrow, old Lipton?"

"You do," said Robert, "and a crew. She's an ash blonde and in flawless condition. She's forgotten more than you ever knew about boats."

"Look here, I don't want an old woman of the sea," Eustis blustered. "I'm on a vacation."

"Wait and see," Robert said. "If you've got any complaints you can take 'em up later with the Beauty Contest Editor."

EUSTIS was having a good time. He played golf in the morning, lunched at the club, golf in the afternoon. There was a dinner at the Havens' that evening for sixteen, and dancing and bridge at the Stanleys' that night for one half of Long Island.

Janie looked at Eustis at dinner with a glow of maternal pride. He was sitting between his crew, who turned out to be his old prom flame, Portia Deering, and Miss Olding, and he was finding life bearable.

"Nice boy, your brother," said David Macantyre, whose eyes had followed Janie's. "I believe if I had gone to college I'd have been spared a lot. I've had to learn so much more than all of these boys," his eyes went round the table, "to learn as much."

Janie looked at him. "You and me," she said. "Sometimes I wonder why we bother to do it."

"We'll never quite belong," he said, "because we can't forget all the extra things we know." He smiled. "There's just one reason that holds us here, isn't there?"

Janie bowed her head above a service plate that an artist, somewhere in Dresden, had made for her. Then she looked up and there was something tigerish in the set of her shoulders. "I—hope you get what you want—I want you to get everything you want. You're—my candidate."

His hand quite frankly closed over hers. Neither one knew that Robert Haven's eyes were on them. "It's too bad we didn't fall in love with each other, isn't it?"

Janie nodded. "It's rotten luck. But our sort never does. We're just fools for punishment, we are—God help us."

David Macantyre laughed: "The thing in a nutshell."

LATER, between two dances, Janie and her partner, a young broker named Griswold who played Number Four on Robert's polo team, strolled out on the terrace. It was a lovely night, one of those nights that make one think of Italy, even though one may never have been there.

A stab of reminiscence shot through Janie. She had loved Robert so, and he had loved her—she was sure of it. Why did she feel now she was losing him?

Somewhere, out of the garden below them, came voices.

"Innocuous little thing." It was a woman's voice. "She saved his life once, or some absurd thing. One of those college tobogganing accidents. And so he married her."

"People ought to be awfully careful whom they save." The two laughed.

"Or get saved by."

Janie turned to Number Four on her husband's polo team:

"Could you find my brother Eustis—?"

"I could," said Number Four gallantly, "but I don't want to. I'm afraid it means you're discarding me."

Janie smiled wanly. "I—I just thought—I've got to go home."

Perhaps she was behaving badly; what was worse, stupidly. But she didn't care. If that was what people thought, what *he* thought—all those happy days had meant nothing to him, those high nights under the Roman stars with the wind in the cypresses. He had married her only because she had loved him and she had saved his life.

It was true, that nightmare. How had she dared once to put it into words to him?

"Oh, please find Eustis." She must get away before she sobbed.

Eustis Dullard was found, against his better judgment. He and his crew were getting along famously and he had no liking for interruptions.

"What's up?" he demanded of Janie.

Janie had her coat on. "Quick," she said, "before anybody notices us. I'm sorry, Eustis. You can come back—I want to go home."

He had thought of saying flippantly, "Forget to set the bread?" but a look at her face silenced him. "Come along," he said. "Don't worry about me."

All the way back to the house Eustis thought.

"Look here," he said at last to Janie. "I don't know anything about it, but do you think it's the thing to do to run away?"

"I can't think about whether

it's wise or not," said Janie. "My sort of wisdom doesn't carry you through things like this." She stopped. "There are some things you can't ask for—you can't fight for, even. If they're not a gift, they can't be a purchase."

"You're wrong," he said. "There's nothing wronger than a good woman, even though she's a smart girl."

"I can't argue," said Janie, "and I'd rather not talk about it —please."

"All right," he said. "I'm mad, but I think I'm mad at you too. It's your fault you won't stay in the picture. Once you've got your man, don't think it's all over. The upkeep's harder than the first cost."

"Shut up!" said Janie, and Eustis Dullard felt encouraged.

"Are you racing tomorrow?" he demanded suddenly.

Janie shook her head. "I—never have. The same crowd has raced those boats ever since Balboa. It's—just like a fraternity. Portia Deering's partner is in Europe; that's how Robert got you in."

"Tribal custom," said Eustis. Then, quite without any logical connection, he said, "Can I have this car tomorrow?"

Janie nodded. He could have anything if he'd only stop talking to her. All the time, behind his words, she kept hearing that voice in the garden: "She saved his life once—or some absurd thing. And so he married her—"

THE next morning was given over to preparation for the races. The boats were small, capricious, very fast. Indeed, they appeared too toylike to be taken seriously. But the young men and women who raced them took them seriously enough. It mattered to them who won the pennant, who came in second, third, or even fourth.

Their course was not long, but it was made up of difficult tacks about a series of buoys, anchored at brief intervals in the blue waters of the Sound. Interest in the outcome of each race was of such a sort that an outsider often was given pause over the things to which man devotes enthusiasms.

Janie and David Macantyre were, each time, among those who were given pause.

"I wonder how they'd behave if it really mattered?" said Macantyre.

"Probably no differently. You know—'Fields of Eton' stuff."

He smiled at her. "We're dreadful snobs."

"Of course," said Janie, "we're snobs because we're not snobs. That sounds as clear as the Einstein Theory, but we know what I mean."

"Yes," said David Macantyre.

They were on the porch of the Boat Club, watching the jockeying of the sailors to be off. How alive they were and good-looking, Janie thought, and how serious. Because they had been born without difficulties they had had to trump them up.

They would be much more serious about this affair than, for instance, Eustis, she mused—and this reminded her that she had not seen her brother since breakfast. He had departed, saying that he was going to play golf with Portia Deering and they would pick up lunch somewhere.

"Be at the Boat Club by two," Robert Haven had admonished him.

"I reckon it won't slip Miss Deering's mind, even if it does mine."

"We can't sail without Number Eleven; she's won two years now," said Robert Haven. "This year she bites the dust."

Janie had felt a strange detachment all morning. It was as though she were going around in a dream — herself and not herself. It was only on the Boat Club porch that she came alive.

That was when she saw her husband and Phyllis Olding walk down to their boat. How slim and valiant they looked, she thought.

Phyllis turned around and waved back at David Macantyre. It looked like the gesture of a child who knows she may with impunity impose upon an indulgent parent —Janie saw nothing timid or anxious in it.

"Good luck!" Macantyre called, and Janie's smile froze into a set thing that made his heart ache.

Then all at once everyone was thrown into a hullabaloo of excitement.

Portia Deering had telegraphed she would not sail Number Eleven that day. No excuse, no regrets. And Number Eleven was the pennant-holding boat!

She would have to go out. Somewhere a crew would have to be drafted. Even though Portia Deering had betrayed them, the race would have to go on.

The committee that ran off the races met informally in the lounge. Their manner might have indicated a national crisis. Janie watched them with an amazed detachment. Did, perhaps, the fact that they could care like this about a silly game draw a magic ring around them that neither she nor David Macantyre could break through?

AT once the eyes of Commodore Van Beuren fell on Janie. Could she sail? She felt like the boy selected to carry the news to Napoleon, the lad in the poem that ends, "Smiling, the boy fell dead." The committee swarmed around her, the magic ring.

"Certainly she can," said Teddy Worthington. "Her brother told me so not two hours ago on the Meadow Brook links."

A light dawned upon Janie, a bleak and completely distasteful luminance. "Poor Eustis," she said.

"Poor Eustis, nothing," said Teddy Worthington. "I could wring his neck, not showing up here because the little white ball was traveling better today than usual. And as for what I think

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DAINTY AS A ROSE

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JAP ROSE SOAP

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"THE question is," said the Commodore, "whether or not you can sail this boat, Mrs. Haven."

[INSULTING JANIE Continued from Page Seventy-three]

of the fair Portia, Will Hays wouldn't let me make a caption of it."

"The question is," said the Commodore, "not what action shall be taken by this committee toward certain golf players, but whether or not you can sail this boat, Mrs. Haven. It seems to be up to you."

Janie looked into the eyes of the committee slowly and individually. She had sailed a boat, certainly, on the little lake back of Middlebury—indeed, she had rather fancied herself as a sailor.

"Yes, I'll sail," she said finally, "if you don't hold out too much for form. You see, I learned in a small league—"

Someone chuckled.

"Just for that," said the Commodore, looking sternly at David Macantyre, "you go as crew."

David Macantyre glanced about him. "I thank you, gentlemen," he said, "but I have a great affection for Mrs. Haven; moreover, I am a man who knows at least some of his limitations. In short, I have never set foot in a sailboat in all my life."

The committee broke into rapid comments. It seemed it didn't matter; he was only to do what Mrs. Haven ordered—hers was the brain, his the muscle.

"Come on," said Janie. "I think it would be nice for us to win this race. There is, after all, an element of drama in this competition that my hardy Vermont blood cannot resist, now that it has been pointed out to me."

"The embattled farmers," said David Macantyre. "Very well; if you fear death in no form, neither do I. If some gentleman will loan the crew tennis shoes, the race is on."

The committee did a good deal of thanking and bustling, and the group dispersed rapidly to the boats at the pier.

PHYLLIS and Robert were already free of the moorings when they caught sight of Janie and Macantyre.

"Good grief!" said Robert. "Janie and the Ancient Mariner."

"I'd thank you not to be disrespectful concerning my fiancé," returned Phyllis.

"I was only thinking," returned Robert, "that you might not have any at the end of this race. There's a brisk and tricky breeze afoot, and the steel magnate has never been nearer the water than the B deck of the Mauretania."

"He is an adaptable man," said Phyllis. "Besides which, I'm sure Janie is an excellent sailor."

"I don't know," said Robert; "but just offhand I would have replied, not so hot. Still, she must know what she's about."

"She generally does," said Phyllis. And Robert looked at her for an instant and wondered. Was she jealous of Janie's friendship for Macantyre? She must have eyes in her head.

Meanwhile, Janie and her crew were jockeying for position. True, David Macantyre knew nothing about sailing, but he was intelligent. Janie belonged to the landlubber league that has no technical name for every piece of rope on a boat, therefore it was not difficult for her to make clear her orders.

They were off—twenty little boats, tilted like gulls against the breeze. Blue sky, blue water licked into scallops of foam, white sails.

"All this comes under the head of sport," said David Macantyre as they slewed around the third buoy on their course. "Never again—if I'm in my right mind — never again, though I got the Lipton Cup—"

Janie was too busy to be reflective. She wasn't even thinking about Robert and Phyllis Olding, though she kept their boat all the time in the tail of her eye.

No wonder people went in for sport, the thought flashed to her. It made you forget all your other troubles. But these people had no troubles to forget. She and David Macantyre were the only two on the whole bay, she decided, with a heartache.

THEN it happened. They were rounding the last buoy, dipping at an angle that just missed the waves, and they came about. Janie didn't know how, nobody did. The wind had caught them in an off minute and given them a slap. They righted, and then both captain and crew were tossed overboard. The boom had hit them because they were exactly in the path of the boom when, in response to the laws of gravity, it swung over.

Janie had no memory of the water. All she knew was that she had first been jerked upright and then that something flying had struck her, something heavy and cruel. She gave one startled, fearsome gasp—and it was over.

When she came to she discovered she was warm and comfortable, that is, if she didn't try to move; but she felt much too tired to try any moving. Somebody smoothed a pillow for her and said, "After you've had this nice cup of bouillon you go to sleep again."

Next day she knew she was really going to wake up. She could feel it coming. The pleasant languor was still in her bones, but her mind was working.

Someone was in the room; he was staring out of the window, his back bent, like one who had been watching a long while. It was Robert. Poor Robert! Somewhere in her dreams she had heard that he had saved her. She closed her eyes. Life came back over her with a sick wave.

When she opened her eyes again Robert was looking at her. He was pale and tired. Janie smiled. She had no idea how wan her smile looked—she had intended it to be cheerful and offhand.

"Hello," she said.

He still stared at her, as though he could not believe his ears. Janie wasn't at all sure what it meant, but she would take no chances.

"Awfully good of you to save my life," she went on.

"Oh, that's nothing." He was as offhand as she. Still there was that look in his eye she couldn't understand. "I just happened to be on the spot."

Of course, she had no idea what the newspapers had said about his deed, or all the club.

"Oh," said Janie. Then, "David Macantyre? He can't swim, you know."

"He's all right." Robert Haven's expres-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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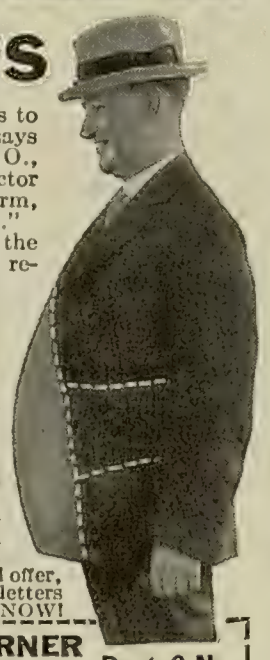

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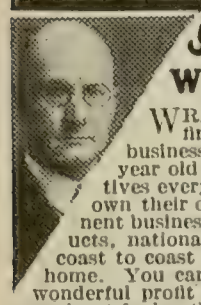

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR]

sion had changed; it was stiffer. "Phyllis saved him."

"Oh." There was a long moment of silence. "I'm sorry I spoilt the race for you—I—wouldn't have gone out at all, except that Eusty and that girl didn't show up, and they seemed to feel, up on the porch"—it was awfully tiring to talk—"that it would spoil everything if that blooming boat of hers didn't go out."

She closed her eyes.

"Janie." Robert was on his knees by her bed now, his arms around her, his face close to hers. "Janie, don't you care at all, dear, that I saved you, that I've got you, that—I love you?" There was something so woefully boyish in his pleading, something that made her feel older than he, something that made her feel she must take him in her arms and protect him.

But she couldn't move—she only pressed her head into the arm that held her.

"Janie—"

"I—I didn't think you cared," she said finally. "I thought you were tired of me; that you could see I didn't fit; that I should have stayed in Middlebury—"

"Janie!" The protest in his voice rang like a challenge. "Oh, what fools we are!"

"Me, not you," said Janie primly.

He put his cheek against hers. "Me, not you," he repeated.

"Why?"

He writhed. "You see, I thought you liked David Macantyre better. Of course, you ought to—I can see it would be perfectly natural. He's a big man, and I'm only a rich man's son that hasn't drunk himself to death."

Janie's eyes were open wide now. "Oh, you idiot—"

"I don't get you," said Robert Haven.

"Don't you see, the only thing that's held us together was our misery? He—he—felt just the same way about Phyllis Olding that I did about you."

AT that moment Eustis Dullard came into the room and took in the situation.

"Well," he said, "if I'm intruding say so and I won't leave."

He settled himself on the edge of Janie's bed.

"Don't get too comfortable," said Robert Haven. "You're going to be put out of here in a minute. I've got a couple of years to get caught up with, talking to my wife."

"Don't let me stop the flow of speech," said Eustis amiably. "But I've got one thing to say first—I had no idea I was staging such a big spectacle when I kept Portia Deering from showing up at that race."

Robert Haven looked at him. "You mean to say you did that deliberately?"

"Certainly," said Eustis.

"But Portia Deering—" Robert Haven was puzzled. "She wouldn't throw us down—she's a sportswoman. She's—got some sense of responsibility."

"Well, it was a bit thick," said Eustis reminiscently. "I had to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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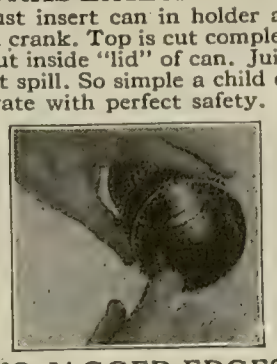

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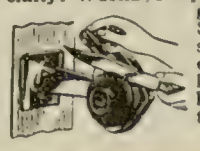

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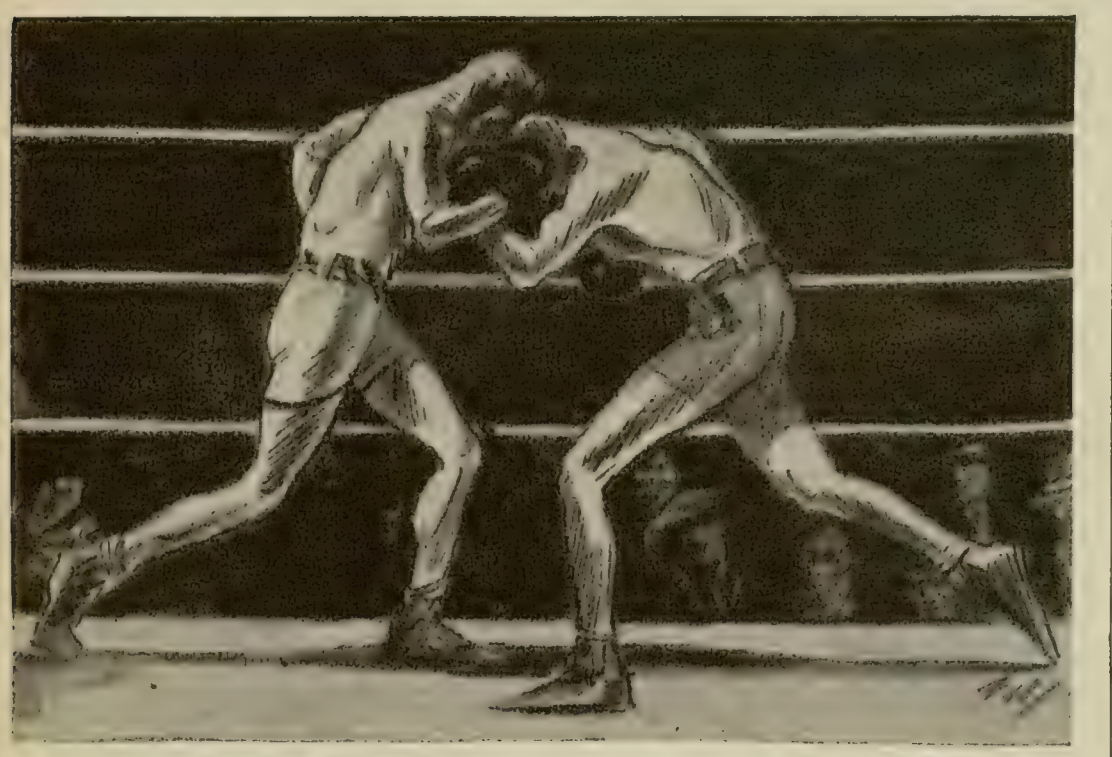

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[INSULTING JANIE
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

promise her a lot of things. I had to promise to take her out to Portage, Indiana, where I sell automobiles, and give her a rotten little house, and let her do all her own work and plant a garden, with me helping her Sundays and Saturday afternoons."

"Oh, gosh!" said Janie. "Don't tell me you're going to go and marry rich too."

Robert Haven looked at Eustis for a long and serious moment.

"Well?" said Eustis.

"There's just one thing I'm going to say to your fiancée." He paused a moment. "I'm going to tell her that it doesn't matter how poor and worth-while and clever and noble you may be, not to let you walk on her face, and if you do, to bite you, neatly, just above the ankle."

"Well," said Eustis, with some dignity, "I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, or whether there's ever been insanity in your family."

Janie giggled. "It's all right, Eusty. He isn't mad, and he isn't even insulting you. It's me he's insulting." She pressed her head ever so little deeper into Robert Haven's sleeve. "And I don't mind it: I've been insulted by experts."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 44

1—A doctrine proclaimed by President Monroe, in 1823, forbidding European nations to interfere with affairs in the Western Hemisphere.

2—The crescent-shaped arm of the Bosporus, on which Constantinople is situated.

3—A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens.

4—Colombia.

5—No.

6—Greenland.

7—Louis Napoleon.

8—It freezes the water in the living cells, causing them to burst and die.

9—The election of Senators by direct vote.

10—The late General Leonard Wood, who then was a colonel.

11—Utilizing time in various ways, usually by speeches, to prevent action on a measure before a legislative body.

12—Maximilian of Austria. He ascended the Mexican throne in 1864. Three years later he was overthrown and executed.

13—The ohm. It is named for G. S. Ohm, author of Ohm's Law.

14—A series of civil wars in England in the latter half of the fifteenth century.

15—A secretion in the stomachs of the higher animals. The pepsin used medicinally usually is obtained from pigs, sheep, or calves.

16—Heilmann of Detroit, with an average of .398.

17—"Cotton," "Lizard," "Yallerhammers."

18—No. "Doubly" should be "double."

19—Piracy on the high seas.

20—Oil from the seeds of flax.

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Every precaution is taken to insure accuracy; however, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional omission or change in this index to advertisements.

Long Cardigans to Be the Vogue

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE most important news (according to my interpretation of it) coming over the cables is that the new inevitable cardigan jacket is of three-quarter length. This makes it a little dressier than its predecessor—which has been more in the nature of a sweater—and it gives it the power of transforming into an ensemble any frock it accompanies. The change in length further brings a touch of femininity into this rather boyish *vêtement* and thereby insures its continued place in the wardrobe of the future, which gives every indication of actually turning more sweetly feminine in character than for many a day past.

Your game is, therefore, to decide on your longish cardigan jacket, then select two or three dresses, all with something about them to identify them with it, all different enough at the same time to give variety to a wardrobe. You will then have two or three knockabout costumes possessing the first attribute of chic as we have known it for many years past, and this is practicality.

The jacket shown in the picture is of yellowish-colored wool. It is wonderful for wear over sports dresses, and can even be drafted into service as acting jacket in an informally assembled suit. The skirt of such a costume may be of tweed, and the blouse of crêpe de Chine or something knitted.

Such lovely long jackets of the kind have come out of Austria and already have reached the United States.

If we are up on our history of chic and fashions, we know that the people of Vienna had a cunning little way of lifting French ideas off the Parisiennes and improving on them, for in days of old nobody had the trip and the lightness of the Viennese.

These cardigans from Austria are of beige knitted wool with a deep cast of yellow in them, and are set with beautiful clusters of flowers in deep autumn shades of yellow and brown.

I know a woman who had a collar and cuffs of fur put on one, and she wears it everywhere. She lives in Tuxedo Park and her friends made some kind of wager with her that she would not invade the Rock of Manhattan with it. But she did, in her car, and took tea at the Plaza.

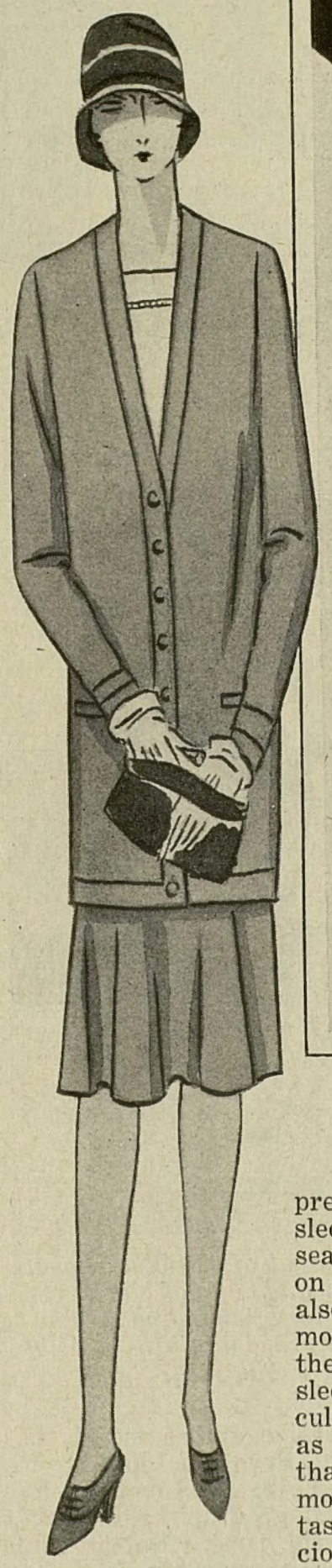
She wore it with a crêpe-de-Chine dress of the same color, except that it was slightly paler. Of all the costumes there assembled, hers was the most admired.

One prevailing characteristic of the new cardigan is that it makes any sports costume it accompanies less like a uniform than they all have appeared in the seasons just past.

This one achieves individuality through stripes, and these (like the flowers in the ones from Austria) are in a darker shade of the foundation color. These stripes run diagonally; and if in doubt as to how to run your stripes or bands in any fashion situation, let them still run on the bias.

If sports clothes are doomed, as we reflect so often, they are at least dying hard. But I cannot think the time will ever come when they will be driven out of the places for which they are innately appropriate. Still, in the tea rooms of Paris and New York they are less conspicuous than formerly, and one-piece dresses, beruffled and, as we have come to say, "more feminine in character," prevail.

To return to the cardigan for one final word, we know that many such a garment has been



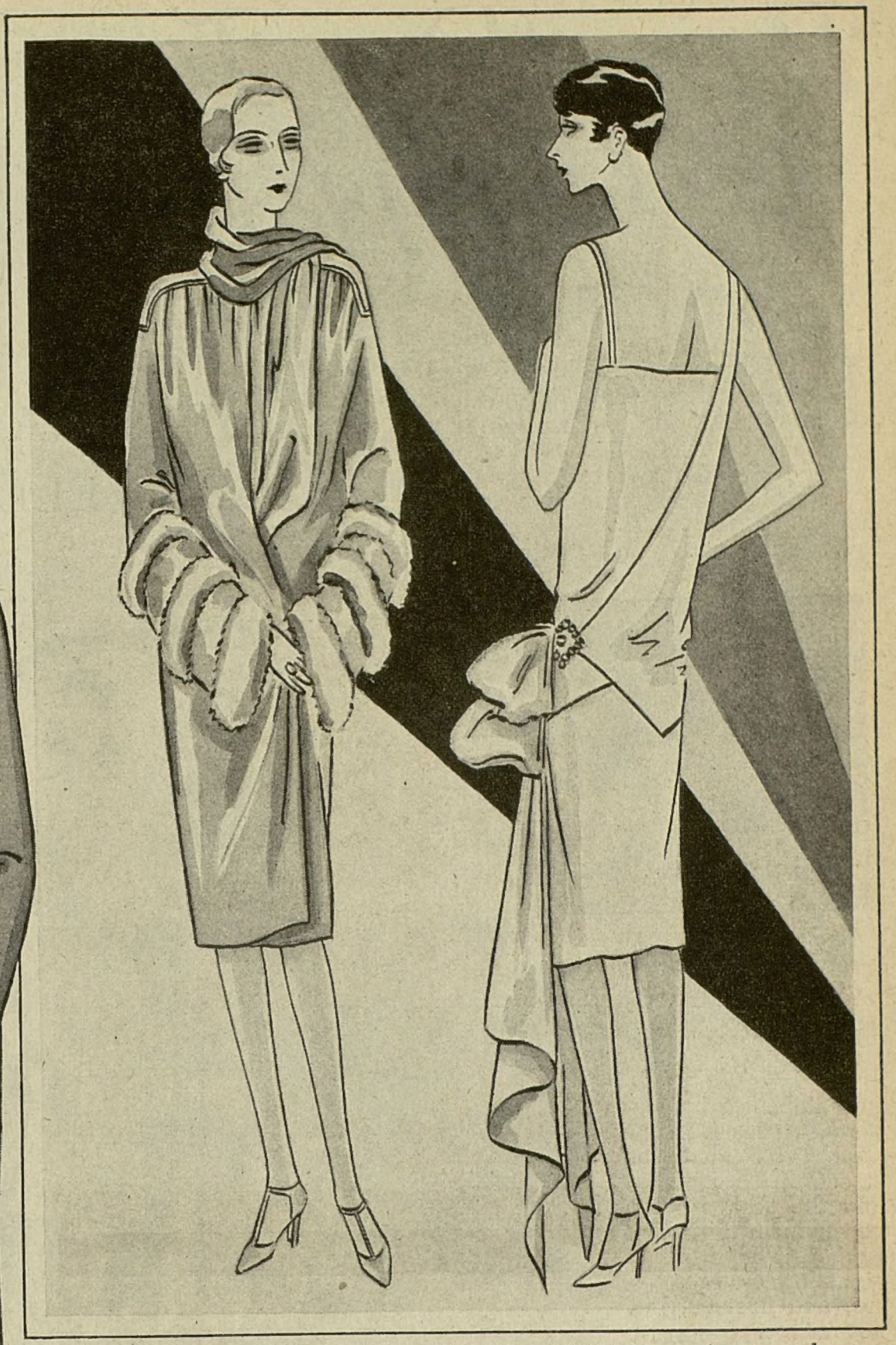
One of the new three-quarter-length sleeved jackets, made in beige wool.

presented to us without sleeves in the past few seasons. This one takes on a more formal air, and also, I think, usually a more becoming line than the other, by having long sleeves. It is less difficult to buy; for, hard as it is to find the sleeve that is properly adjusted, more irksome still is the task of finding the gracious armhole that has no sleeve.

The cardigan from Austria that we were just telling about as belonging to the lady in Tuxedo was trimmed with leather before she ripped this off and replaced it with fur. Leather is an excellent garnishment for these new wraps, and fur—we have said it before, but it will bear repeating—is good even on crêpe de Chine.

Word has it now that on introducing this formal long cardigan with sleeves, a more "dressy" coat of spring, to go with some of the frilly, braided, lace-trimmed, and embroidered frocks, will be sleeveless! It doesn't matter, I suppose, if we take cold. One must have contrast and change.

As for colors, nothing will be better, if present indications mean anything, than beige and yellow and brown in all of their variations, going into all of the off-white shades for evening, even the pinkish gray of oyster and pearl.



An evening wrap of blue velvet with bands of ermine round the cuffs and a scarf attached to the neck—very smart with the evening dress of white satin trimmed with turquoises.

It is very smart to wear a big fake diamond pin and a small scarf with such a cardigan as we illustrate here. Indeed, it may be transformed into almost anything by its accessories. Other types of sports coats will doubtless be presented in three-quarter length, too. I should, on the whole, as far as they have unfolded themselves in the long picture of spring fashions, call this the most distinguishing feature of the new ones.

OUR evening coat is, I think, uncommonly pretty, and I seem to see it in my mind in an image even more attractive as a day wrap made in, say, black satin or even in cloth. The charming and distinctive thing about it is the use of fur on the sleeves but not elsewhere, and the careless-looking scarf round the neck.

The model here shown is in blue velvet with bands of ermine on the sleeves. It makes a most gracious as well as smart evening ensemble with the very sophisticated evening dress shown alongside it, in oyster white satin, with the sash and trailing away in something dangerously like an old-fashioned train, and the top bow at the waistline studded with huge turquoises.

Worth is using trains, particularly frail side trains, a good deal, you know.

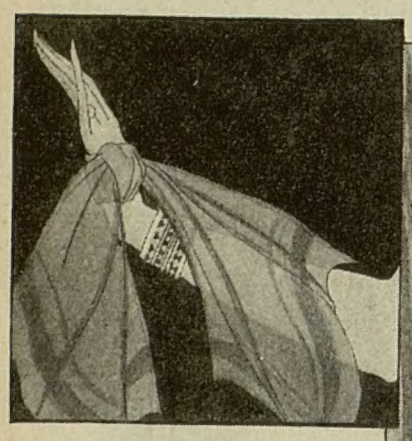
Rainy-Day Togs from PARIS

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, January 22.

THERE are two kinds of women who really believe that the rain isn't as wet as it used to be. The ladies who ride in limousines where they used to wait on the corner for a dilatory street car, and those who have put some of their chic into rainy-day clothes.

I was for many years a rainy-day pessimist.



The smartest accessory in Paris today is the yard-square handkerchief of bright chiffon tied around the hand.

I didn't believe in raincoats. At least, in the kind that filled the streets with ugliness and the air with the noisome smell of dank rubber. They were all right for soldiers, sailors, and firemen, but not for me.

Not even a raving beauty could retain her charm in the kind of raincoats, hats, and other wet goods that were offered to women as protection against the elements. A rainy day was something to endure. It was nothing to go out in, short of a life-and-death errand. And then Paris couturiers got busy and solved the rainy-day chic problem.

They didn't evolve the perfect raincoat and its attendant accessories at the first attempt. But something simply had to be done, because it rains in Paris at least 170 days a year, and chic Parisiennes were all to the minus that many times in 365.

Paris first brought out those awful transparent raincoats that made you look like an X-ray photograph. And then Rodier, who is the *Merlin* of materials, got interested. He took his kasha and crepella, and introduced into their weaves some kind of rainproof substance that doesn't smell or look like rubber, but something that turns raindrops aside, baffles and defeats them.

Our own American fabric makers played next and trumped his ace. The result is that we have raincoats which look simply like smart street coats. The hat makers made use of these materials and, behold! you could get by in the rain without a permanent wave. As for the miniature umbrella inaugurated by Paris, it is so cute and decorative, and so useful, that it is inevitable even in a dry State like Arizona.

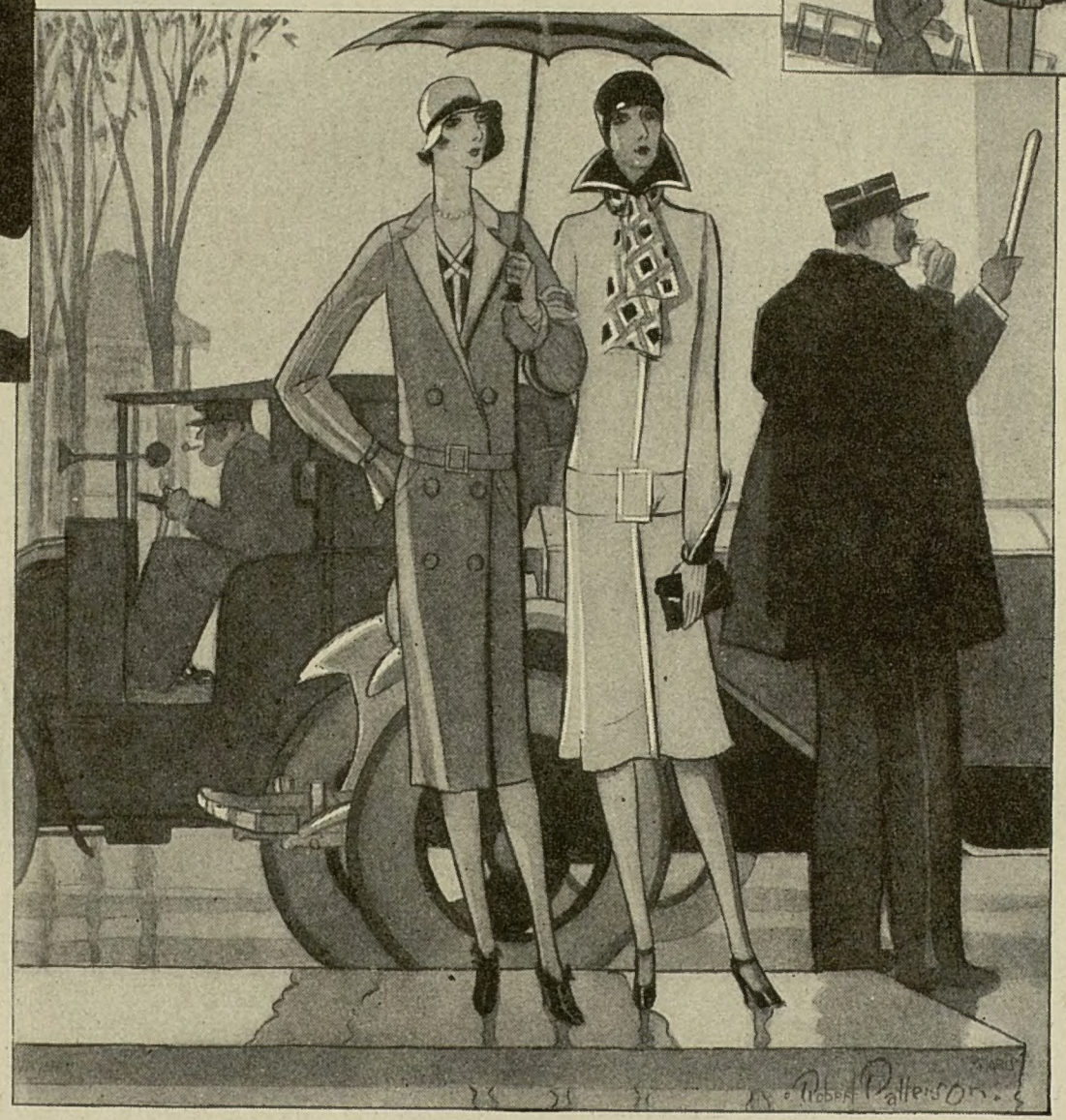
The climate in the U. S. A. is more or less reasonable, according to geography. It doesn't rain everywhere all the time. But it rains some place, some of the time, every day. And we soon will be powerless before the Ides of March and the teary temperament of April.

Save some of your chic for the rainy days ahead. Get yourself a raincoat of Paris persuasion. A hat. An umbrella. The last may be floating property, but it may be worth while to pass on a lasting souvenir of charm, utility, and daintiness. Keep it if you can. Get ready for the weather that the ancient proverb,

> First it rained, and then it snew,
> Then it friz, and then it thew,

describes so eloquently.

Paris gives you three beautiful materials from which a smart raincoat can be made. They are rainproof crepella, rainproof kasha, and rainproof crêpe de Chine. Hats are made of the same materials, and umbrellas also.



Jane Regny makes a raincoat of light brown rainproof crepella with lining, collar, and revers of yellow kasha. The kasha hat is faced with crepella.

This raincoat of sky-blue kasha has collar and cuffs of black velveteen edged with blue. The cravat of crêpe de Chine is also rubberized.

(Left) Elaine makes this raincoat of rubberized Scotch plaid crêpe de Chine, with small umbrella and hat to match. (Right) Goupy prefers rainproof kasha for a raincoat that has one large decorative revers and a collar of unborn calfskin. The hat is also of kasha banded in calfskin with a brown bone buckle.

The first model illustrated by Patterson is a raincoat from Jane Regny, made of light brown rainproof crepella, and lined throughout with a lovely yellow kasha, which forms the tailored collar and revers. This is the newest version of the trench coat, with a near-normal waistline, indicated by a belt of self-material, and brown bone buttons. The sleeves have an unusual cut and are banded above the wrists with brown crepella. The ripple-brim hat is made of yellow kasha faced with brown crepella.

The figure next to this one shows a raincoat of bright blue rainproof kasha, with flaring collar and cuffs of black velveteen edged with blue. There is a very wide belt of self-material caught under a blue bone buckle, and the skirt of the coat is circular at the sides.

A good deal of the cachet of this coat depends on the Ascot tie of blue, black, and white rubberized crêpe de Chine, which accentuates the rain-shedding collar.

Our third figure shows a raincoat from Elaine, guaranteed to disseminate gayety on a rainy day. It is made of Scotch plaid rubberized crêpe de Chine, with a jaunty short cape at the back, big patch pockets that make decorative use of the plaid in another direction, shawl collar, and narrow belt of self-material. Elaine is also responsible for the tiny umbrella of the same plaid material and the tiny cloche hat of plaid with its split upturned brim.

Our fourth sketch is a raincoat in beige kasha from Goupy, with a single revers and a collar of unborn calf in reddish brown. The belt of this coat passes through a slit in the side-front closing, and is of self-material. The cloche hat is also of kasha with a band of calfskin and a buckle of brown bone. There is a half-hidden patch pocket.

WHILE we are on the subject of chic, I want to speak about the latest novelty which Paris has gone mad about. This is a superman-size handkerchief of chiffon, that every woman who cares anything about style in Paris is tying about her hand to give a little bright note to afternoon and evening costumes.

If you wear a black, white, or other single-color frock, get yourself one of these chiffon handkerchiefs, about a yard square, and tie it around your hand, as illustrated. If you prefer, wind this handkerchief around your wrist and put your bracelets over it. The object is to wear a handkerchief of contrasting chiffon around the wrist. All Paris is doing it.

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Oh, Man! How the family will go for those big lumps of molasses-coated peanuts, popcorn and cocoanut chips. Beats anything you've ever tasted. It's a sensation everywhere. Airtight tin keeps it fresh and crisp. If your dealer can't supply you with Cocoanut Corn Crisp, send 50 cents for giant tin, postpaid.

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LIB.—2-18

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IMPORTANT as creams and lotions, powders and tints are in giving a smart appearance to modern women, every beauty authority will admit that true beauty comes from within. Make-up and cosmetics can only add a finishing touch.

Many of these beauty authorities point out that improper elimination, constipation, is the greatest national trouble that robs many women of the beauty of skin—the lustre of hair—the glowing health that should rightfully be theirs. *And they will tell you that the most important beauty service you can do for yourself is to keep internally clean.*

For the facts are these:—When the system is not kept clear, when intestinal stoppage is permitted to exist, waste poisons are set up which render the blood impure. Then skin blemishes and aging lines appear which no cosmetic can ever conceal. The hair becomes dull and unmanageable. Animation gives way to dullness. And soon come headaches, indigestion, "nerves" and countless ailments so prevalent today and so destructive to loveliness.

Thousands of women have found that Sal Hepatica is the natural way to promote internal cleanliness. Sal Hepatica is the standard effervescent saline that is so similar to the famous waters of the European spas. Like these restorative waters which attract wealthy fashionables from the world over, Sal Hepatica flushes away the poisons of stoppage. It purifies the blood stream, ridding it of the impurities which are responsible for so many physical ills and beauty worries.

Sal Hepatica is pleasant to take—added to water it makes a sparkling drink with a bracing tang. You drink it half an hour before any convenient mealtime. Many women take a dash of it every morning in their before-breakfast glass of water—an excellent plan for keeping well and looking well.

No aid to beauty can do more for you than Sal Hepatica. Keep it always on the bathroom shelf. Send for free booklet that describes in detail how Sal Hepatica helps to combat the many ills due to stoppage, while keeping your skin fresh and clear.

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of intestinal stoppage.

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